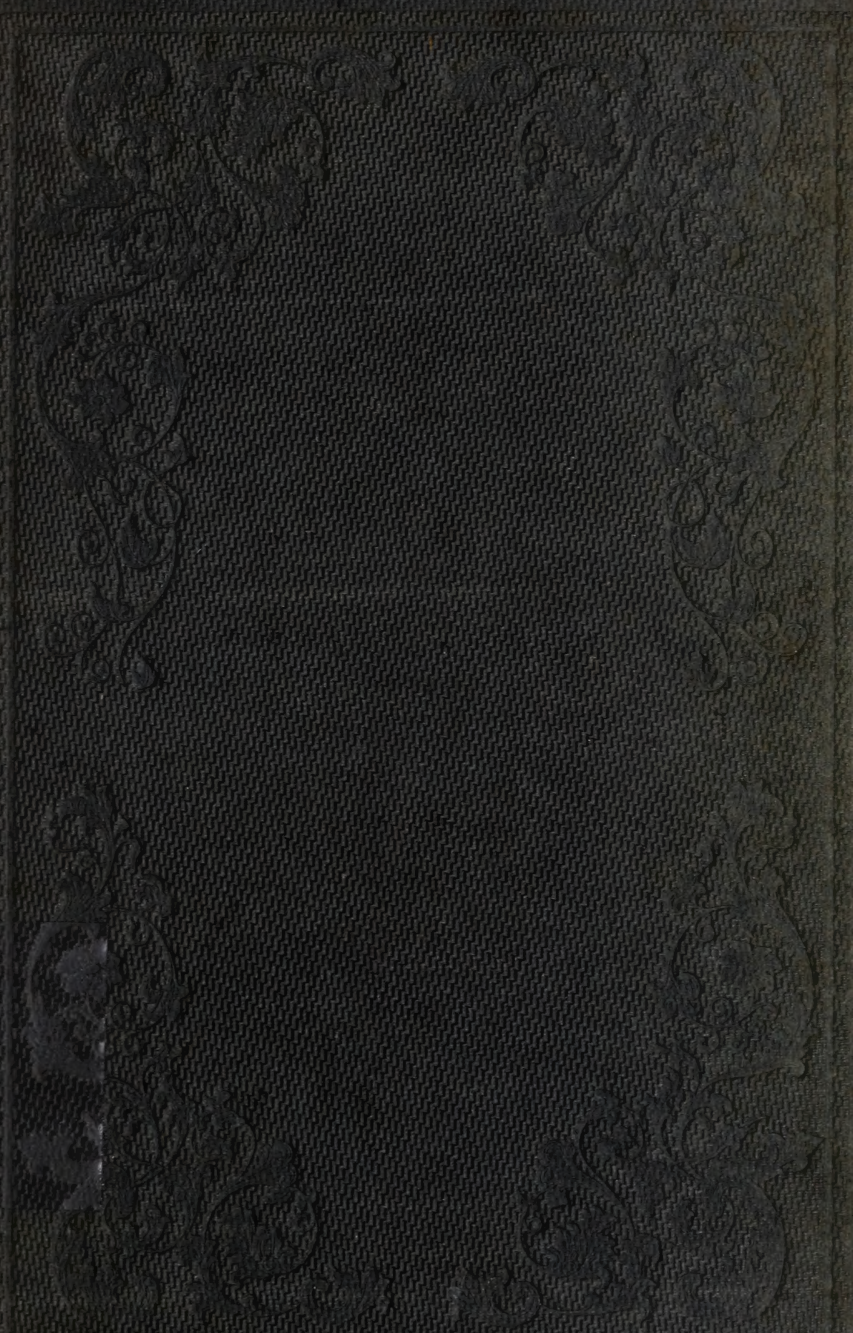

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Memoir of the Rev. John
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Memoir

OF THE

REV. JOHN JAMES WEITBRECHT.

Engd by [illegible]

J. J. Weitbrecht

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN JAMES WEITBRECHT,

LATE MISSIONARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY
SOCIETY AT BURDWAN, IN BENGAL.

COMPREHENDING A

HISTORY OF THE BURDWAN MISSION.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNAL AND LETTERS,

BY HIS WIDOW.

Mrs. Mary Weitbrech

WITH A
RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE, BY REV. HENRY VENN, B.D.,
HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

AND AN
INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR,
THE REV. A. M. W. CHRISTOPHER, M.A.,
CURATE OF ST. JOHN'S, RICHMOND, AND FORMERLY PRINCIPAL
OF LA MARTINIERE, CALCUTTA.

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PREFACE.

HAVING been requested by the editor to state the share which I have had in advising the compilation of this volume, I willingly do so.

The large circle of friends to the missionary cause, whether in India or in Europe, by whom the name of Weitbrecht is held in high honor, will rejoice to receive a permanent record of one of the leading minds engaged in laying the foundations of Church missions in Bengal. When the question arose to *whom* the task of preparing such a record was to be intrusted, I had no hesitation in encouraging his widow, who had been the partner of all his labors as well as of his spiritual life, to undertake the collecting, in Germany and in England, the family records and letters of her late husband, and to interweave them with his own private journal, and with his official reports to the Society which had the privilege of sustaining his missionary labors. This task Mrs. Weitbrecht promptly and ably performed. But it still remained to reduce these documents into the compass of one volume, and to exercise that discriminating judgment in the selection which could be better performed by a friend than by one so nearly connected with the subject of the Memoir. This was undertaken, as a labor of love, by one who knew Weitbrecht in Bengal, and visited several of our missions—the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher. Though not a missionary or even in holy orders when in India, Mr. Christopher took the liveliest interest in every religious event; and I regard his position at that time, as the principal of a college in Calcutta, as having given him the advantage of a more general sphere of observation than would have fallen to the lot of a clergyman in India.

The volume itself will abundantly justify the advice for which I am responsible; and I have only to add my humble but earnest prayer, that as it testifies of the grace which was upon our departed missionary brother, so its perusal may become, through the blessing of the Lord, a channel of grace to many souls, and stir up some to enter upon the same course which Weitbrecht found to be accompanied by so rich a measure of the Divine presence and blessing.

HENRY VENN, *Hon. Sec. C. M. S.*

INTRODUCTION.

The reader is introduced to the record of a life which might have been described in the apostle's brief autobiography, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Glory be to God for every one whom He has thus made an evidence of Christianity to the doubting, and a spirit-stirring example to the faithful.

We may well believe that God will not allow the usefulness of such an instance of the power of His Spirit to be confined within the narrow limits of a life, but that He will graciously cause His blessing, which rested on the man, to accompany the Memoir. According to this, my own earnest expectation, I have a good hope that all believers, who read this book, will be led to lean with a more childlike faith on their heavenly Father's love and providential care; to realize more perfectly their union with the Son, and thus to draw from Him more peace, and strength, and joy; and to pray more fervently for the abundant "supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ," that they may live more watchfully, and work more diligently, to the glory and praise of God.

It is delightful to think that many *afflicted* brethren and sisters will feel their burden of trouble grow lighter as they read this book, and that the rainbow of hope will be formed on their tears as, again and again, instances of consolation abounding by Christ lift up their eyes from their trials to the Sun of Righteousness!

The early life of Weitbrecht will afford great encouragement to *Christ-*

ian parents. They will not read of any striking event suddenly bringing about his conversion; but they will see God's blessing evidently resting on the very means which they themselves are employing in conjunction with the prayer of faith. The Scripture stories of the Saviour's love, early taught him by a pious mother, the Bible instruction, the home example, the address to young people, the preparation for confirmation, the influence of pious friends and relatives, the preaching of a faithful minister—all took part, with the training of providential events, in the formation of his Christian character

One of the happy tendencies of this volume will be, we trust, to promote *love among brethren;* for Weitbrecht's most distinguishing mark, next to his love of his Master, was his love of the Church, that is, of all who are joined, by a living faith, to the Head, Christ. He does not seem to have been able to understand why true believers, who differ in opinion, should not be united in love. We find him rejoicing in itinerating with the veteran Lacroix; and, after a day's preaching, it never seemed to occur to him to sit down and commence a hot controversy with his brother, concerning the merits of their respective forms of church government; but instead of this, these hard-working, practical Christians, who had been toiling in the dust all day, lifted their souls heavenwards in their evening hour of brotherly communion, by conversing, so far as they might, on the probable employments and joys of the redeemed in the kingdom prepared for the blessed of the Father. Yet Weitbrecht did not value our beloved Church of England, her articles, her liturgy, and her government the less, because he thus loved "all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and because he would have thought it the worst of schisms, to thrust off from him a brother born of the same Father, bought by the same Saviour, and taught by the same Spirit.

This disciple of Christ, so full of love, was altogether without that spurious charity, which would believe a man safe whom the word of God shows to be in danger; and would suffer a fellow-creature to go on in error, rather than risk offending him by telling him the truth. He was observed by his friends to show much kindness towards Roman

Catholics; whilst it is plain how much he abhorred that false system, which dishonors God by corrupting his truth, and impedes the salvation of men by keeping back, where it can, the Scriptures from the people, and by most unscripturally intruding the virgin, saints, and sacrificing priests, between the sinner and the Saviour.

The Life before us brings out very plainly what the *missionary spirit* is. It shows the component parts of this to be, a love of Christ, and a compassion for sinners. We see that a man possessing it is useful wherever he goes. At college, he is made a blessing to his fellow-students. The ship in which he sails becomes his parish. His fellow-traveller, whether met on the plains of Bengal, or in the railway-carriage of Germany, has divine truth brought in contact with his mind. His letters, "out of the abundance of the heart," awaken, stimulate, instruct, or console.

Many *ministers at home* will, I feel assured, be glad to keep company, for a time, with one to whom was given much of the spirit of faith, humility, and prayer; and who was "kept by the power of God," persevering to the end in devotedness of self to Christ. In doing this, besides having great spiritual lessons reïmpressed upon our minds, we are reminded of others which we can not neglect without loss. For instance, it is to be feared that many young ministers, when they have acquired a fluency of expression, are apt to neglect due preparation for their visiting, their cottage and school-room lectures, and even sometimes for their sermons; thus offering to the Lord, upon the most solemn occasions, that which has cost them nothing, and not making the most of precious opportunities. But we find that the veteran Weitbrecht, even in his last tours, though gifted as a preacher, and possessed of great quickness in seizing upon passing occurrences, and in replying to objections with apt and striking illustrations, and though, when itinerating, he might safely have repeated the same things, place after place, without any person hearing them twice, yet he never went out to preach to the heathen, without first carefully arranging his thoughts upon a passage of Scripture, and writing down the leading points of instruction.

Again, with all his multiplied labors, and the incessant demands upon his time, Weitbrecht never neglected the cultivation of his mind. Besides feeding his soul by the prayerful reading of God's word, he managed to make himself master of various standard works. There can be no doubt that, whilst the great body of our thoughts should ever flow in the main channel of ministerial duty, this occasional impouring of ideas of a different character, from various tributaries of knowledge, has a freshening influence on the main stream.

Weitbrecht's example frequently supplies illustrations of the heart-attracting force of kindness. Whilst he was thoroughly faithful, we never find him placing a stumbling-block in his path of usefulness by unnecessary harshness; but, on the contrary, winning his way by throwing himself into the employment, or drawing out the knowledge of those on whom he sought to bring the Gospel to bear. A cheerful, affectionate manner is as much a talent to be used for Christ, as those which are esteemed more weighty.

Young Christians, who desire to devote themselves to the service of Christ as missionaries, but, in genuine humility, doubt the sufficiency of their abilities for this great work, may be led, by this narrative, to try what "prayers and pains through faith in Christ Jesus" may do. Weitbrecht, when a boy, was not thought by his father to be sufficiently talented for the ministry; yet he became distiuguished for intelligence as well as for piety, and is characterized, by a most competent judge, as "one of the leading minds engaged in laying the foundations of Church Missions in Bengal."

Those looking forward to missionary work will find much encouragement, and valuable hints with regard to their preparatory studies; and those just entering upon it will be reminded, that their future usefulness depends very greatly on their giving the most careful attention to slight distinctions of pronunciation during their first year in the country of their labors.

Missionaaries in the field will thank God for this book. Those over whom the subtle influence of a tropical climate is gradually throwing the net of indolence, will be stirred up by the energy and courageous perseverance of one, whose constitution was never strong. The soft meshes of their excuses will give way, as they become animated by the vigor of his zeal. The unsystematic will be reminded, that the welfare of a mission station greatly depends upon close and industrious attention to details; and it will be seen how the able preacher, the watchful pastor, the diligent schoolmaster, and the punctual correspondent, was a good house, and school, and church-builder; and knew how to keep those he employed to their work and their engagements, without failing to secure their regard.

When this Memoir reaches a missionary who, though similarly situated to Weitbrecht, neglects to itinerate, as he turns over the pages, he will begin to question whether he is a missionary at all; and we may well hope that, almost before he has finished it, he will begin to make arrangements for a tour, notwithstanding the comforts of his home, the cautions of his wife, and the various attractions of his schools and Christian village.

But most precious will this narrative be to the faithful, zealous missionary, who has prayed earnestly and worked hard for years, and yet has seen little fruit of his labors. He will see, in Weitbrecht, one singularly well endowed for the work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, a man of prayer, full of the energy of faith and the perseverance of love, kept waiting, even to the day of his death, for great results from his labors. They will see him at times depressed, yet his faith reviving; and the nearer he approached the end of his course, the brighter was his hope of the conversion of a vast multitude of the heathen of India. God is more honored by such a life of faith under discouragement, than by one in which zeal is stimulated by the excitement of success. The conviction that no adults should be joined to his flock but those whom he had good reason to believe sincere, and ready to endure loss for Christ's sake, kept him back from admitting into the visible Church many whom he might have baptized. We do not read of whole villages embracing the Gospel; yet are there a sufficient number of instances of persons evidently falling asleep in Jesus, who, without a missionary, would have died idolaters, and of native catechists, who lived consistent, holy lives, and labored long for the salvation of their countrymen, to make one praise God for the measure of success which he has already vouchsafed to the Burdwan Mission.

The reader will find, in this Memoir, an open statement of discouraging circumstances. And I must say, that nothing struck me more, in my visits to missions in India, than the caution with which the missionaries spoke of their flocks. I asked of each: "What is the number of converts in your district?" The usual answer was: "The number of *nominal* Christians is ——;" stating the number. They seemed to be far more alive to the deficiency of very many of the native Christians in spirituality of mind, than to the great advance which, as a body, they have made from what they once were. The result of a visit of an independent Christian observer to their missions, is an increased confidence in the men and in their statements. And here I must entreat people in England not to imagine that, because a person has been in India, he is therefore possessed of accurate information with respect to missions. He may have lived many years in India, and yet not have seen *one.* The movement in the Krishnaghur district took place in 1838. When I visited it, in 1848, I found six mission-stations, each having attached to it a Christian village; a boarding-school for the girls, and one for the boys of native Christians, with vernacular day-schools for the heathen around; a flourishing English school for natives at the chief station; and ten European missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, exercising a pastoral supervision over four thousand native Christians. Yet, with the exception of the civilians and indigo planters residing in the district, I was the first layman who had ever taken the trouble to visit these interesting missions, since the movement *ten years* before, although they are only about sixty miles from Calcutta, and easily reached therefrom; and I fear that I should not have accomplished this, had not a kind missionary friend, the Rev. W. Keane, induced me to go with him. This fact will show, that one reason why so many English, who have been in India, bring back an evil report of the work, really imagining that they are speaking the truth, is, that they have never taken the trouble to go out of their way, to examine for themselves into the actual state of the missions. They forget to mention this, and so their loose statements often have a weight which they do not deserve. Let me beg of the reader, if he meet with a person who talks strongly against missions, to catechise him a little, and see what foundation he has, of his own laying, on which to rest his judgment. Do not let him put off inquiry with general assertions and vague insinuations. Nothing clears up the view of the actual amount of a man's knowledge, so much as a little determined questioning. Did you ever visit a mission station? If so, which? Did you go inside it? Did you examine the schools? Did you receive your impression from those who value the Gospel themselves? Was it, to you, a matter of real anxiety to ascertain, by diligent inquiry, the actual moral and spiritual condition of the native Christian flock? How often will the most confident assertions be found, under this cross-examination, to rest upon hearsay!—perhaps upon the reports of those who neglect the truth themselves, and despise missionaries. I do not say that all people in India can, in this way, examine missions for themselves; but then, no one who has not done this, should talk as if he had.

In one year, 1850, the sum of £33,540 was contributed to the cause of Protestant missions, by Christians in India itself; and the annual amount now is still greater. This is good testimony of the value which those in the country who feel the power of the Gospel themselves place upon missionary efforts. But whatever may be the amount of success at present vouchsafed to missions in India, this is not the motive for the efforts of believers. Our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature," will ever make the supporting, the spreading, the persevering with missions, an imperative duty with all who love Him. For He has said: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." We rejoice with thankfulness in success; it can not but be a stimulus; but it is not with believers a condition of exertion. Our efforts depend, not on success, but on Christ. So prone are we to self-exaltation, that ill-success for a time may be needed, to make us powerfully realize the divine lesson of the 4th chapter of

Zechariah, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."*

The Memoir before us brings delightfully to view, that there is an increasing number of devoted Christian men in the Company's service. We become, in the perusal of this volume, acquainted with men, who did not live in India merely to make money, neglecting the moral and spiritual condition of those around them, but who, full of Christian benevolence and energy, were "zealous of good works." Some establish, support, and superintend schools. Others bring out missionaries, and maintain them at their own cost; and when ill, send them over the seas, at their own charge, to labor in a more favorable climate. We find the military officer taking a missionary with him on his surveying tours, making him share his tent and his table. Great, indeed, are the opportunities of usefulness open to the civil and military officers of the Company. May God multiply the Stewarts and Vetchs, the Cheeks, Langs, and Browns, as well as the Thomasons and Lawrences, in the noble Indian service; and bless the efforts of such Christian men, gradually to remove one of the greatest obstacles to the reception of the Gospel by the natives, the inconsistent conduct of European nominal Christians! What a cheering example is the late missionary meeting at Peshawur, the extremity of our empire, presided over by Major Edwardes, the hero of Moultan, with its appeal to the Church Missionary Society for missionaries, and its remarkable contribution of *Three Thousand Pounds* to its funds!

There is nothing in this Memoir which comes out with more painful prominence than the *urgent need there is of more missionaries for India.* An accurate statistical investigation has ascertained, that, taking into account all missionaries of all denominations of Protestant Christians, the proportion of missionaries to the population, is *one missionary to* 350,000 *people.* In the north-west provinces, there are 54,000 towns and villages, and only 49 missionaries—not one missionary to a thousand towns and villages. And of the few missionaries in the country, but a small proportion feel able to itinerate. What a call is this to young Christians at home, gifted with good health and energy, and a tolerable facility in acquiring a language, who desire to give themselves up wholly to the service of a beloved Master! I can not but believe that there are many such young men in England, who, if they could feel that a call of God came to them, would be led to say gladly, "Here am I, send me." Reader, as you peruse this volume, think solemnly whether God, by it, is calling *you*. Perhaps this is all the call He will give you to a high and holy work, to which a signal reward of grace is promised here and hereafter, (Matt. 19 : 29.) There is much to be done at home. But are not Hindus fellow-creatures, whose souls are as precious in the sight of God as those of our countrymen? Where is it said, "Go ye and preach the Gospel to those at home only?" If men from home do not preach the Gospel to the Hindus, who will? And does not all ministerial success depend upon the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit? And has there not been an evident increase in the work of the Spirit at home, contemporary with the increase of missions? May not the two be connected? Is it not to be anticipated that, in proportion as the members of the true Church awake to their duty of evangelizing the heathen, they will be blessed in their own souls, and in their labors of love at home? And here let me entreat my brethren in the ministry not to refrain from sounding the call for missionaries in the ears of the young men of their congregations for fear of the retort, "Why do you not go yourself?" We sound the call, as God's ministers, without reference to whether we meet with a retort or not. If men are raised up, it will be by the Spirit of the Lord, not by our persuasions; but He uses us to sound the call. We have doubtless examined ourselves and our circumstances with reference to this subject. Even if we have deceived ourselves, this is no reason why we should not be God's instruments of helping young men in our congregations to a higher place in the kingdom of heaven than will be given to us. If we judged others, the retort might be fair. But if we do but invite our brethren to a great privilege, then it would be uncharitable; and those who would make it, are not the men required. Let us, then, be unrestrained in our appeal, and not mind the retort, unless it be felt to be just.

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* Here follows in the original introduction an elaborate exhibition of the duties of the Indian Government.

University men! think of Henry Martyn, and lay your honors at the feet of Jesus. Perhaps you may help to wipe off the reproach from our universities, that so few offer themselves for the work of missions. Reader, are you at school? Remember Fox at Rugby, and think whether God may not, if you ask him, prepare *you* for this holy work. One of the most useful and energetic missionaries whom I saw laboring in India, was led, when only nine years of age, to devote himself to Christ, to carry out His missionary charge, by hearing Weitbrecht speak of the state of the heathen at a meeting in Germany, before he went to India for the first time. But besides those at a university, and those preparing for one, there are others who, without equal advantages, may yet be well trained mentally, and taught of God in spiritual things, and full of the spirit of self-denial and the energy of love. Let us never forget the sublime example of the cobbler, Carey, mourning over the benighted heathen, and teaching himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in preparation for the work of translating the Bible, whilst still making shoes for his bread. He lived to see £90,000 pass through his hands for the work which he had at heart, to be appointed a Government professor of languages in the college of Fort-William, and to spend the large salary, which was the reward of his learning, in the enlightening of the ignorant. Some of the devoted and valuable missionaries trained at Basle, received their early education in a village school. May Christ call some Matthews from the receipt of custom, and some strong-minded men of toil from their occupation; may He put forward youths, gifted with mental energy rapidly to make necessary knowledge their own, and vigor of character to concentrate all their powers on a single lofty object, and endow them with the grace of His Spirit, without which the greatest natural talents would be useless for the mission work; and may He then send them forth side by side with university men, to live and die for Him in the outposts of His army!

At this time, when the call for missionaries is more loudly sounded than at any period of the Church's history, when India is so open to missionaries, and yet so scantily supplied, when the Church Missionary Society is prepared to send *twenty missionaries to China* as soon as suitable men offer themselves, how does God reïmpress a well-known lesson on our minds by a fact recorded in this book! How was it that the little kingdom of Wurtemberg was so prolific in missionaries? Was this the result of large missionary meetings and the powerful persuasion of gifted orators? Stuttgart, the capital, never saw a public missionary meeting until 1842, after Weitbrecht's return from India. We are compelled to trace the raising-up of so many faithful missionaries to the prayers offered up at certain quiet, unobtrusive devotional meetings, at which the miserable state of the heathen was often brought forward. The Lord of the harvest blesses obedience to His Son's command *to pray.* May this be a time of united prayer amongst the people of God, and may we all see that it has been so by His sending forth the number of laborers and the kind of laborers needed for the preaching of the Gospel "unto every creature"!

Mothers and sons are striving for cadetships and writerships; clergymen are seeking chaplaincies; sergeants and corporals are requesting that they may be reduced to the ranks, that they may volunteer for the terrible war in the East; old sailors are trying to disguise their years, that they may be allowed to stand to their gun again before the heavy batteries of Russia: and shall it be that the young Christian men of England hear in vain of the need which He who bought them with His own blood has of their devoted service—and this, too, when the average duration of missionary life and labor in India is found by statistical reports to be *nearly seventeen years*, and is decidedly on the increase?* God forbid. May part of His gracious answer to the prayers of His people on the day of humiliation, (26th April, 1854,) be the infusing a stronger missionary spirit into the whole body of believers in this country, so that they may be more fully awakened to the great duty of "holding forth the Word of life" at home and abroad, wherever death is to be found! May parents be seen by the Lord praying that a beloved son may be made by Him a missionary, and congregations asking God to send forth some of their number; and then may there be spread abroad a liberal spirit, to supply the necessary funds! May the hearts of rich Christians be warmed, to feel the chill of the formal guinea fee, and give in proportion to their means! May all feel that, whilst luxuries are used, they have more still which might be given to God! How does the ready gold of a young man I know, who has adopted the excellent rule of devoting one tenth of his wages to God, and living on the nine tenths, come what will, rebuke the scanty offerings of many far better off! This volume gives us a view of the kind of men sent out by the Church Missionary Society. Let all who thank God for these, maintain the impressiveness of the call which their reserved fund for China has enabled the Committee recently to make, by swelling the amount of the funds of that Society.

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* Of the 147 missionaries laboring in India and Ceylon in 1830, 50 were still laboring there in 1851, in health and usefulness. Of the remainder who have since died or retired, 20 labored more than 20 years each.

In endeavoring to bring into immediate view a few of the points of interest of this volume, I must not omit the subject of the *education of females.* The girls' orphan school at Burdwan could not have prospered as it did, had not the missionary's wife been aided, three times successively, by a fellow-laborer sent out by "The Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East." I believe this excellent Society only needs to be more widely known to be far better supported. The vast importance of efforts for the education of native females is manifest. There are symptoms of an increased demand, arising among the natives themselves, for the education of their females. May we not hope that well-educated ladies will offer themselves willingly to this Society, that they may be employed in their Saviour's service in leading heathen girls to Him, and that the favored women of England will thankfully offer contributions and help forward this good work?

The compiler requests me to return her warmest thanks to those kind friends who have lent her letters written to them by her late husband, and to those, also, who have assisted her by translating the letters which were in German. But few letters, comparatively, could be selected for publication out of many which are valuable, and, generally, only portions of these.

The work of selecting and arranging the materials for this Memoir, and writing the remarks connecting them, was done, and well done, by the compiler. My task of marking portions for omission in the manuscript she prepared, simple to describe, but not easy to execute, I did not undertake, until several persons, suggested by me as better fitted for it and more at leisure, had declined it. I regret that it has had to be performed during a period of very great occupation. I must here mention that, in order that the character of Weitbrecht might be seen as a whole in all its simplicity, I have not hesitated to retain some passages in his letters which show his tenderness and affection as a husband, which, had his widow herself reduced the manuscript, she would have omitted.

It was deemed expedient that this book should comprehend a history of the Burdwan Mission. This has been borne in mind by the compiler. For the rest, her plan has been, as much as possible, to allow the subject of this Memoir to be his own biographer. The simple record of what he did and felt, contained in his journals and letters, best presents his character to the reader. Some of the descriptions of friends have not, however, been excluded; and I will only add, that what is written of Weitbrecht by those who knew him best, accords with my own impressions of his character. He was emphatically *the* Church missionary of Lower Bengal when I was in India. I believe many a reader who knew him in life, when he finishes this volume, will, over the record of his last hours, weep tears of deep feeling, but scarcely tears of sadness. Thoughts of self will so far mingle with those of tenderness towards this lovable evangelist, with whom he will seem to have dwelt in the mission and itinerated through the jungle, as to draw out an earnest prayer that he may be made so far like Christ as to be like this, His devoted disciple. I believe that no one who is "looking unto Jesus," no one who is praying for the gift of the Holy Ghost, can read this Memoir without being drawn thereby nearer to the Saviour, without being lifted nearer to heaven. May the Spirit of God so dwell in his own words, with which this Memoir is seasoned, and so shine in His own work in the sanctified character of the departed, that wherever the people of God mourn, they may draw comfort from this book, and may go from it, with a simpler faith, to the Book of books, to feed on the same spiritual food which nourished him! May it be blessed wherever the lukewarm linger, and the cold seem sinking into death; and far and wide, at home and abroad, may it be an instrument of God in awakening a missionary spirit among the slumbering, and in feeding it among the faithful! I earnestly believe that "the Father of mercies" will hear prayer, and cause him, being dead, to speak to the hearts of a great multitude.

May 6, 1854. ALFRED M. W. CHRISTOPHER.

MEMOIR OF JOHN JAMES WEITBRECHT.

CHAPTER I.

Childhood and Youth—Enters the Missionary Seminary at Basle—Time spent there—Correspondence.

1802–1828.

The subject of this memoir was a native of the little kingdom of Wurtemberg, in the south of Germany, and was born at Schorndorf, a small provincial town, a few miles distant from Stuttgart, the capital. It contains about four thousand inhabitants, and has seldom, if ever, been favored with an enlightened ministry; but spiritual life flourishes there remarkably, through the influence of certain devotional meetings, the nature and history of which will be found in a note at the end of the volume; to this account the particular attention of the reader is directed. Such has been the blessing connected with these unpretending assemblies, that some ten or twelve missionaries have gone forth from this one little town, within the last twenty years.*

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* About twenty years ago it was a fact, that more than half the Protestant missionaries who had gone into the heathen world, were from Wurtemberg; but the more general diffusion of a missionary spirit throughout Christendom has now lessened the proportion, though not considerably.

"The natural character of the Wurtemberger, when allied to piety, is peculiarly pleasing; being marked by a certain manly straightforwardness, tempered with singular tenderness of affection—by persevering energy, combined with sound common sense—and by an artless simplicity, adorned with the freshness of innocent wit, and the sunshine of unfailing cheerfulness. Few Wurtembergers fail to exhibit these features in their national character, more or less; and it will be seen that they were developed in Mr. Weitbrecht, to a very remarkable degree. In him, the freshness of innocent wit and the sunshine of unfailing cheerfulness, formed a peculiarly pleasing contrast with the sombre shade of his constitutional pensiveness." *

Mr. Weitbrecht's family have resided for several centuries in Schorndorf. His grandfather and great-grandfather lived to be very aged men. The latter retained the office of burgomaster, which has long been hereditary in the family, till he was ninety years old, and died at the age of ninety-two. The family are much esteemed and respected in the neighborhood, and Mr. Weitbrecht senior was educated for the ministry, but was prevented by circumstances from entering it. He had fifteen children, nine of whom grew up to maturity. Of these, seven were sons. The eldest was called to serve in the army, in the long and disastrous war of that period, and afterwards, upon his father's death, succeeded to his business, and was also burgomaster of his native town until his death, when a younger brother was chosen to the office, who still holds it. The second brother studied for the ministry in the University of Tübingen; and, after his own education was finished, filled, for two years, the office of tutor to two royal princes, which led to his early advancement, and he has been, for many years, a Dean in

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* This description of the Wurtemberger is from the pen of a Swiss missionary.

the Lutheran Church. The subject of this memoir was the third. One of the younger brothers is likewise a clergyman, and was, for some time, a tutor in the Missionary Seminary at Basle, but his health did not allow of his long continuance there.

The eldest sister was married to a missionary, and died in Sierra Leone, in 1839. All the survivors are pursuing their several courses, honorably and usefully. A remarkable blessing, in spiritual things, has rested, and continues to rest on the family. All the surviving brothers are pious, and their children, who have grown up to maturity, exhibit the same character. Mr. Weitbrecht considered that the family owed much, under God's favor, to their elder relatives, especially their maternal grandparents, both of whom were very earnest Christians.

In his youth Mr. Weitbrecht was not distinguished by any remarkable gifts or talents. He was slow in his mode of speaking, and not quick in acquiring his lessons; and his father did not consider him so clever or so promising as his brothers. His health, from early childhood to mature, years, was always delicate, sometimes alarmingly so. He was obedient, industrious, possessed of a very kind, gentler affectionate disposition, and manifested a rare uprightness and love for truth, a winning simplicity and ingenuousness, a sweet temper, and amiable and obliging manners. He was also very susceptible of religious impressions, and was singularly diligent and faithful in the performance of any duty intrusted to him; but he was not considered lively or energetic in his youth, though these qualities were developed in him, so remarkably, in after years. His father did not deem him suited for any intellectual calling, and he was trained in habits of practical usefulness, with a view to his future employment in secular business.

His early education was thoroughly good and classical, as well as eminently Christian. It was his father's custom, to cause his sons to converse in Latin, both with himself and with each other, and to correspond occasionally in the same language. His own education enabled him to follow out this plan with them, and the adoption of it gave the brothers a readiness and facility in this useful tongue, which was a good mental preparation to them for future study. In Mr. Weitbrecht's case, it laid an excellent foundation for the thorough acquisition of other languages, for which he became so remarkable in after life. The family was a very affectionate and united one, as the following little note, written in 1816 to his eldest brother, when he was absent on military duty, and which has been preserved, will show:

"DEAR BROTHER: I wish much to visit you, but I am obliged to go to school, and I am not strong enough to take so long a journey. I often regret our separation; and the more so, because our dear father would be glad of your help; but if God preserve my health, I intend, by and by, to learn his trade and assist him. I send you a little present, as a token of my love. Depend on the dear Saviour, and confide in Him entirely. He can help you in all your ways. I spent New Year's evening with the Maiers, and we drew lots—(a custom among the Moravian Brethren, and adopted from them by the pious people in Wurtemberg.) Your text was a very nice one; I copy it for you, and inclose it. Little Christiana is a dear child; she kisses the letters which come from you. I greet you cordially, and remain your most affectionate brother, JAMES."

About the time this letter was written, the Russians marched through Germany, on their way to France, and they were quartered upon all the town's-people, so that his father's house was seldom free from them. They were so irregular and wild, that they were much dreaded, and Mr.

Weitbrecht's brothers shrunk from them; but his guileless nature touched the tenderer feelings of these usually rough and brutal men, and they often took him to the stables, showed him their horses, and allowed him to ride upon them, to the great astonishment of all his juvenile companions. The same guilelessness made him an especial favorite with his large circle of relatives, who chiefly resided in a neighboring town, and he was sometimes permitted to visit them as a holiday recreation. His surviving cousins still delight to talk of the days when he used to come among them, and amuse them by his innocent remarks.

Mr. Weitbrecht has left a history of his spiritual progress during his childhood and youth, in which he traces it with simplicity and minuteness. It was prepared for, and inserted by him in, an address he delivered on leaving the Missionary Seminary at Basle, according to the usual custom of the students who are trained there. We subjoin it as it stands:

(*Translation.*)—"The 2d of April, 1802, was a day of joy and sorrow in my paternal home. A little sister died in the morning, and I was born on the evening of the same day; and on that which followed, I was introduced into the congregation of Christ's Church by baptism. I have to this hour a lively recollection of the scenes of my early childhood, and how my dear mother, while attending to her usual duties, daily related to me stories of the Saviour, and especially of His love to the little ones; and I can but trace the first impressions made on my heart, to that beloved parent, though before I could fully appreciate her value, before I was conscious how great a gift she was, or could thank God for her, she was attacked by a malady, which soon showed us we must give her up. Her last prayer to God was, that He would gather the five tender lambs she was leaving motherless into His arms, and hide them in His bosom; and that, finally, they might become partakers of heavenly happiness.

To a friend, who inquired of her if she were not anxious about her children, she replied: 'Oh! no; I have committed them to Him who is able to keep them.' When within an hour of her last, she uttered the following beautiful verse, which imparted to my mind, young as I was, (only six years,) a taste for heavenly things:*

"Thus heaven is gathering, one by one, in its capacious breast,
All that is pure, and permanent, and beautiful, and blest;
The family is scattered yet, though of one home and heart,
Part militant, in earthly gloom; in heavenly glory, part;
But who can speak the rapture, when the circle is complete,
And all the children, sundered now, before their Father meet?
One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one everlasting home:
'Lo, I come quickly.' 'Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus come!'"
—*Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.*

"The God of the orphan looked on us, and, in due time, gave us a second mother, who, like her predecessor, walked in His fear, and strove to train the children committed to her care in His knowledge and love. Her kind efforts and earnest prayers were not in vain for us; and, as I grew older, I felt increasingly that that man alone is blessed who feareth the Lord, and who delighteth in His covenant. My mother urged me to frequent a service held for the young on Sunday afternoons, by an old experienced Christian brother, and to his exhortations I date the first workings of grace in my heart.† During my ninth year I can distinctly remember, that the Spirit strove with me, and that it often seemed to me as if I heard His voice saying, 'Begin at once to give thyself to Christ and His service, if thou wilt be His;' and often did I, with childlike simplicity, petition for a new heart to be given me. But, alas! these early buddings of grace were soon nipped by the influence of ungodly companions, and, for a while, they disappeared. I even felt ashamed of prayer, though the watchful Shepherd never lost sight of me, and many were the ways in which He reminded me that His eye was still upon me. Yet, like other and older backsliding children, my deceitful heart continually assured me, that there was a long life before me, and abundance of time to be converted. This went on till the period of confirmation, when I was visited anew, and more powerfully awakened. The Saviour of children, and of sinners, approached my heart again, and melted it by His love, asking me the self-same question He put to backsliding Peter, 'Lovest thou me?' and helping me to return the same answer as the erring disciple, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.' With tears of repentance and joy, I then renewed my baptismal covenant, in the ordinance of confirmation. Soon afterwards I entered on the business of life, according to the wish of my father.

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* She entered into the joy of her Lord on the 1st March, 1808; and just forty-four years later, Mr. Weitbrecht departed to be with Christ on the anniversary of the same day. The sentiments contained in the German verses she repeated in her dying hour, are expressed in the lines inserted above.

† See Appendix, No. 1.

"My happy state of mind did not continue long; for, as is often the case with the youthful and inexperienced, I became vain and self-confident, ceasing to watch and to pray; though, at the earnest desire of my mother, I diligently frequented the religious meetings, and, now and then, a word I heard there fell as it were into good ground. Still, on the whole, my heart was cold and dead, though I was preserved from all outward sins.

"But the Lord, ever full of mercy and of grace, would not that I should continue long in this estranged condition, and, in His tender love, He employed more decided means to bring me back to His fold. When I was about seventeen years old, my dear father fell seriously ill, and we were soon made painfully aware that he would not continue to tarry among us much longer. A touching scene ensued. Around the sick couch of our dying parent, stood, weeping, the sorrowing mother and nine children, of whom the youngest was but a year old. This grief was heavy indeed, and once more drove me to the Saviour; not, at first, for myself, but for the preservation of my father's earthly life. The prayer was not granted, and the hour of his dissolution rapidly approached. Then my heart was lifted up, the weak faith became strong, and I was enabled to say, 'Lord, if Thou wilt take away our father, surely Thou wilt, according to Thine own gracious promise, be our Father and Supporter.' And thus it was: the earthly parent was called home, and the Heavenly One continued to lead me, through varied and painful experiences, among them very weak health, into the full knowledge and love of God.

"A year after my father's death, I resolved to change the business on which I had entered, in compliance with his wish, for another, as it did not agree with my constitution. I consulted with some friends, and decided on going to a relative in a neighboring town, to occupy myself with him. This change, however, was unsatisfactory as it respected my health, which became still more affected than before; and the bodily weakness was made more distressing by the constant war between light and darkness within me, for the full light of grace had not arisen on my soul. The period that I remained in this place was a very trying one to me, and I was often so overcome with melancholy feelings that every thing appeared dark and gloomy. I was divinely helped on, and helped through these days of darkness, and a secret hope often possessed my soul, that these moments of grief would be followed by hours of rejoicing; and thus my gloomy path was occasionally lighted up. In due time, I was led, in the course of business, to Stuttgart, where it was my happiness to dwell with pious people: and, while there, the day of salvation came to me indeed. The powerful and evangelical preaching of the sainted Holfacker, revealed to me more and more of the plague of my own heart, and, after many an internal struggle, and much earnest prayer, the blessed hour arrived when I was to find Christ, and to be united to Him, to be separated no more. Never shall I forget that Good Friday, when, on kneeling at His table, He truly manifested Himself unto me, in the breaking of bread, imparting to me the happy assurance that all my sins were annihilated, that I had a new heart given me, a new spirit put within me, a lively faith, and full and complete pardon. Then followed that precious 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and that 'joy which no man taketh' from us.

"I had, for some time previously, felt an earnest desire to devote myself to missionary work. My cousin Pfander and another friend had done so, and this had given a new impulse to my zeal; but I was deeply convinced, that if my desire were of God, He would bring it about, and that if I tried in my own wisdom, to effect a change in my circumstances, I might sin against Him, and displease Him. I prayed much for His guidance, and that I might not run contrary to His intention; and after waiting on Him for eighteen months, and when I had brought my own mind into a state of subjection, I wrote to Basle, and received in return an invitation to come there."

Before entering immediately on Mr. Weitbrecht's residence at Basle, it may be observed, that "the Missionary Seminary there was established in 1817, after the fall of Napoleon, as a suitable token of gratitude to God, for the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of France. Basle, in Switzerland, was chosen for its locality, partly, because it was supposed, that such an institution would there encounter less opposition from the secular power than in Germany, and partly, because many of the men who founded it were inhabitants of that rich commercial city, then, as now, distinguished for the piety of its ministers, and of many of their hearers. It also forms the connecting link between Switzerland and South-Western Germany, and is admirably adapted to be the centre of a Missionary Society, intended to unite Christians of the two countries. An intimate connection has existed for many years, between this seminary and the Church Missionary Society, and some of the Basle students have usually been sent to London every year, to complete, in the Church Missionary College at Islington, their preparation for the stations to which they are destined."*

"When Mr. Weitbrecht proceeded to Basle, at the close of 1825, the seminary there was presided over by the late Rev. Mr. Blumhardt, its first superintendent; a man of great learning, amazing industry, profound wisdom, and apostolic piety; himself a native of Wurtemberg, as the subsequent inspectors have also been. This remarkable man united the character of an affectionate father and counsellor, with that of a most able tutor to his pupils. It is not surprising to find, that two persons like this tutor and pupil, in whom there existed, according to the opinion of several friends, many points of similarity, should become ardently and permanently attached. The course of instruction adopted at Basle is thoroughly practical, and, at the same time, solid and comprehensive, embracing Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, the various branches of theological learning, and the principles of scientific knowledge. Besides the lectures given in the seminary, the students usually attend some of the classes of the University of Basle, where Mr. Weitbrecht matriculated. Making every allowance for the pious diligence of the pupils, it must be acknowledged by all who are, in any way, acquainted with this seminary, that, as an educational institution for the training of ministers and missionaries, it has been wonderfully successful; for many of the students, on entering, possess only the knowledge which has been acquired in some village school. Mr. Weitbrecht's classical attainments placed him, at once, in a somewhat advanced position in the seminary, and, in the course of his second year, he joined the theological class in the university. His deep and unaffected piety, his open, affable, manly, and cheerful character, and his active habits, made him a general favorite with all the students; many of whom looked up to him, as a pattern of a Christian, and a true missionary, in heart and purpose. He used diligence in all his studies, and gave great satisfaction to his tutors, all of whom loved and respected him greatly. In the dark, dreary winter, he would get up long before day, and read the New Testament in Greek with one of his fellow-students, and see that all the rooms were properly heated, before the rest of the inmates rose. He was always ready for any service for the good of his fellow-men, whether it were of a temporal or spiritual nature; and always the foremost, when work was to be done, whether mental or manual. In Basle, the hours of recreation are employed in the workshop, in the woodyard, and in the garden, which the students assist in cultivating; indeed, they are obliged, in many respects, to be their own servants, an arrangement which is at once economical and beneficial, both to body and mind.

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* The expense of his education is paid, by the English Church Missionary Society, to the College at Basle, for every student supplied to the ranks of their laborers, from that institution.

In a little sketch of some of his missionary brethren, drawn up a few years later in India, Mr. Weitbrecht thus describes the spirit of the Mission Seminary, as it existed when he was there:

"The whole establishment, consisting of about sixty individuals, presents the beautiful picture of a *family*, living in the most unbroken harmony: humility, peace, and love reign there, in a higher degree than the writer ever remembers to have witnessed elsewhere. A sweet spirit of prayer pervades the place, which is fostered by voluntary meetings between the members of the various classes and teachers. It may truly be said, that prayer and praise resound through the dwelling continually; and this, doubtless, is the keystone to the happy spirit of its inmates. It were indeed devoutly to be wished, that every missionary, who leaves that place, might ever retain the spirit of simplicity and piety which he brings thence, and keep alive, in its full warmth, the feeling, which so animates both teachers and students there, namely, that a missionary needs more than the mere framework of human learning, and that his own soul must stand in the right position before God, if he wish to become a useful and efficient laborer among the heathen."

"Mr. Weitbrecht soon became the leader and instructor of a band of young men in the town, who met together for mutual edification and prayer; and he frequently presided at a weekly religious meeting, which was in charge of the junior tutors and senior students of the Missionary Seminary. He held early morning prayers in the town prison, and taught Sunday-school classes there likewise; and after being licensed to preach, he embraced every opportunity of publicly declaring the Gospel of salvation, in various country churches in the Canton of Basle, and the neighboring places in the Grand Duchy of Baden. He once accompanied a fellow-student on a little tour, for this purpose, at Christmas; and, on coming to a lonely vilage, quite secluded in the mountains, they found the pastor's family busily occupied, in preparing bread for the New Year. He, at once, offered his ready help, by which they soon accomplished their laborious task; and when their bread was baked, he assisted the good family in mending and arranging their vessels in the kitchen. Thus he employed his morning; and then, after partaking of their simple dinner, he set forth to preach in another village, belonging to this parish, the Gospel of the grace of God; which he did with such unction and blessing, as warmed the hearts of his hearers." "My most happy hours," writes the brother, Mr. Hausmeister, who gives the above characteristic anecdote, "were spent in his society, and much of my own hidden life is interwoven with his. We were in the same class, and his age, and the depth of his piety gave him a great influence over us all, which was increased by his entire freedom from assumption; for though he was felt by us, to be so superior to ourselves, he acted as the kindest and humblest brother, to the youngest and weakest among us. He was indeed like the apostle, 'gentle towards us, even as a nurse cherisheth her children;' and possessing so sound a judgment, and so much common sense, he was always able to give us the wisest counsels, in the little difficulties of our daily course. In summer time, we often formed a circle around him, as we sat together in the garden, and there, with our Latin and Greek books open before us, we conversed with him over our studies, and always found such assistance from him, that our troubles were lightened. His friendly manner invited us to confide in him; and when we were dull and depressed, which was often the case with me, his joyful, buoyant spirit, and Christian serenity soothed and comforted me. He did, indeed, exercise a very blessed influence upon my whole being; for I was not only young in years, but in Christian experience, having entered the Christian Church not long before. The old Adam was still strong in me, and much in Christianity was new to me. He watched over me with motherly tenderness, sometimes faithfully bringing my inconsistencies before me, and then, when he saw me overwhelmed by a deep sense of my sinfulness, he comforted and encouraged me, kneeled down beside me, and united with me in beseeching Divine strength and grace to help me on. He loved me for that Saviour's sake, in whom we were both one, and who was '*all and in all*' to him. He never allowed an unguarded expression to escape his lips, with reference to my former faith; never once said of this or that fault, it is a Jewish one, which I confess endeared him to me exceedingly. His forbearance with me often astonished me, and still does when I think of it. Our time was precious, but he had, now and then, half an hour to spare, and would come to my room and invite me to an evening walk. In the beautiful environs of Basle, surrounded by our mountain scenery, he would converse with me most interestingly and profitably, and thus impart to my mind a portion of that joy in God, of which he was so full; and which, I can but believe, arose from his deep, unfeigned humility and lowliness of mind, his sobriety and freedom from all selfishness. His parting address, when he left us, made an impression which we could never forget. He was considered so mature, both in character and attainments, that he was sent to England much before the usual period, (in 1828,) after only three years' residence in the Seminary, and he carried with him the highest testimonials from the Divinity Professor of the University, and the Principal or Inspector of the Mission College." *

After perusing the above graphic picture of the subject of this memoir, we may well apply to him the language of our Lord, in allusion to His servant Paul, Acts 9 : 15, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles."

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* This little narrative has been drawn up from letters, furnished by two of Mr. Weitbrecht's fellow-students, who were his contemporaries at Basle, Mr. Lincke, who afterwards became his fellow-laborer at Burdwan, and Mr. Hausmeister of Strasburg.

The extracts which now follow, from letters to his family, exhibit him in his inward spiritual life:

To his brother Gottlieb.

BASLE, *April* 1, 1827.

(*Translation.*)—"One of my class has already gone to Africa, and I feel afresh, how necessary it is to be fixed on the sure foundation, and have a living Saviour for our own. I am about to deliver my first address, from Luke 2 : 25, and pray, that the Lord may give me strength and confidence. This communication, which is for yourself alone, dear brother, will tell you what you have to do for me, that is, to wrestle and intercede with me and for me, that I may be enlightened, sanctified, and established, through the Spirit and power of Jesus. He does not want clever and learned men merely, but faithful, praying men, men who study in the university of His Spirit. This persuasion gives me confidence and cheerfulness. The work is His. He has helped hitherto, and will not fail in future. Therefore let us abide in Him, and give up ourselves wholly to Him. Let us learn to hide deeper in Jesus! I can add my hearty Amen to your wish for me, during the season of our Saviour's Passion."

To his brother Charles.

May, 1827.

(*Translation.*)—"Your good wishes for my birthday are particularly needful; for a missionary without a Saviour, without an experience of the power of God in his heart, is a mere nonenity. He is, as the Saviour himself declares, fit for nothing, but to be cast out. The thought of three of us brothers, becoming ministers of the Gospel is delightful, yet astonishing to me. What could the Lord see in us, that He should choose us for His service? Let us surrender to Him our whole hearts, that He may add His mighty power to our will. We will do so, dear brother, for He is worthy of it, and every drop of our blood shall be devoted to His glory."

During July and August there is a vacation at Basle, and the students usually spend it in making an excursion. Mr. Weitbrecht visited his own family, and we find one or two notices in the journal kept on the trip, which may be given:

(*Translation.*)—"On the 14th, at seven A.M., we reached the borders of Wurtemberg. My soul felt dry and empty. I had not strengthened myself in the Lord in the morning, as I ought to have done, and the want of this is ever felt. I therefore turned back to a neighboring forest, and poured out my heart before Him. He forgave my sin, and His peace possessed my heart again. On entering an inn for refreshment, I fell into conversation with a peasant. As soon as I told him I was from Basle, he made me promise to spend the night at his house. Several brethren assembled, and I spoke on John 10 : 12–18, and we continued together till midnight. It was a blessed season, and the Lord glorified His name. At four A.M. I left."

At this early period, there were few if any missionary publications. This accounts for the joy of the pious peasant, and the eagerness of the brethren, leading them willingly to listen till midnight, as the hearers of the Apostle did at Troas.—(Acts 20 : 7.)

(*Translation.*)—"I had a delightful visit to Schorndorf, and spent very blessed hours with my godfather, now seventy-eight years old. When I bade him adieu he said, 'You must shed no tears when you hear that I am gone, but thank God that He has taken a poor but blood-bought sinner to Himself!' He feels his strength failing, and rejoices in the prospect of going home. As I left this dear house, my prayer was, 'Lord, give me such faith and peace at last!' His quickening and enlivening words resounded in my ears as a farewell blessing."

On returning to Basle he wrote to his brother Charles: (*Translation.*)—"Our parting affected me very deeply, and tears flowed, as I wandered sorrowfully through the wood; but I looked up to Him who leads His children onward, and sang the verses beginning

'Our times are in Thy hand.'"

To his Mother.

BASLE, *Nov.* 8, 1828.

(*Translation.*)—* * * * "I have just come from the Inspector, who told me that the Committee have unanimously agreed to send me, with two other brethren, to England this very year, to join the Church Missionary Society. Brother Fjellstedt and myself will, probably, join brothers Gobat and Kughler in Abyssinia, after our preparation in London is completed."

CHAPTER II.

Farewell to Wurtemberg—Proceeds to England—Residence in England —Voyage to India—Arrival at Calcutta.

1828—1830.

Soon after the letter, which concludes the last chapter, was penned, Mr. Weitbrecht took an affectionate leave of his friends in Basle. He has himself expressed his feelings at this momentous period, in the farewell address which he delivered before his departure, according to the prescribed regulations of the seminary.* On the occasion of the departure of each student, or, as is generally the case, of several students together, a farewell meeting is held in one of the principal churches of the city, and the individual, or if several, two or three of those about to leave, address the assembly, after which he or they are addressed by the chief minister in Basle, or by the Inspector of the Missionary College. They are then solemnly set apart for their office by imposition of hands. It is a very interesting and impressive service, and produces a beneficial effect in many ways on all connected with the seminary.

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* Our space does not permit the insertion of this address, which made a deep impression on the students, and on all who heard it. That part which detailed Mr. Weitbrecht's experience, and the history of his soul, has already been given in the former chapter.

Before finally quitting Germany, Mr. Weitbrecht once more visited his beloved family, and numerous relatives. It will be perceived, from the brief extracts of correspondence which have been given, that his union with them was of the most intimate and delightful character; but the same faith and love which animated his own mind, and made him so ready to set forth on his arduous enterprise, possessed theirs also, and made them willing to give him up. Still it was a very trying and exciting time, though he writes: "The parting from my dear ones in Wurtemberg was blessed, both to them and myself. I was but a few days with them, but the Lord gave me strength and peace, and enabled me to leave them joyfully, in the lively hope of seeing them again, in the Father's house. I was so much overdone, at the end of the time, with constant speaking, with farewell addresses, and other moving scenes, that, when the time was up, I felt no desire to stop another day in my native land, and I gladly stepped into the coach at Stuttgart, on the 11th of December, and proceeded to Strasburg, where I remained a day for rest, held a meeting, and then went forward to Paris, in the name of the Lord." He was much refreshed by his stay in Paris, where he remained with M. Grandpierre, whom he describes as "a devoted man, full of love to Christ, and assiduously fulfilling his duties, in the difficult position in which the Lord had placed him, standing almost alone;" though, even then, light had begun to beam into many hearts, and six or seven meetings were held on the Sabbaths, in different parts of Paris, which were generally well attended; and here and there, souls seemed awakening from their death-sleep. Mr. Weitbrecht was introduced to six young missionary students, whom he found "earnest men, full of love for the things of God." He adds: "Paris was quite a new world to me, so different from Basle; and I was filled with astonishment, at the thousands of different objects which met my eye."

On the 20th he left for Calais, from whence he embarked in an English steamer bound to Ramsgate. "It was a noisy morning," and he "thought longingly of the peaceful Mission House;" but still "his Master was near, and imparted some of the riches of His grace to his soul." He had "felt sad in the anticipation of this journey, never having made one at all like it before," and he was but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, and not well with the English. He prayed much for "heavenly wisdom and guidance, to carry him through it," and "the Lord richly answered" him. "I seated myself," he writes, "in a convenient place on deck, and beheld the stormy sea for the first time. The high waves broke over the fore part of the vessel, and rolled majestically onward." . . . . "In the afternoon we landed at Ramsgate; and as I set my foot, for the first time, on English ground, I uttered the earnest prayer, May this be a blessed land to me!" How fully and graciously was this petition answered, in many ways that he could never have imagined at the time he offered it.

On reaching London, between eleven and twelve at night, he proceeded at once to the Church Missionary House, believing, according to an idea not then unusual in Germany, that a considerable part of the business done in that great city, is carried on by night. He was somewhat suprised to find, that the office had long been closed, and that it was necessary for him to wait till the following day, to see the Secretary. He speaks of Mr. Coates, as receiving him "very warmly," and making immediate arrangements for his reception into the Islington Institution. "I was soon after introduced," he writes, "to Mr. Bickersteth and others, who struck me at first as rather stiff," (the impression a German generally receives, till he gets accustomed to English manners.) "I soon, however, felt them to be like the kindest fathers, and became warmly attached to them, especially to

Mr. Jowett, who, having been in the Mediterranean, where he saw much of Germans, was so kind as to converse with me in Latin, which was a great relief to me; for I am still much more familiar with it than with English." He had free access to Mr. Jowett's family circle, in which he spent every Sabbath evening, and truly enjoyed his intercourse with him and them, always looking forward to it during the week. After being formally introduced to the Committee, and expressing, in answer to their inquiries, his willingness to go to Abyssinia, they directed him to take charge of a youth born in that country, named John Coffin, whom he was to instruct, and from whom he was to endeavor to acquire the Tigree language. He proved "a very troublesome and untractable pupil," but Mr. Weitbrecht used every effort to fulfill his duty towards him, according to his spirit of faithfulness in all he undertook.

The narrative which follows, of his residence in England, has been drawn up from very full and minute accounts, contained in letters written by him, to Dr. Blumhardt at Basle.

In the following few lines Mr. Weitbrecht describes his plan of learning Tigree:

"I try to gain words from John (the Abyssinian youth) and write them in a book. I then try to form conjugations and declensions. Mr. Bickersteth said to me the other day that 'John must be my grammar, lexicon, and reading-book. In this new difficulty I need help and strength from above, to enable me to pursue this work with faith and joy. My principal employment hitherto, has been perfecting myself in English, in which I am by no means a hero."

He had scarcely, to use his own expression, "become quite at home among his brother students at Islington," when he was directed to remove, and proceed to Devonshire with his pupil, as the air of London did not agree with the youth. He felt this a severe trial, but acquiesced in it, in his accustomed spirit of meek submission. "I will willingly obey," he writes, "and learn to control my wishes, though the love and kindness of my brethren, and other friends, make it hard for me to have to leave them, and go again amongst entire strangers." He only expected to be absent a few weeks, but was away for seven months, and missed attendance at the annual meetings in May, to which he had "looked forward with earnest longing." He found kind and pious friends in his new locality; amongst them, an old missionary from Sierra Leone, named Raban, who had charge of four African youths. In February, he began to learn Ethiopic, that he might teach his young pupil to read and write in it, as well as in English. "When I go out to walk with him," he remarks, "I ask him to tell me the names of all the different objects that come before us, and then I try to form phrases to myself. It requires, however, a great deal of patience, wisdom, and love, to manage this boy, as he is very self-willed and disobedient, and will not yield in any way to others. Mr. Jowett tells me, this trial is a stepping-stone to my future life, as I am going to a people who know no regularity, but follow their own inclination entirely. How different is this from the Missionary House at Basle, where one is surrounded, as it were, like the Israelites, by Jehovah's pillar of cloud! There, it is easier to walk as a child of God, than when one has to fight outwardly with a wild, contradictory spirit, and too often with an unbelieving and wicked heart within: but I must not complain, or be discontented with my situation; that would be ungrateful to the Lord, who has led me, so lovingly, up to this hour, and who continually helps me to feel His presence, and overflowing consolation. It shows, however, that when one first comes into the world, we must be *shaken*, and it is then seen how much one has really taken up of the life of

Jesus Christ, and how much of the old man still cleaves to us. This shaking will, I hope, cause me to take root more firmly. I find, that when John is so very naughty, it is most difficult to feel and act lovingly towards him, or to manage him in a mild and humble spirit; it is an art which I have to learn by degrees, at the throne of grace. I thank God for this useful though hard discipline; for I would not be one of His half-followers, and it is these little daily trials that teach us most effectually. I have got my pupil to study six hours a day, instead of two, and am assisted with him, by the kindness of a Christian lady, who helps me in teaching him very essentially. Thus my burthen is lightened."

During his residence at Brixham, in Devonshire, Mr. Weitbrecht became intimate with the clergyman there, Mr. Lyte, a very talented, interesting, and devoted man, whose society and preaching were a great enjoyment to him, so that he "always looked forward to the Sabbath with delight." Mr. L. was also warmly interested in the prosperity of the work that lay nearest his heart, and encouraged and helped him, in a variety of ways. He describes himself as "living in lodgings, in a small cottage, and having to keep house for himself and his charge," which was "new work" to him, and as he was "quite unaccustomed to the English style of living, rather difficult." He, however, contrived to "make progress in his study of the Amharic and Tigree languages, and felt himself gaining ground, though slowly." He had little or no help from his willful pupil, who would, but for his exertions, have forgotten his own language, which indeed he had never learned to read or write. "I am now beginning," he writes in April, "to translate the Gospels into Ethiopic. In Tigree I do but little. I find the Hebrew, in many respects, a stepping-stone to the Ethiopic, so I apply the most to it, and I hope, by God's help, that my pupil may be able to read and write Amharic before June.* It is very desirable he should learn to do this, or he will forget his own language. But my chief anxiety, and most earnest prayer for him is, that he may, by God's grace, 'be born again,' and become one of the 'first-fruits of Abyssinia unto Christ.' Oh! supplicate the Lord, dear friends, for this mercy, and also, that I may be found 'faithful over a few things!'"

After seven months, spent in his trying and arduous undertaking, which yielded no fruit, he was permitted to return to London, through the kind interference of his brother, Fjellstedt, who represented to the Principal at Islington, the uselessness of the experiment, and the great sacrifice it was of Mr. Weitbrecht's time. This was stated to the committee, who sent Mr. F. to Brixham, to ascertain if it were really so by personal observation, as all parties had been sanguine, in the beginning, with regard to a plan which seemed so promising. "The arrival of dear Fjellstedt in Brixham was," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "a great relief and happiness to me, and the more so, as it occurred in the absence of brother Raban, who had gone on a missionary journey, and left his four African pupils in my charge. He remained with me for a month, and took John in hand himself, and was confirmed in the opinion he had formed, from my letters to him and the committee. At the end of August, therefore, we returned to Islington, and now I can prepare in earnest for my ordination, and take lessons in Arabic of Professor Lee, as well as hear lectures on medicine and surgery, and visit the hospitals in London, to see the pratiacal part of this useful science. It is delightful to be again with beloved brethren and friends, and to be really able to prepare for going out among the heathen. I think the committee forgot me, and the preciousness of my time, in their great desire to do good to the Abyssinian boy; but they see it now, and I am going on quietly and peacefully with my work, and can testify that my residence in England is, in every respect, a blessing to my soul, and I am thankful to have been led here for a season. How happy are the children of God, who are guided by His hand, and blessed in their going out and coming in! Even the seemingly slight circumstances in their path, are among the 'all things,' which work together for their good. My daily and earnest wish is, to be united more closely to Jesus, to walk in His light, and to spend all my strength in His service. He has created this desire within me, and will impart the strength I require to enable me to fulfill His commands. His hidden manna will feed us on our desert journey, and the streams of the smitten rock will ever follow and refresh us, in weariness, temptation, and heaviness."

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* Ethiopic and Amharic are only two names for the same language.

On Trinity Sunday, Mr. Weitbrecht was ordained Deacon, by the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield. The other young men, who were chiefly from the universities, were nineteen in number; and seventeen were ordained priests, among whom was his beloved brother Jetter. The previous examination lasted four days, and after it was over, the whole party were invited to dine with the Bishop at Fulham. When his lordship stated the result of the examination, he particularly mentioned Mr. Weitbrecht, as the second of five of the deacons who had done best, and the examining chaplain assured him, privately, that he would not have long to wait for his priest's orders, as the Bishop had been so highly satisfied with him. He had been allowed to give his written answers in Latin, when feeling in any way at a loss, with regard to expressions in English, and this had helped him, and inspired him with confidence. He writes: "The result of my examination has put a song of praise into my mouth to Him who has helped me. Besides myself, there were two English brethren from the Institution, Sandys and Blackman, who are going to India. I found many pious young men among the candidates from Oxford and Cambridge, who, with true brotherly love, held out to me the right hand of fellowship. I am so delighted in the hope which I now have, of soon proceeding to my field of labor; perhaps in six months more, I may be permitted to depart, and it is quite possible I may go across the Continent, and once more see dear Basle."

In February 1830, he wrote to one of his brothers as follows:

* * * "I rejoice to tell you, I have no prospect of spending another winter here, but it has become uncertain whether I shall go to Abyssinia, after all my labor and preparation for it. North-Africa is now spoken of. 'The will of the Lord be done.' I shall be satisfied, whether He place me in the north or east, so long as he will use me as an instrument for promoting His glory."*

Mr. Weitbrecht suffered a good deal in health during this winter, but not so as to interrupt his labors; and he regularly read prayers, for many months, for Mr. Bickersteth, at Wheler Chapel. In spring he was ordained Priest, and it was proposed to him to go to the Mediterranean, a sphere he had long secretly desired. He was therefore delighted at the idea of being called there; but, as the season advanced, Mr. Jetter's health did not strengthen as had been anticipated, and it was, at length, concluded to change his destination, sending him to Greece, and Mr. Weitbrecht to Calcutta in his stead. He had just before, begged the Committee to send him wherever they thought best, only to let him get to work, and when asked by them, if he would agree to give up his wishes and proceed to India, where there was labor in abundance, he joyfully consented. In a letter, written at this period, he thus expresses himself: "Mr. Coates kindly added, in the true spirit of our dear Lord, 'If it will be too painful to you to experience this second disappointment, the Committee would consider it as a sign from the Lord, and not press it;' but, after earnest prayer, and close waiting upon Him, for some days, I could not but regard the proposal for Calcutta, as coming from Him; and my desire being, above all other things, that the will of the Lord might be done, and feeling that we are of ourselves, totally unable to judge of that which is future, and that our only safe way is to cast ourselves upon Him, which I had done, I could only regard the lack of laborers in India, and the wish of the Committee, as a call to me to go there, and I signified my willingness to go at once. It was not concealed from me, that matters in Calcutta are not in a pleasant state, and that Germans are not in high repute there; but I had a long talk with brother Jetter on these points, and he assures me, that a faithful laborer of the right spirit need not fear. He was five years in Bengal, and would be but too happy to return, if health permitted. I can not help feeling a little anxious; but I will not look to man but to Christ, who had a difficult path to walk Himself, and if I can, by the help of his Spirit, treat with love and confidence, those who look on Germans with suspicion, all will go well. I am to sail by the first opportunity."

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* The intention of sending him to Abyssinia was abandoned, from very unfavorable accounts which reached the Society in reference to the prosperity of the Mission in that country; and Mr. Fjellstedt, who was to have been his companion, embarked for South-India in the course of the summer.

In the following letter to his brother, he speaks of his second ordination:

(*Translation.*)—"You say rightly, dear G., that a missionary needs very much humility. I am thankful that you take so correct a view, and this has enabled you to express the right wishes for me, on my birth-day. How many missionaries have become useless to the cause, to which they appeared to devote themselves, from a failure in this grace, as it is written, 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble!' I have been again with the bishop; and, through the Lord's gracious help, I got on as well as before, and received an equally kind and favorable testimony from him, which was very gratifying to our Committee. I was ordained Priest with forty-seven other young clergymen in St. Paul's Cathedral, during public service. It was a very solemn occasion, and the day proved one of spiritual blessing to my soul."

To his mother he writes: "Dear brother Fjellstedt is about to leave me, and proceed to South-India. I shall feel his absence very much; but, when left alone, as it regards man, the Lord comes nearer. He is very kind, and does more for me than I can express to you. Many dear brethren have to pass through much inward trial and darkness; but He gives me the sweetest sense of His peace, and fills my heart with cheerfulness. It is the greatest happiness on earth, to be so closely united to our dear Saviour. When He thus reveals Himself in us, a sense of His love entirely subdues us."

In August, Mr. Weitbrecht was called to bid adieu to his dear friend and brother, Mr. Jetter. They had first known each other in Basle, where he was residing for the recovery of his health, after his return from India in 1825, the year in which Mr. Weitbrecht offered himself as a candidate for the missionary office. "I was immediately drawn towards him," writes Mr. Jetter, "for there was something so open, sincere, and genuine in his very countenance, that I said at once, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.'" They had been very intimate in the Islington College, and had prepared their sermons together. They had often met in Mr. Fjellstedt's room, for brotherly intercourse during that time; and "dear Weitbrecht's conversation," adds Mr. Jetter, "was always cheerful, but never trifling, or unbecoming his high and holy office. There was a constant reference to the great subject, and an unwearied endeavor to lead souls to Jesus. Godly sincerity was a shining virtue in him, from my first acquaintance with him. When our destinations were changed, I gave him all the advice I could about India, and directed him in the study of the Bengali language, in which we made some little progress together. It was the fourth language to which he had applied, in the prospect of different fields of labor. When we embarked at Gravesend, he accompanied us there, and saw us safely on board, helping and comforting us, in his usual kind way. It was my privilege to see him again, on his visit to Europe for the restoration of his health, and to carry on a profitable correspondence with him to the day of his death." Through the kindness of Mr. Jetter, Mr. Weitbrecht was introduced to the Rev. R. Walker, to whom he paid a visit of a few weeks, and some valuable letters to him will find a place in this Memoir.

Mr. Weitbrecht left London on the 27th of August, 1830, and writes: "At 6 A.M. I had the last parting meeting with the missionary brethren at Islington. I addressed them with deep feeling, and was reminded of the great blessing of brotherly fellowship. At 2 P.M. I took leave of Mr. Coates, brother Raban offered a short prayer, commending me to the grace of God, and beseeching that I might become an instrument in the hands of the Lord, of conveying blessings to many immortal souls."

Some account of his voyage may be given. His own records of it in his journal, and in letters to friends, are very interesting, and we trace in them the workings of his mind under circumstances entirely new to him, observe his advancing preparation for his great work, and see how singularly he continues to exemplify the same humble, earnest characteristics he had all along exhibited.

On the 30th, they set sail with fine weather, and bade farewell to the mouth of the Thames; but contrary winds delayed their progress, and it was not till the 4th of September, that they anchored at Portsmouth, where most of the passengers came on board. Mr. Weitbrecht had received a beautiful letter, from the pious mother of the captain of the vessel, commending her son to his notice and his prayers. She was personally unacquainted with him, but hearing that he was a missionary, she felt emboldened to make this request, which was faithfully attended to, as far as circumstances opened the way; but the captain was then quite a man of the world, and though he was kind, polite, and obliging to all, he naturally favored his own party, who were, as is usual in such cases, the majority. He only allowed one service on Sundays, and did not give Mr. Weitbrecht full liberty to do all he would have liked for the passengers; but he was permitted to go among the sailors, and distribute tracts and Scriptures, and he fixed an hour on Sunday morning, after the service, when every individual might come and receive these supplies, and not one was left without the word of life. Mr. Weitbrecht likewise embraced that welcome opportunity, to speak to each man singly, about "the one thing needful," and perceived some very encouraging signs in several of them. One or two of the passengers were also, he hoped, truly impressed with divine things.*

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* Captain Young was, there is every reason to believe, eventually brought home to Christ. He died in India, some years after, and was attended, in his last illness, by a devoted missionary, who conveyed to his excellent mother, the glad tidings of his departure in the faith and hope of the Gospel. This circumstance was communicated to Mr. Weit-

Mr. Weitbrecht spent the Sunday in the family of a brother clergyman at Portsea; and, on Tuesday the 7th they finally sailed. He records an interesting conversation which he held, on the 10th, with an officer on deck, upon true conversion, and the divine authority of the Scriptures. He remarks: "I saw from the effects of it that the natural man may be convinced by arguments; but, unless divine grace bring them home to the heart, no sinner will be converted by them."

He had often a difficult path to walk with regard to the passengers, and felt that it required much watchfulness and prayer to behave aright. To show kindness and courtesy was natural to him, and he felt it also a Christian duty; but he tried to follow his Divine Master's example, and not to commit himself to them, knowing as he did, that there was enmity in their hearts against the truth.

One of the young men on board, showed him much kindness, and they formed a friendship together which lasted through life. To him he used to take his sermon, after he had prepared it; but "my office," remarks his friend, "was a sinecure, for he then wrote as correctly and elegantly as in later years, and preached in English, with as much ease, as if he had been born in England." He adds: "With those on board he was generally very popular, but this arose more from his pleasant manners, cheerfulness of disposition, and general information, than because they appreciated his intrinsic worth and value as a minister of the Gospel."

The passage through the Bay of Biscay was stormy, and, on Sept. 12th, he writes: "This has been a dreadful night, the wind blew terribly, the sea rose mountains high. I could not attempt divine service on deck to-day. A sea-life, without a Saviour, must be a wretched state, more so than on

brecht, and was a great encouragement to him to go on sowing beside all waters.

land. I lay in my cot, thinking how comfortable it is, that the Lord hears the inmost prayer of a heart hungering after grace, when it can not come to Him, in the retirement of the closet, to pour out its desires in words." Again, on the 15th, he adds: "Very dreadful weather, but I enjoyed much comfort. The remembrance of my dear friends in Germany, Switzerland, and England, many of whom are no doubt pleading with the Lord on my behalf, was very sweet and delightful to my heart, in these hours of trial, when I want a brother's comfort very much."

We go on to quote from the journal:

"19*th*. Preached in the cuddy, it being too stormy to have the service on deck. The Lord gave me liberty and boldness, and I was heard with profound attention, the Word seeming to impress many.

"20*th*. The first fine evening since the beginning of our voyage; the weather mild; the moon, in her first quarter, descending towards the west; the sky clear, and the firmament crowded with stars; the air balmy; the wide ocean playing with its waves, and reflecting the moonbeams beautifully; the ship in full sail, plying its course along, and thus causing an action which produced fine phosphoric sparks; the whole scene elevating the mind, to admiration of the power and majesty of the great Creator. I sat on deck meditating, wondering, and adoring. I had enjoyed a blessed season, in my cabin, of communion with my Saviour, and my heart was drawn afresh to that land, where, after a few days more of earthly toil and sorrow, I shall see Him whom my soul loves, though so feebly, here below.

"24*th*. Lord have mercy upon me! Wherever I turn, unbelief and darkness present themselves. I pity these poor creatures. Strengthen my faith lest I grow languid. Work in me, and make me a faithful fellow-worker."

The following graphic sketch of his stay at Madeira will interest the reader:

"27*th.* Made Madeira, after passing the island of Porto Santo. It had a lovely appearance, reminding me of a Swiss scene in summer. We anchored, to take in a cargo of wine. I landed, and found Christian friends, with whom I enjoyed most pleasant intercourse. I saw the luxuriance of nature in a warm climate; the leaves of the aloe plant measured from eight to ten feet in length; and the myrtle, the orange, and the lime-tree, were in blossom; the pomegranate and fig-tree were growing wild; and grapes, with other ripe fruit, were in profusion. I made several excursions with my friends to the surrounding mountains, and beheld the most magnificent prospects from them. The air was balmy and fragrant, pure and warm; the moon shone brightly, and the rich smell from the foliage and flowers led me to meditate on the beauties of paradise, before sin corrupted man, and brought a curse upon the earth. But, alas! the wretched inhabitants are sunk in darkness and superstition, and one felt inclined to weep over their miserable condition. I preached, on the second evening of my stay, to many Christian friends who met together, and left this beautiful island with regret, where some dear faithful ones dwell like lilies among thorns. (Canticles 2 : 2.)

"We proceeded on our voyage, and I read Heber's Last Days, with much interest. How zealous and diligent he was on board a merchant-ship, from Calcutta to Madras! I do comparatively so little. It is true, every opportunity was afforded him; all were ready at his command, and complied with his wishes; and he was accomplished and elegant; while I am a foreigner, speaking in a language which is still difficult to me, and not allowed all the liberty I could wish; yet I feel I am not faithful enough, or so holy in my conduct and conversation, as the greatness of my work requires; and this thought humbles me to the dust. Heber, as a great bishop, was honored on every side; and I must expect, and do receive the contrary very often; yet this should not quench my zeal, or bear heavily on my spirit."

The great heat brought upon Mr. Weibrecht an attack of bilious fever, which weakened him very much, and he suffered deeply at the same time from inward trial and temptation, as well as barrenness of spirit; but the Redeemer visited him again in due time, and imparted strength and consolation from above. He speaks of "preaching on deck from Matt. 13 : 1–6, under much bodily weakness, and much groaning and prayer for divine aid," which was not withheld; and, on the following day, he was able to sit down to his usual studies again, and felt himself "graciously upheld by faith, and an increasing desire to come nearer to his God." "My heart panteth after Him," writes he; "when shall I come and appear before God?"

On New Year's Day he was still on board. The nearer he approached the shores of India, the more earnest did he become in his prayers, to be made a blessing there; and he writes: "Oh! for the true apostolic spirit of the first ages! May I have a portion, at least, of that real unction from the Holy One, which the first preachers of the Gospel received! I feel the need of it, and know its value. Alas! that we do not seek it more!" He goes on to add, "Glory to God, through His grace, I have entered on another year. Let me erect my Ebenezer, as I have so much cause to do, in entering on my new sphere of life, and repeat, with joyful gratitude, Hitherto the Lord has helped me!

"How much has Thy eternal love done for me, even from my early age! How many proofs of Thy mercy can I record! How long didst Thou follow Thy long-lost sheep, until, at last, it was brought back! How wonderful Thy ways and dealing with me! Now joys, now sorrows, to draw my heart to Thee. I would to-day dedicate myself afresh to Thy service, my Saviour, to be thine altogether; and to desire no other joy but That which is found in Thee. Thou art worthy, O Lamb of God! Let all my heart adore and praise thee."

Mr. Weitbrecht was much encouraged, at this time, by the hope of having been made a spiritual blessing to one or two on board, and we find his journal full of the records of his prayers and praises on this point. He was also overwhelmed by devout contemplations of the works of God in His natural creation, which always conveyed to him encouraging emblems of His power in re-creating. "The majestic view above me," he writes, as he beheld the splendor of the stars in the eastern sky, "teaches me the goodness, as well as the greatness of my Lord. It was so with the Psalmist." He preached a valedictory sermon from the words, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure," and expressed to his fellow-travellers his earnest hope, that they might so apply "his exhortations" as to give him "the prospect of a joyful reünion with them on the morning of the resurrection." To one of his brothers he writes:

(*Translation*)—"Imagine me sitting in my cabin, in the quiet solemn evening hour, the air quite still, the sky cloudless, the temperature warm, and the sea, on which the ship is anchored, as smooth as a mirror. In a few hours, I expect to behold the shores of India, and to enter the Ganges. We can already see the pilot-vessels at a distance, but we have no wind to make progress. The ship's company are fishing, for the water is only thirty fathoms deep; and we are surrounded by sand-banks, formed by the great deposits, brought down by the mighty river. This spot is therefore called the sand-heads; and it is a dangerous navigation hereabouts. The passengers are engaged with cards, and my heart is wandering towards you, and longing for an hour's intercourse with you. As I write, the pilot has come on board, and I have seen Hindus for the first time. His boat was filled with them, and I longed to go to them at once, and proclaim the gospel of Jesus' love, but my tongue is still tied, though I have studied hard on the voyage. I have now beheld the shores of India, and my soul adores the Lord. We have had a good though tedious passage. I long to place my feet, once more, on *terra firma*, and, still more, to find brethren, which I hope to do in Calcutta. Though I think much of you all, and often long after our dear ones, yet you must not suppose I am home-sick. No, not for the world would I wish to return; on the contrary, I rejoice, more than I can express, in being now really engaged in the service of my Saviour; and it is my one desire, to spend my *whole life* in it, and to seek nothing but the increase of His glory, and the making known of His salvation. We are hastening up the river; the banks are beautiful. At 4 P.M we passed Fort William, and Calcutta presented itself to our view. At 6 we cast anchor; thus the haven is reached in safety; God's name be praised! To my great delight I found my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Sandys here, and quite well. I also saw dear brother Reichardt, Mr. Lacroix, a Swiss missionary, and Mrs. Wilson, for whom I at once felt a warm regard, from her true missionary spirit. The Lord has a seed in Calcutta; may it break forth to the east and the west, the north and the south! In the evening, the native Christians collected for a prayer-meeting, and I saw some twenty swarthy faces around me, and heard their voices joining in a hymn of praise to our common Lord and Redeemer."

How well can those interested in the great and glorious enterprise, on which Mr. Weitbrecht had set forth, enter into his feelings of joyous exultation, on arriving at the sphere of his long-desired labors! What heart will not beat in unison with that of the ardent and youthful missionary, at the brightening prospect, and the promise of a speedy realization of all his hopes! But many a hard struggle lay before him, many a conflict with the giant powers of darkness, which are still permitted to hold such terrific sway in heathen India.

In a day or two, Mr. Weitbrecht was introduced to the beloved and revered Archdeacon Corrie, and others. The Rev. T. Dealtry, who had succeeded Thomason, as chaplain at the Old or Mission Church in Calcutta, which was first built by that remarkable and devoted missionary, Mr. Kiernander, was also peculiarly kind and affectionate towards him; but he did not lack kindness on all sides. Mr. Lacroix, with whom he became so intimate, and so much connected all through his missionary course, thus expresses his own feelings after his sudden removal: "I became acquainted with dear Weitbrecht from the time of his landing in India; and very soon after, similarity of views and feelings on most topics in which, as men, as Christians, and as missionaries, we were interested, drew us to each other, and led to a friendship, which was never interrupted for a moment, up to his removal from this earthly scene; and it is now sweet to me, to hope that, when our common Lord calls me hence, this friendship will be renewed, and continued, in those happy realms of peace, where all those that are Christ's will be permitted to dwell together with Him for ever."

CHAPTER III.

Journey to Burdwan—Residence and Employments in Calcutta—Designation to Burdwan—Sketch of the Commencement of the Mission there—Settles and begins his labors at that Station.

1830—31.

During February, Mr. Weitbrecht accompanied some clerical friends, on a visit to Burdwan; and his journal kept on this, his first tour through the scene of his future labors, is very graphic and interesting. He was not then aware, that Burdwan would become his residence, as he had been expressly designated, by the Home Committee, for Calcutta; but on account of the feeling then existing with regard to Germans, it was eventually arranged by the Calcutta Committee, that he should occupy a country station. Burdwan was a favorite place with Archdeacon Corrie, and other good men, and Mr. Weitbrecht was regarded by them, as well fitted for the locality and the duties there. Nor were they mistaken in the view they took. It was doubtless the sphere chosen by God for him; and, in many respects, it opened to him doors to usefulness, especially in itinerating among the villagers, which he would not have enjoyed so fully in Calcutta. He was himself perfectly satisfied with the decision of the Committee, and as time advanced he became more and more thankful that he had been placed there.

The following are a few extracts from his journal:

"*February 7th.* It was a cool, pleasant morning when I embarked, with brother Sandys, in a little boat, to proceed up the river to Chinsurah. Archdeacon Corrie, and Messrs. Dealtry and Macpherson, had preceded us. The scenery on the banks is very pretty, and many things strike those who observe them for the first time. Every mile or two, pagodas appear near the river, with handsome flights of steps before them, which lead down into the water. These are called ghauts; and it is considered a very meritorious act, in a rich man, to build one. They are indeed very useful to the poor, and to the public at large. Crowds of Hindus, both men and women, were bathing at all these places, partly to purify their persons; but they have another object in view, that is, to wash away their sins, by the virtue of the water of this holy river. Women are seen with little bunches of flowers, which they purchase from the priest in the temple before they descend the ghaut. These they offer to the goddess Gunga, (the river,) making, at the same time, their poojah or prayers to her. These little nosegays are seen floating about in all directions. Alas! how true it is, that a deceived heart hath turned them aside. At intervals, between the pagodas, which generally communicate with a Hindu village a little inland, I observed pretty houses, inhabited by Europeans, and standing in the midst of beautiful gardens, full of gorgeous flowers, which blossom in profusion here, interspersed with groves of mango, tamarind, and other trees, in pleasing variety. The rich foliage descends, in many places, to the very edge of the stream, and the trees often dip their branches into the water, at full tide. In several places, we saw the blazing funeral pile, where the body of some deceased Hindu, of high caste, was being consumed; but the corpses of the lowest classes are cast entire into the water, and they meet the eye on all sides. If the relatives of the deceased can afford a little fuel, they singe the corpse before casting it into the stream; first doubling up the limbs over the body to give it a compact form. We observed several floating down the stream, with vultures and crows feeding upon them. At noon, we passed Serampore. What a refreshing spectacle to a Zion-bound pilgrim, to see the spire of a Christian church, surrounded by a goodly array of missionary dwellings, after feeling one's soul vexed within one, by the hosts of idol temples that abound on all sides! In two hours more, we were at Chinsurah, a settlement which, till lately, belonged to the Dutch; renowned for its tobacco plantations, and the manufacture of segars. It has a mission establishment in connection with the London Missionary Society. Here again a Christian church gladdened our sight. It stands on the river side. The reach of the Hooghly, just above this place, is exquisitely lovely.

"From Chinsurah we proceeded by land, and the style of travelling, so totally new to me, quite amused me. Eight bearers are appointed to one palanquin; four of whom carry it on their shoulders, in turn, by means of poles affixed to the ends, and then exchange with the other four. They go about as quickly as bad post-horses in France, have a peculiar song or chant, by which they encourage each other; sometimes this relates to the traveller, and is perhaps a description of his person, if he be stout or thin, tall or short, etc., which they bring into measure and doggrel rhyme. They also breathe in a particular way, and thus measure their distances and keep in step. This makes the inexperienced traveller fancy they are very tired, and groaning from fatigue; but it is not so. They like their occupation, and have a sort of professional pride about them; they are also stronger and more athletic than other laborers, as they earn more money, and have better food.

Besides the eight men who carry the palanquin, one or more, as need be, carry the luggage, which consists of square boxes, generally made of tin, and slung by cords fixed to the end of a bamboo, which is borne across the man's shoulder. Another man is supplied with a bamboo cane filled with oil, and a piece of wood, which is covered with old linen, and kept wetted with the oil. This he lights, and it forms an excellent torch. As journeys are always performed at night, each palanquin must be attended by a torch-bearer, so that one can not have less than ten men. These change at intervals of six or eight miles, and we had forty individuals employed for each of us, between Chinsurah and Burdwan, a distance of about forty miles. Whenever they change, they rouse you from your sleep, and demand buckshish, (a present,) though they have been paid before. The English, who spoil people with money wherever they go, universally give something, so that it has become an established custom. Government employ native officers, called dak moonshees, to manage this business; and they 'lay a dak,' as it is called, and send the traveller the bill, which he discharges. These unprincipled men are, of course, aware of the custom of making a present; and, in general, deduct from the hire of the bearers as much as they believe them to have got from the traveller, and put the surplus into their own purses.

"On Wednesday, at 8 A.M., we arrived at the retired mission premises of Burdwan, which are very prettily situated. Brother Deer, who was one of the first-fruits of our Basle Seminary, received us with joy. He is grown old in fighting the battles of the Lord, and has gained some victories, being surrounded by a little flock of native Christians. We saw the boys' and girls' schools, and they were examined before us. Most of them are still heathen, but they answered the questions put to them, on the historical and doctrinal parts of Scripture, readily and correctly; and we could not but hope that the seed that has been sown in their tender hearts, might spring up. On the 9th, Mr. Dealtry preached in the little English chapel to the European residents, and his sermon made a deep impression, so that the people determined, from henceforth, to meet among themselves, and read the prayers and lessons; and Messrs. Dealtry and Macpherson promised to visit them, by turns, every six weeks. On the 12th, we had a service with the native Christians. Archdeacon Corrie and brother Sandys addressed them, directing their attention to the nature of the preparation for the Lord's Supper, and showing them the state of heart in which a believer can fitly partake of the holy ordinance. On the Sunday morning the Archdeacon preached in English, and administered the sacrament, and afterwards, we joined in the same services in Bengali with the native converts. It was the first time that I had approached the table of the Lord, in communion with Hindu Christians, and I felt much.

"On Monday, Captain Vetch, a pious resident, called on Mr. Deer, and invited him to accompany him, on a little tour he was about to make towards Bancoorah. I gave up the idea of following my other friends to Culna, where they had gone to see the station there, and went with brother Deer and his friend, on this missionary excursion. We travelled on the Captain's elephant, but took our palanquins with us. The first object that attracted my notice was a temple of Juggernath, that had been struck by lightning, which had consumed both the building and the car of the idol. The Rajah of Burdwan is a great supporter of idolatry, so the priests had applied to him for an offering to make atonement, as they said the accident had been caused by the displeasure the god had felt, at some great crime which had been committed. He offered a little car of silver, in the shape of the larger one of wood, and afterwards bought it from them again for a high price; this satisfied their avarice.

"We crossed the large mountain torrent which runs along the west of the Burdwan district. It is a wide river in the rainy reason, but was now nearly dry. We encamped at night in a mango grove. We had about seventy persons in our train, and I enjoyed my first night in tents very much. The mild rays of the moon cast their pleasing light between the palm-trees, upon our tent, and the air was perfumed with the odor of the mango blossoms. In the morning, we again mounted our elephant; the motion was at first very tiring to me, but I soon got accustomed to it. Every step taken by the huge animal seems to give you a rough push, as you sit on his back; but after the first day, I quite enjoyed it. In the evening, we passed through a village, and the people were soon attracted towards us; so we halted, and brother Deer made a pulpit of the elephant's back, and addressed them, on the way of salvation through Jesus Christ."

A severe rain obliged them, soon after, to take shelter in a native hut, and Mr. W. adds:

"On Sunday morning we kept quiet; our little Hindu hut became a sanctuary. We had divine service together, and enjoyed a blessed Sabbath in the Bengal jungles. In the afternoon, brother Deer preached in the villages, and was heard with great attention. We find Captain Vetch, a dear brother in the Lord.

"If a European cook were called upon to prepare a dinner, with no kitchen but the wet ground, no fuel but green wood, and no utensils except a few rude earthen vessels, he would feel almost at a loss how to manage the business; but a Hindu is able to make the best of his scanty resources, and I have been both surprised and amused at the skill shown by our cook, who dug three holes in the wet ground, and surrounded each with a little bank of earth; he then placed a few sticks in the holes, got them to ignite, fixed the primitive earthen pots on the fire, and savory meats were soon steaming, and, at the end of an hour, ready for our repast.

"Not far from this spot there is a town, where a suttee was arranged about two years ago. The preparations were all made, and the poor widow was carried out to be burned, and placed upon the pile with the body of her deceased husband. The flame blazed up, and the wretched victim jumped down and escaped to her cottage. The European magistrate immediately followed her, to protect her from the infuriated Brahmuns, and prevent her being carried back. Finding this rather a difficult task, he took a segar which he was smoking, from his mouth, and applied the lighted end to the Brahmun's arm, who immediately cried out with pain. He did not, however, remove it at once, but told him he must teach him to feel what burning was, that he might become willing to let the poor widow escape her dreadful fate. This practical lesson had its effect, and the Brahmuns all slunk away, without further attempts to force the widow to return to the funeral pile.

"Mr. Deer had frequent opportunities of declaring the Gospel, while I listened; but part of our way lay through very dense jungle. One day, as we were in the midst of a forest, a tremendous storm came on, and soaked us through, as we were much exposed on the back of the elephant. The thunder roared over us, and a flash of lightning struck the ground just beside us; so we dismounted from our lofty position, and stood without shelter till the rain ceased, and then went on towards a village. When we reached it, and asked for shelter, it was at first refused, as the building we desired to occupy was said to be a holy place, where the people sometimes brought an idol and sung to it. Mr. Deer said: 'Well, we will sing too; come this evening and hear us.' They took him at his word and came. We sang a Bengal hymn together, then he prayed, and read to them the third chapter of John, and conversed upon it. They were all attention, and left this new house of prayer with the impression that they had heard marvellous things, for it was the first time they had ever seen white men, or knew there were such people as Christians. They told us the place was much infested by bears and tigers; but as we had no other shelter, we commended ourselves to the care of Him who never slumbereth, and lay down in our palanquins and slept soundly.

"On the 25th, we reached Bancoorah, after crossing a river winding through fertile fields, with its banks covered with bushes and trees, in pleasing variety. This town contains eight thousand inhabitants; it lies in an elevated position, and is said to be one of the most healthy spots in Bengal. The face of the country is undulating, the soil rocky, and to the south are fine hills. The scenery in that direction reminds me of Devonshire. Dr. Cheek received us most kindly; and brother Deer was delighted and encouraged by the pleasing, unprejudiced, and open character of the people of the bazaar,* who listened to his preaching with singular attention. It would be, in many respects, very suitable for a mission station, and Dr. Cheek would give a dwelling for a missionary, and his liberal support in many ways. On Sunday we had divine service in his house; I preached, and went afterwards to see a dying woman, who was, I trust, prepared for her great change."

From Bancoorah, they proceeded, in another direction, towards the coal-mines, and when they reached them they descended into the pits. The ground here consists of sandstone on the surface, and a layer of slate below, and then the layer of coals. On splitting some tables of slate, they found on them the impressions of reeds, leaves, and flowers; and, on one piece, that of a trunk of a tree. The beautiful prospect here delighted them. From this place they made their way back to Burdwan, and, on coming near it, Mr. Weitbrecht visited one hundred Shiva temples, united together, and forming a square, with twenty-five distinct temples on each side, and a court in the centre. It is a large idolatrous establishment, and was erected and is maintained by the Rajah of Burdwan. "This excursion," he adds, "has been very interesting to me, and important, for my purpose in many respects. I now feel a little acquainted with Bengal, and with the character, habits, and disposition of the people; and, from the proceedings of an experienced missionary brother, I have learned much of the way in which the messenger of peace can best find access to the hearts of the benighted Hindus.''

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* Trading part of the town.

On Mr. Weitbrecht's return to Calcutta he suffered from indisposition, which reduced him exceedingly, but he soon recovered, and on the whole, enjoyed good health and was able to study, from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon, which brought him on rapidly in Bengali. He also preached, when he found opportunity, in English, and on the 8th of March he writes: "I drove, with brother Sandys, to Dum Dum, a military station near Calcutta, and addressed the soldiers. The Lord gave me inward joy to testify of Him. On noticing some things he disapproved of, in a brother missionary at this time, he writes: "The Timothys are rare, who no longer seek their own, but only what is the Lord's. May I learn a lesson, and have my conversation in heaven while my tabernacle remains upon earth!" He was truly attached to his lowly-minded brother Sandys.

In May the decision was made regarding Mr. Weitbrecht's sphere of labor. He at first supposed it would be Bancoorah, from a conversation he had had with Archdeacon Corrie, who told him that the residents there had offered 120 Rs. a month, a house, and many other advantages, if the Society would consent to make it one of their stations; but the Committee, on consultation and mature deliberation, deemed it more prudent to fix him at Burdwan, and strengthen the mission there. He was, however, directed to make monthly visits to the former place, and to carry on, as far as possible, the same duties there as at Burdwan. Dr. Cheek had already a good school there, supported by himself. To this others were to be added in due time, and a native catechist permanently located on the spot, to inspect them daily, and to preach among the people. He thus writes on learning their decision: "I had, for some days, lived in imagination at Bancoorah, among friends I had already learned to love, and the decision was a sort of disappointment to me; but I can, with full acquiescence, leave the matter in the Lord's hands, and bow under this light cross, of which this life of trial may have many a heavier one in store for me. I rejoice to join a German brother, who has experience in the work, though I much regret leaving my dear brother Sandys, who ought not to have to stand alone."

In the prospect of going to Burdwan, we find the following entry in the journal: "As I shall have my own house at Burdwan, and it is likely to be my permanent station, the thought continually presents itself to me, whether the time has not arrived for me to seek a helpmate. Imagination will be busy, and I often find myself forming images of the future, which may perhaps never be realized. But it is my earnest desire to let the Lord guide and direct every thing concerning me, without my own interference. How needful it is to watch and pray, to exercise faith and patience, lest we fall into temptation! May the Lord, in His own good time, show me the heart which He has chosen to be united with mine, and the companion He intends for me on my pilgrimage to Zion, to aid me in His work! With respect to whom, and when, and how, I will, with Abraham, learn to believe and wait for the promise."

During the three lonely years that intervened between the record of this prayer and the time when it was answered, a season of solitary trial, peculiarly painful to a man of his social and tenderly-affectionate disposition, he made this matter a subject of continual supplication; and when, at last, his desire was fulfilled, he regarded it as the granting of "a precious gift, out of his Lord's gracious hands." Thus sweetly, did his childlike, trustful spirit realize the fatherly care and love of his best Friend, in all the events that befel him!

Before introducing Mr. Weitbrecht to his station, we must give a brief sketch of the establishment of the Burdwan Mission.

The town of Burdwan is about seventy-two miles north-west of Calcutta, and is situated near the western confines of the rich, fertile, and populous Zillah, or District, of which it is considered the capital.

The Mission was commenced in 1816 by Captain Stewart, a pious and devoted servant of the East-India Company, and he continued to take a deep interest in it till his death, in 1833, though in his latter years, he was much tried by affliction. In the first year he established two vernacular schools, and in two years the number had increased to ten, containing a thousand children, and costing 240 Rs. a month. In the beginning, he encountered considerable opposition, and the Brahmuns circulated reports among the people, that it was his design to ship all the children to England. If a book contained the name of Jesus, they forbade the boys to read it; and an instance occurred, in which a parent exposed his little son to the jackals, to be devoured during the night, to prevent the possibility of his being educated by Captain Stewart. Five schools were carried on in Burdwan, at this time, by the Brahmuns themselves, and their ire was raised at the prospect of being ruined by these new-comers. They fulminated curses on all who sent their children to Captain Stewart's schools; but he went quietly forward, and chose his teachers from among the ablest natives, in the villages where they were situated. He thus disarmed opposition by the bait of interest, so that the five heathen schools soon died of themselves. The introduction of printed books into the schools at first caused some alarm, the people fearing it to be a plan for depriving them of their caste, as all instruction had been previously conveyed through manuscript; and it was remarked of the village schoolmasters: "If you put a printed book into their hands, they are unable to read it without great difficulty, and are still less able to understand its contents." Besides the outlines of geography, astronomy, and history, Captain S. caused instruction to be given in some few of the preambles of the East-India Company's regulations, which are particularly calculated to convince the Hindus that government anxiously desires to promote their comfort and advantage. By reading these, he hoped to give the youthful mind an impression favorable to their rulers, and, upon this, to found principles of submission, attachment, and love. He was, at the same time, very bold on the subject of Christianity, which he brought before both pupils and teachers continually. He knew Bengali well, and translated a useful book. He also composed a pamphlet, giving an account of the principal idols, and divulging some of the sacred mysteries of the Hindu religion; and that the odium of this might not fall on the missionaries, he appended his own name to it. In these seminaries, the children knew of no precedency, but that which was derived from merit.

The Brahmun boy and his ignoble neighbor, sat side by side, and if the latter excelled the former in learning, as was often the case, he stood above him. These schools became so celebrated, that the Calcutta School Society sent its superintendent, for five months, to Burdwan, in 1819, to learn the system of Captain Stewart's schools; as he educated a greater number of children with fewer teachers, than by the old system, and at half the expense. The missionaries, when settled at Burdwan, followed up his efforts, and when, some years after, about 1837, Mr. W. Adam visited Burdwan, as commissioner from government, to report on the state of education, he ascertained that Burdwan was the best-educated district in Bengal; though, even there, only the one hundred and sixtieth part of the school-going population received instruction. Most of the sircars (that is, account-keepers) filling offices in mercantile houses in Calcutta, are from this, comparatively speaking, favored district.

In 1819, Captain Stewart purchased a plot of ground, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, as a missionary locality or compound. It was in a retired part of the neighborhood, and about two miles distant from the bazaar. Archdeacon Corrie and other friends, who visited the place, approved of the site, which has subsequently proved a very suitable one, though, with the various advantages connected with it, there has been a drawback arising from its distance from the town, which has caused a good deal of additional labor and fatigue to the missionary, many of whose important duties lie there. There was one house standing in the compound when it was purchased, and it contained an area of twenty-three acres of land. In due time, the Society erected another house, as it was always proposed to locate two missionaries there. On and around this very spot, one hundred and twenty thousand Mahrattas, the Goths of India, were encamped in 1742. "They were men whose musnuds were their horses, their sceptres their swords, and their dominion the wide line of their desolating march." What a contrast to the character of those messengers of peace, whose blessed and holy influence is now casting its reflection on the people around! This extensive and desirable estate was purchased by the Church Missionary Society, for the small sum of £400, and in the same year, Messrs. Jetter and Deer arrived at the station, as the first missionaries. Both these brethren acquired the language well, and labored diligently. Mr. Jetter was, after some time, removed to Calcutta. While at Burdwan, he was put in charge of an English school just then formed. When Messrs. Thomason and Sherer visited it in 1820, they found it contained fifty boys in a good state of progress, but in 1822 it was removed to the mission premises, and the attendance diminished, the parents thinking it a scheme to force their children to be Christians.

In 1820, Mr. Perowne, an English clergyman, arrived, when the residents set a subscription on foot for the erection of an English chapel; and application being made to government, an eligible spot of ground was assigned for the site, and an order issued to supply the sum necessary to complete the building out of the public funds. Mr. Betts, a resident at Burdwan, subsequently made some handsome presents to the chapel. Mr. Perowne devoted much time to the English school, and formed it into a boarding-school. He had one convert from it, in the person of the senior monitor, and twenty of the boys regularly attended family worship, but it declined entirely after his departure. This was the first boarding-school for heathen boys established in Bengal.

In 1822, the baptism of two adults took place. They were the first spiritual fruits of the schools, and had been catechumens for nine months previously. Their names, which had been idolatrous, were changed; and Mr. Deer remarks, that the prayers and form of baptism made a deep impression on them; and that even the pundit, who translated the service with him, was greatly affected with it, as such a contrast to their childish play. One of these converts, named James, was subsequently made the instrument of leading his father, uncle, and three brothers to a knowledge of the truth.

In 1826, Mr. Perowne returned to Europe, and Mr. Deer was alone till the arrival of Mr. Weitbrecht in 1831. He labored perseveringly in the schools and in public preaching, and education continued to flourish. Mr. Perowne and Mr. Jetter had both been diligent missionaries, and, under their efforts, prejudices had greatly given way among the natives. On Mr. Jetter's first arrival, the Hindus were afraid even to touch a Bible, as they thought it contained some charm or spell which would render them Christians; but in 1826, we find three preaching-chapels spoken of, and Mr. Perowne preaching to one hundred and fifty people. They were also allowed to distribute the Gospel in their various school-houses. The Brahmuns who were employed as teachers, attended divine service on Sundays regularly for several years, and professed to be under convictions of truth, so that at length a day was fixed for their baptism. They visited Mr. Deer so diligently for some weeks previously, that they hardly allowed him time to eat; but, as the period for their baptism approached, they withdrew under various pretenses, and one of them, at last, made a full confession to him, and told him that the whole plan was a scheme for procuring good employment. Mr. Deer had fourteen schools under his superintendence, containing a thousand boys, and scattered over a space of forty miles in diameter. He spent his mornings in them, and his evenings with adults, but he diminished them after his sad disappointment with the teachers. A girls' school was commenced in 1823 by Mrs.

Perowne, and she succeeded so well in disarming prejudice, that she had two hundred girls under instruction in the different villages. Mrs. Deer subsequently carried on these schools, which were collected into one central school in 1831; and this was continued till it was evident a more effective plan was necessary for benefiting the native females, who stand in India in a very different position to the male population, and who must come under other modes of culture.

We have thus brought up the history of the Burdwan Mission to the period when it came under the care of Mr. Weitbrecht. Its subsequent progress will be delineated in the course of the narrative. It will be perceived, that this has been gradual, but decided; and what a contrast does this spot now present to former days! In a tank opposite the Mission House, the skulls of persons who had been the victims of Thugs, were found so late as 1837; and in an adjacent grove, numbers of the corpses of similar victims are believed to have been buried. Last century, on the approach of the Mahratta cavalry, thirty women plunged into a neighboring stream and drowned themselves, preferring death to dishonor. Now, the same neighborhood resounds with the busy hum of boys and girls, peacefully and cheerfully occupied, under the eye of Christian parents and teachers, who are endeavoring to train them for future usefulness.*

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* This district is peculiarly favorable for the labors of the itinerant missionary. It is most thickly populated by a comparatively speaking intelligent race, the chief part of whom are agriculturists, whose minds are generally found, in some measure, open to good impressions, both among the Hindus and Mussulmans. The latter are scattered through the towns and villages, in the proportion of one seventh or eighth of the whole population. Large towns and villages, of from four to forty thousand inhabitants, are continually found, especially on the western side of the district; the locality is usually healthy, and the roads sufficiently good to travel by palanquin, on horseback, or on foot, with bullock-carts accompanying, to carry the necessary stores of books, etc.

On the 14th of June, Mr. Weitbrecht arrived at Burdwan, and expressed himself "grateful for the quiet, and the prospect of successful labor on every side," though he painfully missed "the intercourse with dear Christian brethren in Calcutta, especially Mr. Lacroix, and one or two others." Trials of another order also awaited him; but they worked in him "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." His health, too, suffered, and he says: "Oh! for faith! I want faith, or my bark will soon sink."

At the time of his arrival, the smaller Mission House, which had been designed for his residence, was occupied by the doctor of the station, to whom it had been let, as a favor, until it was needed. This gentleman refused to vacate it, and Mr. Weitbrecht was compelled to take up his abode in one corner of the low, damp building, which was used for a boys' school on week-days, and for a place of worship on Sundays. His bed and other little articles of furniture were placed behind a screen; and in these uncomfortable quarters he studied by day and reposed by night. He often said that this circumstance was not without its use, as he had to read with his pundit, in the midst of the great uproar made by above one hundred Bengali boys, who were being instructed, for several hours a day, in the centre of the building, which prepared him to speak in a noisy crowd in the bazaar afterwards. There were no Venetian windows, merely wooden shutters, and no verandahs to this place; so that he was obliged either to remain in darkness or to let in the sun and rain. He took his meals in the family of Mr. Deer, He was not permitted to suffer seriously in health by this hard discipline, which was really wonderful, as the water (it being the rainy season) lay constantly around the low building, and sometimes almost prevented his going out. He had been directed by the Committee, to perform English service for the residents which he did regularly in the little

English chapel in the station, and he received much kindness and affectionate attention from them. He also helped Mr. Deer in various ways, as long as he remained, which was but a few months after Mr. Weitbrecht had joined the station. He left, at first, for the benefit of his health, but finding much encouragement at Krishnaghur, where he had gone, and being afterwards convinced that he must go to Europe with his family in the cold season, he did not return again; and Mr. Weitbrecht had, in about seven months from the time of his arrival in Burdwan, to fulfill all the duties in connection with the mission. He was "English preacher, pastor of the native flock, superintendent of vernacular schools, containing many hundreds of boys, and evangelist to the heathen!" Need we wonder to hear him exclaiming, "Who is sufficient for these things?" He calls it, as well he might, "a severe trial of faith." "Many duties, many responsibilities, and so little feeling of energy." "My misery," he writes, "sometimes almost weighs me down-until I have poured out my heart to Jesus, with strong crying and tears." Thus did he, in his depression, cry mightily unto the Lord, and He heard him, and delivered him from all his fears; he looked unto Him and was lightened. He now proved the truth of what he had believed, and so often expressed, before entering the field, that the Lord was all-sufficient to sustain him and carry him on.

Towards the end of August, we find the following remarks in his journal: "The days hasten past in this land of strangers, as they did in England and in Germany, and my journal remains empty. I hope it is no indication that my heart is so. No, I remember many a precious hour of refreshment from the presence of the Lord. My time is spent chiefly with the pundit. It is true I embrace every opportunity of speaking to the poor people around me, but have not, as yet, enough freedom in the language to do it very effectively. Some dear people of God have come to the station, with whom I enjoy the blessing of Christian intercourse." During the following month he records: "I hope my prayers for my English flock are being heard; the word seems really to have found entrance into some hearts." A similar record is made regarding Bancoorah, whither he went in October. The deep interest he felt in the salvation of all with whom he came in contact, showed itself continually in all the beauty of Christian simplicity and faithfulness. On one occasion he says: "When I came home I could only cry and entreat the Lord to have pity upon ——, and draw his soul entirely to Himself." He was placed in a very difficult position just at this time, through a circumstance that occurred in the course of his ministerial duties, and his friends were astonished at the practical wisdom, forbearance, and manly decision which marked the course he took. Even the individuals who suffered pain and mortification, could but esteem and admire him.

To his brother G.

Burdwan, *Aug.* 10, 1831.

(*Translation.*)—"Mercy and peace from the Lord, is my salutation to you, dearest brother. May this blessing, which is the earnest desire of a sincere, loving, brotherly heart, abide upon you all, both in your hearts and in your houses! I hope you have received my former letters. It is now nearly a year since I left England, and as long since I have heard of you. My heart yearns for tidings; a letter from home would be more precious to me than gold. My spirit often takes wing, and alights in the far-distant dwellings, where many a loved one thinks of me, and prays for me. But we are pilgrims, and are hastening towards our *true native country*, and each day that passes brings us one nearer to our *home.* Oh! when we meet there, we shall have much to tell each other of, and much to praise and magnify the Lord for! I have now got over my first hot season in India, and am surprised to think, how well I have been carried through. The heat was indescribable, and I had a low, close room in Calcutta. By the mercy of the Lord, I am usually fresh and able to labor; and though, as you know, my constitution is not strong, it seems to have that pliability about it, which enables me to bear this climate well."

Thus diligently, did he run his course, through the first year of his missionary life. It was a true sample of his whole career; during which, he fully acted upon the Apostle's injunction, "Be not weary in well-doing."

CHAPTER IV.

Baptism of eighteen Converts—Tour with Mr. Alexander—Baptism in a heathen village—Extracts from Correspondence—Death of the Rajah of Burdwan—Hurricane—Arrival of four Brethren—Enjoyment of their visit—Death of a pious lady—Christmas—Concludes his second year of Labor.

1832—1833.

Another short extract from the journal may commence the New Year's Day of 1832.

"I will begin this year leaning on my Beloved, who has hitherto, and will still continue to lead me through the desert, strengthening me in every good work to do His will, and working in me that which is well-pleasing in His sight. We had divine service and the communion. It was a delightful season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Afterwards I baptized Dr. Cheek's babe, to whom, by his own and his wife's particular desire, I also became sponsor."

He left Bancoorah, quite overwhelmed by the brotherly love and attention he received there from his friends. Mrs. Cheek was about to leave her husband to accompany her children to England. This approaching trial aroused his tenderest sympathies.

During January, he records the baptism of eighteen native converts, and a visit to Culna, where he found all going on satisfactorily, under Mr. Alexander, the European catechist, whom he speaks of as a diligent and faithful laborer, anxious to bring souls to the Lord. He had also learned Bengali very well, especially considering he was a man of no previous education. On Sunday they had service, and Mr. Weitbrecht preached and administered the sacrament to the native flock. He accustomed himself, from the first, to do his best in speaking to the people without an interpreter, and thus he soon gained confidence and freedom of expression in Bengali. He made a short missionary tour, with Mr. Alexander, towards Chinsurah, and gives many details in his journal, of his addresses and conversations with the people. "Culna is a most populous place," he writes, "and should have an effective missionary staff at work."

After coming to a certain point, he continued his journey down the river in a boat; and on arriving at that part, where Serampore lies on one side, and Barrackpore on the other, he felt divided as to which to choose for his temporary quarters. Serampore, with its venerable mission and missionaries, the *first* English missionaries, be it ever remembered, who bore the blessed tidings of redemption to the Indian shores, attracted him strongly, as he had long wished to become acquainted with them; and on the other hand, the beloved Archdeacon Corrie acted as a powerful magnet. He decided for the latter, as he had "much to speak and converse about with him, and spent a truly pleasant and blessed evening with the venerable man of God." "How refreshing and delightful," he adds, "is the light of grace emanating from true believers, and shedding its bright beams on a sinful generation! What riches the Lord can put into His own elect, to make them vessels of mercy to their fellow-creatures!"

Mr. Weitbrecht embraced every opportunity of speaking to the poor people around him on their eternal interests, but sometimes he was almost overcome by a sense of his deficiency in the language; yet we can not wonder he should not have made more progress, but rather that he had "come so far" in the time. Sometimes this caused his path to seem gloomy and difficult; and his evenings, when at home in his own house, were often almost overwhelmingly solitary. He had been brought up as a child, and moved in riper years, among an attached circle of relatives; and was, by nature, of a peculiarly social disposition. Once he writes: "I deeply feel that without *full* confidence in Jesus, I can not go on. I have no need to ask for what I shall pray; for, when I kneel down, my needs from within and without are so great, that I can not find words to express them." He found, when left alone in the mission, that his ideas of order and discipline were distasteful to several of the native Christians. This caused him much trying experience, "but," he writes, "with God's help, I hope to introduce, by degrees, a new order of things;" and in this he finally succeeded, though not without many a struggle, the most painful of which was the expulsion of a very gifted man, a Brahmun convert, who acted as head-catechist, but proved quite unworthy of his office, and had to be dismissed, under very serious charges of fraud and deceit.

In the midst of these various causes of disquietude, which are such as will, more or less, occur to every missionary, he was encouraged, by the progress making in the English school, and his spirit was refreshed by the return of a season he always delighted in, Passion Week and Easter. His English and Bengali services on Good Friday, were "visitations of grace" to him, and he "hoped to his congregation also;" and on Saturday, he says: "I could commit all my cares to the Saviour in believing confidence, especially all concerning the mission, and was powerfully comforted and made to feel I should be helped on. I went, with joy and strength, to my duties on Easter Sunday, to deliver a testimony of the risen Saviour, and to celebrate his dying love with my people."

He also relates, soon after, the particulars of a visit he made to baptize a family in a neighboring village. On his arrival at the place, with some of his catechists, he "found the females of the family had not yet gained courage to come forward to receive the ordinance; so he decided on baptizing the man alone, and chose for the purpose, an open place just before a Shiva temple." The people "formed a circle around," and then "all sang a hymn," after which the baptismal service was read, and the individual received into the flock of Christ's Church, in the presence of a wondering multitude." The catechist read 1 Peter 1, on which Mr. Weitbrecht addressed the assembly, among whom were several Brahmuns, and "they seemed to feel the power of the truth." All appeared to pass off well in this first public baptism in a heathen village, and he "returned home much encouraged." The Christians spent the day with their new brother, and took leave of him at 4 P.M., and proceeded, twelve in number, to the next village, where they "sat down under a tree to sing a hymn." "A crowd gathered round them, and, when the baptism was spoken of, they were accused of cruelty in coming to take away the people's caste; then followed threats, but as they were defenseless, they felt it best to remain quiet." "Some of the men then rushed forward, threw down four of them, and beat them unmercifully, after which they shut them up." "Two of the others managed to get away, and hastened home to tell me." "I felt it necessary to complain to the magistrate, as the poor men were held in durance; had they merely 'beaten them and let them go,' I should not have noticed it, and the Christians would have borne it 'joyfully,' as a mark of victory over Satan's kingdom, for which he vented his rage upon them. The magistrate dispatched a body of police immediately, who arrived in the village at midnight, liberated the prisoners, and arrested the offenders, who were suitably chastised." "I visited them while in confinement, and brought their sin home to them, and when they seemed humbled and penitent, interceded for their release."

To one of his brothers, he writes:

(*Translation.*)—"I would not give up my glorious calling for all the riches of the world; but I rejoice from my innermost soul, that Jesus has, by his Spirit, anointed me to preach the Gospel among the heathen. And as we enjoy the greatest of all honors, my dear brother, we must expect and be content to bear a proportionate degree of suffering and trial. I am permitted to see some pleasing tokens of success, and some blessed fruits of my labor are now and then gathering in. I am amongst very dear and kind friends, and find the truth of our Lord's promise, that He will restore to us a hundredfold, in return for whatever we leave for Him."

"*April* 29*th.* To-day I celebrate my thirtieth birthday. Goodness and mercy have followed me. A pleasant lot and a goodly heritage, have I found in India. Oh! may the coming days of my pilgrimage be spent, solely to the praise of my ever-glorious Redeemer!"

In June, he had to part with his valued schoolmaster, Mr. Reynolds, who was disabled by sickness. "Again," he remarks, "I am called on to stand alone, and gather in the ears in my harvest-field. Sometimes one is ready to faint under the burden; but the greatest evil is that from within, unbelief, selfishness, indolence. Ah! what an army of unclean things are concealed in one's chambers of imagery! Would that I could love more, suffer more, struggle more! In my hours of relaxation, I read the Life of Martyn. When I contemplate the faithfulness and humility of this hero in the faith, and perceive how he began, and continued, and persevered to the end, I feel ashamed of my supineness and half-earnestness. I live, but not wholly and solely for Jesus. The salvation of the poor heathen is not so much an object of concern to me, as it ought to be. I am cold and dull in pleading for them before the face of the Lord. O Jesus! have mercy on me! Awaken and arouse me, that I may run without weariness, and labor as long as it is called to-day."

Though Mr. Weitbrecht thus complains, we find his journal full of details of engagements, preachings, conversations, and every means he could devise to assault "Satan in his strong holds." Once, after preaching, he says: "I am quite overcome with pity and grief for these poor people. My heart enlarges with love towards them, and I would fain take them up in my arms, and lay them in the bosom of Jesus. Extend thy mighty arm, O Lord! and burst the fetters with which they are bound!"

Just at this time, the daughter of the Rajah of Burdwan wrote to one of the ladies in the station, telling her that she had heard with pleasure, of the school for Hindu females, and of the progress they had made in knowledge, and begging permission to give a contribution towards this benevolent object. She was of course invited to give as much as she liked.

Soon after we find him very busy in dispensing the Word of Life at the festival of Juggernath. Two young men were particularly struck by his address, and came to his house for farther instruction. A little boy, who attended one of his schools, came up to him as he stood near the vast crowd, and said: "Look, Sahib, what a multitude! Many are called, but few chosen." On being asked if he were one of the chosen? he replied: "I hope to become one through God's mercy." The following month he baptized six persons, whom he had been preparing for some time. He preached on the words of Peter to Cornelius, when he received the first heathen family into the fold of Christ. "My heart warmed," he writes, "as I spoke, and the word seemed to find ample entrance. I endeavored to represent Jesus to my congregation, in all His love and loveliness, and to invite them to return it to Him. I have also a young Mussulman inquirer, about twenty-six years old, of good family. He speaks Persian, Hindustani, and Bengali. May he learn the language of Canaan!" He soon after baptized him.

He thus wrote to one of his brothers in Germany:

(*Translation*)—"The Lord multiplies blessings towards me, and helps me to feel, that it is his good pleasure I should go on to labor here. I am now fully initiated in the different departments of missionary labor, and have attained that knowledge of the language, which enables me to preach the Word of Life with some degree of facility. I am now studying Sanscrit; for we must fetch our weapons of war from the camp of the Philistines. No language has ever cost me so much labor and trouble as this. In this dark land, we resemble wanderers in a gloomy night, who grope about to waken the slumbering. We can see that darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the people. Here and there light seems to dawn, but it is only a faint glimmering. Who can extirpate the deep-rooted errors of Hinduism, if the Lord look not down in pity! A beginning is however made; and we should wait, and pray, and labor on, remembering the promises. Greatly have I to mourn, that I can not feel these poor people so near my heart as I desire. If I did not know whose blood can wash away sin, I should be deeply dejected. In this hot, depressing climate, the energy seems to leave me, and the mind gets deadened, which causes me much grief. The only thing is, to keep the prize in view. The crown is well worth the cross. By degrees we shall become practised soldiers, and, as we near the goal, our prospects will brighten and our steps quicken."

To the Rev. Mr. Woodruffe, one of the Secretaries, he writes: "I am thankful to tell you, I am fully understood by the Hindus. I was advised to strive very earnestly to obtain a good pronunciation of Bengali, in the first instance, as many missionaries have failed to do this, and it has been a great barrier to their future usefulness. I therefore devoted a few months, almost entirely, to that point. At Burdwan, where we live in the midst of a crowded population, with numbers of learned Brahmuns interspersed, we have every opportunity of acquiring the idiom of the language; and, by daily conversation, we get familiar with their ideas, customs, and prejudices. Brother Deer has left me, and I was six months quite alone. In this dreary wilderness and spiritually benighted land, this ought never to be the case. The most pious and strong in faith will occasionally despond under such circumstances. I have now brother Kruckeberg with me for a season, and I am much encouraged by Christian friends. The Lord opens the hearts of the civil and military authorities, to assist us in His work wonderfully and liberally.

"The want of a pious and devoted lady is deeply felt in our mission at Burdwan. All who are acquainted with things here, feel this. There are very few persons in India calculated to become useful missionaries' wives; and though the Committee would, I believe, sanction a missionary returning that he might marry, after he has learned the language, few devoted men would contemplate such a step, unless their health required a change. I confess I should shrink from deserting my work for a year or two, during which, I might become a blessing to many an immortal soul. We must remember Abraham's motto, Jehovah-jireh; and as ours is a work of faith it must be exercised in all that concerns us. Remember me in your prayers."

Mr. Weitbrecht had now several schools at Bancoorah, containing four hundred and fifty boys, and forty-five girls; and he adopted the same plan here as at Burdwan, of going every morning to examine one, and preaching afterwards to the crowd, whom his presence attracted around the school-house. He describes a singular raft on which he crossed the river one day, to reach one of his schools. It was made of solah, a buoyant substance, which floats on the water somewhat as cork does. A piece of this is strengthened by thin slips of bamboo tied across it, and then the traveller sits upon it in Turkish or Oriental fashion. The Hindus, who are all good swimmers, push it across the stream as they swim behind it. Sometimes if the current is very strong, the primitive raft is still farther strengthened, by attaching to it a few light earthen vessels, which are also very buoyant when empty.

His journal contains full accounts of the conversations he held, and the addresses he gave to his heathen auditors; and show how ready he had become in his manner of dealing with them. He also established schools at intermediate places, between Burdwan and Bancoorah, at which he halted as he went to and fro; and he obtained support for all these local efforts, from benevolent friends in the different localities.

On returning to Burdwan from one of these excursions he had literally "to march through deep waters," and, on reaching the shores of the Damudah, he was "thankful to step into a boat crowded with some fifty Hindus." When in the midst of the stream, which is, when full, extremely rapid, some of the people were alarmed, and he was himself apprehensive of danger. He therefore took occasion to call their attention to more important matters, and asked them "whether, in case they should be drowned, they had hope for eternity. Some of the better sort said they had," and this gave him a good opportunity to "dilate on the nature and necessity of a true preparation for death, and to commend Christ to their acceptance, as the boat was wafted across the current."

One day, soon afterwards, he preached to a numerous Hindu audience on the words of the Saviour, "Let not your hearts be troubled," etc.; one of his hearers feelingly exclaimed: "Sir, All you say is true; we have no rest for our souls, or hope of eternal life!" "They are, indeed," he adds, "as sheep without a shepherd. Surely their misery will touch the loving, tender heart of our great High-Priest, and lead Him to manifest His saving power. If *He* could feed thousands with a few loaves of earthly bread when required, may I not hope it will please Him to feed these starving souls with heavenly bread, through my weak and feeble efforts?"

About this time the Rajah of Burdwan died, leaving the enormous sum of twenty millions of rupees in ready cash; several vaults were filled with silver and gold. "When he felt his end approaching, he desired to be carried to Culna, that he might die in sight of the sacred river, on the virtue of which he placed all his hope of salvation." Mr. Deer had once made an effort to see him, but when he attempted to introduce Christianity, he told him he would "not detain him longer." "Thus he went down to the grave, a practical exemplification of the rich man in the parable."

In October, a dreadful hurricane occurred, which did much injury to the Christians' houses, and uprooted numbers of trees. It however spent its fury chiefly on the river, on which immense loss of life and property occurred. Mr. Weitbrecht felt his trial deeply on beholding the scene of desolation which the compound presented on the following day. It involved him in much trouble and expense, and his time was occupied in repairing damages; but he was soon out again, and preaching here and there, with increased freedom of utterance. "Oh!" he exclaims, "how I should like to give the Saviour, with his whole heavenly kingdom, to these poor Hindus! Some people before whose dwellings we came, welcomed us readily, and gave us seats, and mats for our feet. We read to them the 14th of John, as they sat around us, and I explained it. They begged us to return again and preach to them whenever we could."

On being detained from public service by the weather, his brother Kruckeberg, himself, and Mr. Samuel, a Jewish missionary, read Ezekiel 33, refreshing and encouraging themselves, on the important instruction the Lord gives in that chapter to the watchmen in Zion. "I felt," he remarks, "in that message, a fresh call for faithfulness and perseverance in our work."

His friend, Mr. Dealtry, writes:

"I would, my dear Weitbrecht, *you* could be at Calcutta, without prejudice to our friends at Burdwan. I am sure the field here is more promising, more ripe for the sickle of the laborer than anywhere else in India, and our *van* should be stationed here, the *choicest* of our noble body of missionaries. The battle is to be fought here first most briskly, depend upon it. The Dissenters are active; and we should have men to show them that we are, at least, not behind them in our labors of love. But you are well and actively engaged, and the Lord bless you in your labors. Oh! my friend, an angel might envy your employment! It is, I am sure, what he would engage in, if he were permitted to assume our nature. Labor on in simplicity, in humility, in dependence upon His blessing, who alone can give you success to your labors. I hope you will be permitted to see abundant fruit, though the man of God is not to reap according to his success, but according to his labor. Your letter has truly been a blessing to me. We all here unite in affectionate regards to you. Your very affectionate brother, T. DEALTRY."

The remarks in the above letter are well worthy of consideration even now, for there is much truth in them. The Church Missionary Society have never yet been adequately represented in Calcutta, and are not so at the present day; indeed, just at this time, their mission there is at a very low ebb. Would that the Lord would work by His Spirit, on the hearts of some who read this record, and lead them to offer themselves for this important field, where the laborers connected with other societies are meeting with great and glorious success.

On visiting one of his schools, he found the teacher of it, a good and diligent man, had just died of cholera. The aged father and three brothers of the deceased came weeping around him, bringing two infants who were left orphans. He opened the Bible and read 1 Peter 1, and spoke on the frailty of man; the privileges of the believer on Christ on earth, and the precious inheritance reserved for him in heaven; and he left the spot with prayer, that this affecting occasion might serve to awaken some souls from the death-sleep of sin. The same evening, he had a meeting with his native congregation, preparatory to the Lord's Supper; and on the following day, Sunday, a blessed season in remembering the dying love of the Saviour. In the evening he preached on Rev. 1 : 7, "Behold, the Lord cometh," and felt His grace present.

Soon after this, Mr. Weitbrecht was called on to comfort and sympathize with some pious members of his English flock. His zealous friend, Captain Vetch, lost a little one. "I went," he writes, "to perform the funeral service, and when I reached the house I prayed with the sorrowing parents over the open coffin of their sleeping babe. We then closed it, and conveyed the precious remains to their place of repose, till the morning of the resurrection. Another beloved member of my flock is seriously ill, and my mind is filled with solemnity." On the following Sunday, he preached from Rev. 7 : 13, with a view to bind up the broken-hearted amongst his flock. "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

The cooler season was now approaching, and he was able to prosecute his labors with renewed ardor. He describes his private visits to respectable native gentlemen, and their results; and his zealous efforts among the deluded votaries of idolatry, at their grand annual festivals, which were held at this period. It was the first occasion of the kind at which he had been able to speak fluently; and though, as he then and afterwards found, such seasons are not the best for gaining a hearing, as the people are excited and filled, as it were, with Satanic influence, yet he was thankful to be able to make the attempt.

On the occasion of the Kali-poojah, he describes the crowd "giving way to revelling and the wildest extravagance, parading the streets and highways with fanatical pride and pomp, praising the virtues of their bloodthirsty and horrid goddess." He tried to gain a hearing, as he stood before a monstrous and disgusting image of this popular deity, but "an old Brahmun, with bloodshot eyes," abused him "so vehemently," that he was "compelled to be silent." On the following day he made a similar attempt in another village, and witnessed the ceremony of the worshippers bringing their offerings to Kali; they consisted of rice, fruit, flowers, honey, and other articles. Here he met with more courtesy, and induced the priest to listen to "his conversation with some attention."

The time for his periodical visit to Culna again arrived, and he "left home under great depression, which lasted many days." While there, he baptized a Mussulman, one of the school-teachers, whose religious knowledge and general character gave him encouragement. His usual duties being performed, he proceeded, with Mr. Alexander, on a little tour towards Krishnaghur, where they found Mr. Deer continuing to feel encouragement in the opening prospects of that mission. The Society was so convinced that it was a field whitening to the harvest, that, on Mr. Deer's departure, they stationed a newly-arrived missionary, Mr. Haberlin, there, and subsequently Mr. Kruckeberg, who has labored in that sphere (with some interruption from bad health) with success and blessing, to the present time.

On Mr. Weitbrecht's return to Burdwan, another annual festival, the Kartik-poojah, was at hand; and he renewed his labors in the villages. He visited one, inhabited by the carpenters who were engaged in the fabrication of this idol, and, on seeing a man just putting a finishing-stroke to his work, he entered into conversation with him. He could give no reason for his worship, but that he received it by tradition from his fathers; and he smiled when asked, if he really believed that a youth sitting on a peacock (the way in which Kartik is represented) was a fit representation of the great Creator, and said, the Christian worship might be better, but that as they were of a different color, and of little understanding, they wanted to have a visible emblem of their God.

Some brethren who had been expected had now reached Calcutta, and, to Mr. Weitbrecht's great joy, it was arranged by the Committee, that they should all four proceed to Burdwan, and stay with him a few days, till the period of their ordination arrived, to see him at work, and to be encouraged by his advice and experience. He welcomed them with delight, and prayed, "that the Lord might bless their being together." "We had," he writes, "so much to relate to, and so much to hear from each other, that I was carried back for a while, to the scenes of my childhood and youth. The following day I baptized four children, and preached with inward joy. A most refreshing letter from dear Inspector Blumhardt has added to my comfort and encouragement. This was a cheering day, indeed."

He accompanied his brethren to his various schools and preaching-places; and they were delighted and encouraged by the progress he had made. This joy was, however, tempered by sorrow; for two days after, "the most beloved and esteemed member of" his "little English congregation entered into her eternal rest." "She had been ill some weeks, and died in much peace." She was one of the precious souls who, during Mr. Weitbrecht's ministry, "had been guided into the fold of Christ, and had found in Him a Saviour." Her mind had been, first, deeply touched by an awakening sermon from Mr. Dealtry. On the following Sunday Mr. Weitbrecht "preached her funeral sermon, from the words of Christ, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" From the same lips and the same pulpit, the deceased had often been refreshed with the water of life. "During the last seven months of her life, she had devoted her whole attention to the girls' school, in which she had always taken an interest, but this had increased with her opening perceptions of spiritual things, and she had visited it almost daily," so as to attract the notice of a Hindu lady of rank as has been already mentioned.* Mr. Weitbrecht had received the kindest and most affectionate attention, both from herself and her husband, and had often been cheered on his lonely pilgrimage, by spending an evening in their society. Thus does the Lord lay aside, and remove the instruments which seem to the eye of man most needed. The missionary has to experience this continually, and Mr. Weitbrecht was often called on to do so, both with regard to European friends and native helpers.

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* See page 89

On his next visit to Bancoorah, his schools had increased, and all his prospects seemed fair. He had much to cheer him among the Europeans also, who manifested increasing interest in the work of the Lord, and "grew in grace." He met with the son of a pious lady whose acquaintance he had made in Devonshire, and who had charged him, at that time, to be faithful to the souls of her children, should they be brought before his notice in India.

He had noted this as a "solemn commission intrusted" to him, and did all he could, "by entreaty and encouragement, to induce this wandering sheep," for such he was by his own confession, "to follow the example of the prodigal son, and return to the Father, who had thus, in His gracious providence, met him with an invitation of love and mercy, in the jungles of Bengal." He gained his heart by his tender, winning manner, and obtained a "promise of correspondence," which was not well kept, though he did hear from him occasionally. The result he had to leave with Him, who does not eventually turn a deaf ear to the prayers of a believing mother.

The brethren at the mission-house, now six in number, celebrated a delightful Christmas. Mr. Weitbrecht "preached to the native Christians, with freedom and power, on the joy of the angels and the happiness of mankind, caused by the birth of our Saviour." "Mr. Haberlin addressed the English congregation from a similar subject," and the brethren commenced the solemn service, by chanting in full chorus, "I will arise and go to my Father." Captain Vetch had also composed a beautiful Christmas hymn, to suit one of the most solemn German tunes; and this followed before the sermon. After it, the little band of believers united with them in celebrating the communion, and experienced in their own hearts a portion of a joy, similar to that of which they had been hearing. A few days later, his brethren left him, and he concluded his journal of this year, by a summary of the great and wonderful mercies he had received from his Lord, who had so graciously assisted him through the arduous and difficult beginning of his missionary course. He traces all his strength for duty, and all his success to the help and blessing of his heavenly Father; and renews his prayers and his vows for future aid and consecration, under six heads: 1. For troubles, give faith and hope. 2. For discouragement, patience and perseverance. 3. For the poor heathen, love and pity. 4. For private devotion, humility and confidence. 5. For the work of the ministry, divine unction. 6. In combats, victory, through the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

CHAPTER V.

Attempt to Poison a Convert by his Brother—Farewell to his Brethren—Itinerant Labors—Joined by Mr. Lincke—Introduction to Serampore—Bishop Wilson—Mr. Duff's school—Letters—Visit to the Rajah—Building English school-house—Becomes tutor to the Rajah—Shock of an Earthquake—Visits Beerbhoom—Young Rajah Installed—Visit to Calcutta—Invitation to settle there.

1833—1834.

Mr. Weitbrecht began this year again, alone in his labors, and felt his solitary position the more, from the contrast to his late enjoyments, but "strengthened himself," like David, "in the Lord his God." He buckled on his armor, and prepared afresh for the conflict, beseeching Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, to go before him. "Come what may," he writes, "I can not perish; for I have Him for my Guide, my Counsellor, and Friend." "My heart is elevated in contemplating His sovereignty. He reigns, and I lay all my hopes and desires, in full confidence, at the foot of His throne."

On the 3d, he was much distressed at an attempt which was made to poison a Mussulman convert by his own brother, who sent him a present of milk, with a friendly message. The man was suspicious of his relative's sincerity, as he had manifested great hatred towards him from the time of his baptism; and he thought it prudent to try the milk upon his cat, which he did, and the animal died almost immediately. His mother, in her alarm, entreated him to take refuge with the missionary, as she feared a renewal of the attempt in another form; and he stopped with Mr. Weitbrecht for about a fortnight, during which time he nursed him through a high fever, caused by the agitation of his mind. Thus had the poor convert to suffer from the bigotry and malice of his besotted relatives; and many a similar instance has occurred, where they have not escaped so well.

On the 12th, two of the brethren, Leupolt and Knorpp, returned to Burdwan, and again spent a few days there, before proceeding to Benares, the station to which they were appointed. When they left, he accompanied them; and they walked together for some distance to a spot, to which their palanquins had been sent forward. "The sun was just setting," he writes, "when we renewed to each other our resolutions to serve the Lord with faithfulness and diligence, and, if it pleased Him to bless our labors, to win souls for His kingdom." "The tie of brotherly love was more firmly knit." "Our vows were solemn, and we were all affected, seeming to realize the presence of angels with us, under the lengthening shadow of the trees. At the entrance to the high road, we separated."

They had been much attached to each other at Basle; they had now met and renewed their brotherly communion in the idolatrous land which was to be their future home, and, in all probability, the place of their sepulchre. It has already proved so to two of them; the third is still fighting valiantly at his post of labor. The devoted course they all ran, manifested that they not only "realized the presence of angels" on this occasion, but that of the "great Angel of the covenant" continued with them, all their journey through.

Soon after this, we find Mr. Weitbrecht busy among a crowd of ten thousand Hindus, congregated at an annual fair, on the banks of the Damudah, where he preached and distributed tracts, in company with his catechists. A day or two later, he had letters from Calcutta, informing him that the Society must give up all future support of schools. It had before been intimated to him, that he would be welcomed by the Committee in Calcutta; but he had now become attached to Burdwan, and the field of labor in connection with it, and he could not contemplate a change without pain. He applied at once to his friends around him for their increased support, which they willingly granted, *on condition* that he remained. This made his duty to continue at his present post clear, and the Committee acquiescing in his view, it was thus decided.

With the exception of one lady in the station, all the Europeans were thankful for his ministrations, and became more or less interested in his peculiar work, through being witnesses to his devotedness and zeal. The lady referred to once attacked him in society, and put a veto on further conversation, when he attempted to answer her. His only resource was, to frame his discourse on the next Sabbath, so as to meet all she had said, and he did this so wisely, though very faithfully, that he avoided giving offense, and the lady, who soon after left the station, always continued to manifest much regard and respect for him.

Throughout the cold season, he continued his itinerant labors in the districts both of Burdwan and Bancoorah; this was the branch of missionary labor in which he delighted from first to last, and he was certainly peculiarly fitted for it, from his bodily and mental activity, readiness of application, unselfishness, and cheerful temper. He was, however, often sadly, and to himself very painfully, hindered in it, by the accumulation of duties connected with other branches of the mission. The paucity of laborers is the great drawback and hindrance in missionary work in all heathen lands; and this is peculiarly felt, in a large and thickly-populated country like India. The single-handed missionary can not follow up his labors, and while he is engaged in one part of his district, or in one branch of his mission, the enemy enters and sows tares among the springing wheat in another. This was perceived and often mourned over by Mr. Weitbrecht, and will still have to be lamented, until the Lord influence the hearts of many more to engage in His service, and thrust them forth as laborers into His harvest.

Having never yet visited Serampore, Mr. Weitbrecht took this opportunity of doing so, being in the neighborhood. We will give his account of his reception in his own words: "On touching at this interesting spot, Mr. Barclay, one of the missionary circle, came to meet me, and took me to the printing establishment, where I found Mr. Mack, the tutor of the college, who received me with such true brotherly love, as to impress me at once in the most favorable manner, with the spirit of these dear Baptist missionaries. They showed me all that was interesting, and then took me to Dr. Marshman's, where I was received and welcomed as a brother, and the hopes and expectations expressed by this aged servant of the Lord, with regard to the establishment of the kingdom of Christ in India, cheered my spirit. In the evening we walked in the celebrated botanical garden of Dr. Carey, and while there, we witnessed the arrival of an ambassador from the Emperor of Burmah, who came to visit the Danish Governor and Dr. Carey. His whole suite accompanied him, and as they walked about the garden too, I had an opportunity of observing them. Two servants bore golden umbrellas before the great man; another carried a small vessel with betel nuts, and other spices in golden cups, of which he partook almost constantly. There were some ladies with them, who smoked segars as well as the men; their features were plain, resembling the Chinese. After a while, we met the venerable Doctor himself, who was 'leaning on his staff,' like the patriarch Jacob. This valiant old soldier of Christ, who has so faithfully borne the burden and heat of the day, looks forward with cheerful hope to the rest awaiting him, when his Lord shall call him to enjoy his reward. I enjoyed an hour's conversation with him, in which he mentioned to me with gratitude, the great moral change to which he had been witness during his residence in India, both among Europeans and natives. I afterwards accompanied him back to his house. I then visited the village, where the native Christian flock reside, and made acquaintance with them and saw their chapel. I spent the evening at Mr. Mack's, saw Mr. Leechman, another dear brother, and left the following morning, exceedingly refreshed and gratified by all I had witnessed."

The feeling of regard was mutual, and, from this time forward, Mr. Weitbrecht never, if he could help it, passed Serampore without paying its mission circle a friendly visit. He said it did him good to see them, and always renewed most pleasant reflections connected with the sainted Martyn. The pagoda which was used by him as an oratory still stands on the river bank, adjacent to Serampore, at the entrance to Aldeen, the residence of Martyn's friend David Brown, and is an object of interest to the passing missionary traveller, as he makes his way up the sacred stream of the Ganges.

On reaching Calcutta, Mr. Weitbrecht visited Bishop Wilson, with whom he had become acquainted in London, and was most kindly and affectionately received by him, and invited to stay at the palace. He always felt a warm love and veneration for this beloved father in Christ till the close of his life, and derived many a blessing from intercourse with him. He also formed an acquaintance with Mr. Duff, then a young and very zealous missionary, and was delighted with his plans. The noble institution, which was destined to become such a blessing to the city of Calcutta, was just then springing into life. Like the grain of mustard seed, it was apparently small and insignificant, but like it, the inherent vitality it possessed has since developed itself, and it may now be well compared to a large and goodly tree, in the branches of which the birds of the air may take shelter.

The first news which reached him, after he got home, was that of the death of Captain Stewart, to whose pious zeal the Burdwan Mission owed its origin. He had been reduced in worldly circumstances by unsuccessful speculations; but in his days of sorrow and distress, the same Hand supported him on which he had learned to lean in the time of prosperity, and his greatest joy was to hear of the building up of Zion. His end was peace, and his pious widow was comforted. Mr. Weitbrecht committed his remains to the earth, surrounded by all the residents of the place, who esteemed and honored him; and he preached his funeral sermon on the following Sunday, from the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Just after, his spirit was refreshed by one of those drops of dew, which here and there distil upon the pilgrim missionary in his wilderness journey. He "observed a stranger in church listening with intense eagerness" to his sermon; this individual addressed him afterwards, and reminded him of a visit he had paid to his dying wife, two years before, at Bancoorah, when he had read a chapter and spoken words of comfort to her soul, and then prayed with the whole family.* She soon after "slept in Jesus," whom she loved, and from that hour, her husband had become "an humble suppliant at the foot of the cross; feeling no rest till he had found peace in Him, on whom his heart and hopes were now firmly fixed." The Sunday before, he had received the Lord's Supper, and in reference to that solemn occasion he said: "O sir! what a blessed season that was to my soul! For years I have neglected the ordinance when I had the opportunity of attending it; but now I venture to draw near with trembling, believing that Jesus can pardon the vilest sinner, even myself the chief."

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* See page 71.

During the succeeding week, a native Christian and his wife were suddenly called into eternity. They were good and pious people, and carried on the girls' school. It was a severe loss, though alleviated by the blessed hope Mr. Weitbrecht had concerning them. In the hour "when heart and flesh were failing," the dying woman said to her husband, "Jesus calls, and I am going to Him." Both died of cholera, and, as their places could not be supplied, the school suffered an irretrievable blow. Another female member of his native flock was also carried off; she too appeared an humble believer. As the other females stood around her bed weeping, he gave them a solemn address on the necessity of preparation for death. He remarks in his journal, "I never witnessed a human being fading away so suddenly before. Truly, in India, we carry our lives in our hand."

The letter which follows was addressed to Mr. Woodroffe, Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society:

"My Dear Friend: . . . . . If you inquire why I am so fond of writing to you, I can only say, it is because you love me as your own brother. Whenever I think of the brotherly reception you gave me, on my first arrival in England, and as often as I saw you afterwards, my heart is drawn out to you in love, and often do I remember you in my prayers. I know that you likewise bear me in mind, and supplicate blessings for me, both on my soul, and for the glorious work which is intrusted to me.

"We brethren, who live not too far from each other, have agreed to meet three times a year for mutual encouragement, consultation, and prayer, at each other's stations. The first meeting will take place here in Easter week. We need to adopt some means to stir each other up to diligence and perseverance in the work of the Lord. Pray often for us; though we see blessings upon our labors, and though the Lord is present with us, we have occasionally hard and trying seasons to go through, and faith without sight is requisite. Many look on the gloomy side, and get dejected. A cheerful hopeful spirit, firmly fixed on Christ and His promises, is what we must have, to keep us aloft, amidst the dreary scenes we meet in the thorny path. This is a gift of God, and must come through prayer. May His grace guide us overmore! Your sincere and affectionate friend and brother, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

The meeting referred to in the above letter took place, and proved "a delightful season of refreshing." It was continued till the localities of the brethren were so changed, that it was rendered impracticable. At this time a man applied for Christian baptism, who had often attended church with the native Christian lately deceased. He had, for several years, been a leper, and had wept and prayed before an idol for relief. As he was doing so he fell asleep, and saw in his dream a man who pointed out to him certain herbs, which, when prepared with ghee, (clarified butter,) would heal him. On awaking he sought and found the plants, prepared and applied them, and was cured. He related the story with simplicity, and such appearance of truth that, writes Mr. W., in his journal, one could scarcely disbelieve him; and he stated, that his desire to become a Christian arose from a feeling of gratitude to the true God, of whom he had now heard, and who was, he felt sure, the Almighty Being who had really directed his cure.

Notwithstanding the great heat which now prevailed, Mr. Weitbrecht was much engaged in preaching, day after day, and describes the people as "hearing with earnestness." He visited a line of villages along the banks of the Damudah river, which are very populous. On one occasion, by the advice of his catechist, he began to read his Gospel before a house where a wedding was being celebrated. The youthful bridegroom, besmeared with tumeric, came out to salute him, and, by degrees, the various guests followed and formed a circle around him. He inquired for the father, and was told he was blind. "But he can hear, I hope," he replied, "for I have good news to communicate." The old man was then led forward, and stated his age to be one hundred years, and added, almost in the words of Jacob, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," but he was evidently not so old, though trembling with decrepitude. Several women were among the congregation, and the poor old man, who said he had been blind thirty years, listened with folded hands to the glad tidings, that "Jesus, the true light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," was ready to shine on all who seek Him. The crowd was most attentive, and Mr. Weitbrecht felt encouraged to hope, that the Lord would cause the seed to spring and fructify.

In May of this year, that dreadful and devastating gale occurred, which desolated the whole of Lower Bengal, and made hundreds of children orphans. This circumstance led to the formation of Mrs. Wilson's Orphan Refuge; and, eventually, to that of Burdwan. The storm lasted four days, but was not so severe in Burdwan itself, as lower down the country.

The following letter may find a suitable place here:

"BURDWAN, *April* 25, 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER WALKER: Yesterday I received your long-desired and welcome letter. How delighted, refreshed, and encouraged I was by the spirit of brotherly love which breathed through every line! I read it with gratitude to our Father in heaven, for the blessing of spiritual communion which we enjoy with each other in Christ Jesus. After its persual I thought, Well, if we derive so much joy and happiness from our fellowship with our brethren here below, how delightful will that state be, where we shall see Jesus, through whose love shed abroad in our hearts here, friendship affords that blessed enjoyment which now we taste! Oh! what will it be to find each other, one day, in His presence, to love without any intermixture of sin, and to enjoy without any alloy of sorrow! Dear friend, it is well worth while to love our Saviour, were it only for the peace springing from His communion here, but how much more cause have we for the exercise of godliness, when reflecting on the things which are to be revealed hereafter! Therefore we can not faint, but, in His strength, press onward in our course rejoicing. We will not mind our distance from each other. It sufficeth us to know that Christ is equally near to each of us, that the centre of our hope and affection is that object on which we shall at last look, and find our joy perfected.

"I scarcely need to say, how much comfort I take from your renewed assurance that your prayers, and the prayers of others around you who know me, are often ascending on my behalf to the throne of mercy. I am sometimes conscious of a new vigor, and increased boldness to bear witness to the truth of Christ's salvation to these lost sheep around me, and, at such times, I feel assured that this is the sweet fruit of the prayers of my brethren at home. I love them for the aid they thus render me; and beseech the Lord to reward them a thousand-fold, and return into their own bosom that, for which they supplicate on behalf of me and my work. Though I can not see you, my heart is with you. My spirit often takes flight to your delightful, peaceful mansion, where I pass over afresh the scenes I witnessed in your habitation, garden, and churchyard, all of which I hold in lively recollection. As the Lord has given you another dear partner, I should feel an additional interest in visiting you now, and such a thing is possible, and we can tell each other again what the Lord has done for us; but if my health continues as good as it is now, and an open door is granted for the entrance of the Gospel among the heathen, I shall certainly never propose to go home. My calling, though full of trouble, and making daily appeals to self-denial, is dear to my heart; and I am sure, that a missionary never felt happier in his labors than I do. I have found favor with all, both Europeans and natives, with whom I have become acquainted, so that I often feel quite surprised, and can only account for it by believing, that all my prayers for that very purpose have been heard and answered." (He then goes on to give details, and referring to the arrival of his brethren as a time of refreshment from the presence of the Lord, entreats the prayers of his friend, that a spirit of union in the Lord may be preserved among the missionaries in India.) "In former days," he goes on to say, "that spirit was sometimes wanting, and the effect was visible. We can only fight effectually against the enemy, when standing before the Lord as *one* man.

"And so you have translated Bengel's Life into English; this very book was lying on my desk when your letter arrived, and I have now read it through. May your effort be productive of many a blessing to those who may read that truly valuable and interesting biography! I said but lately to a friend, I would myself translate it if I had time, so much was I interested and edified by its perusal. I like the style of it; no bombast or pomposity, no high-sounding terms and empty words; every sentence has substance, and conveys some truth to the heart or understanding.

"And I find you have also been introduced to dear Holfacker's Sermons. He was the man who brought me nearer to Jesus, when I was yet half in the dark. Hence I am one of his enthusiastic admirers, and I remember telling you at Purleigh, how many young people were awakened through his ministry.

"Our excellent bishop is a great blessing, doing good wherever he can, and opportunities he has in abundance. The world does not much like his sermons, which are too plain and faithful; so they laugh at his little peculiarities. India is, in this respect, a singular country. I have just heard from dear Jetter, who describes the Greeks as a discouraging race, and longs to be in India again. Would that I had the good brother at my side! he is very dear to me. My sheet is full, and I have not told you what I am doing; but who can offer any objection if I write again shortly? and I shall certainly have none if you do the same. The heat is awful; every thing I touch gets wet from the perspiration, and this is only the commencement; the two worst months are still in reserve. Dear Lincke has already been a sufferer. Farewell, my dear Walker; my Christian love to your dear wife and children, and all who remember me; tell them I am preaching the Gospel, morning and evening, to the poor Hindus in towns and villages, schools, highways, and hedges, and I try to 'compel them to come in.' I have already baptized a little flock of some twenty, and many more will be gathered in, if our friends in England are faithful in their prayers and their gifts. Could they see what I see, their hearts would melt as mine does, in compassion for them, and they they must perish if we do not make known the Gospel to them. Ever your affectionate brother, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

In June, Mr. Weitbrecht attended a festival at the Rajah's, when the young man was formally recognized by the East-India Company, as the lawful successor of the deceased Rajah. He writes: "A grand display of fireworks marked the event, and all the residents were invited. The youth is about fourteen; a fine, handsome, intelligent boy, an adopted son of the old man's. His dress was literally covered with gold. His father was the dewan or head-steward of the late Rajah. His three brothers who are older than himself, were present, and behaved very respectfully to the company, as did the father likewise."

Mr. Weitbrecht had, at this time, great trouble with some unworthy members of his flock, and his brother Lincke became very ill of fever. As soon as he was able to leave, he took him to Culna, and put him into a pinnace for river air, which did him good, while he was himself engaged in his usual duties. During his absence, he records in his journal a remarkable preservation from danger, with which he met. "I dreamed," he writes, "very vividly, that I saw the entire roof of my apartment giving way over my head. My feelings of anxiety were indescribable, and I thought I must die if I did not fly instantly. I rushed from bed, and jumped out of the window; providentially it was not more than a few feet above the ground, so that I escaped with a few bruises. Had I been sleeping in an upper room I should probably have awoke no more on earth."

On his return to Burdwan he went to visit the Rajah's family, by whom he was received in a very friendly manner, and managed to lead the conversation to the subject of the Christian religion, and to preach the Gospel before a number of wealthy Hindus; he also presented the Rajah's father with a Testament, which was well received. He gave them, in his address, "a clear compendium of the most important truths which concern man's salvation," and applied his subject with earnest faithfulness. He was listened to with silent attention, and records his deep gratitude to God, for being "permitted and enabled to make known His message on the occasion of this, his *first* visit to the wealthiest and most influential family in Bengal." Prahn Babu, the father of the Rajah, always continued to manifest the same respect and esteem for Mr. Weitbrecht, as long as he lived; and made a practice of sending for him, to consult him and obtain his advice on all important occasions. He was then introduced to the young Rajah in his own apartment. The youth was magnificently dressed in a satin vest, embroidered with gold and silver flowers; and on his two thumbs he wore large diamond rings. He was pleased with his intelligence, and asked him many questions about his studies; and, as he manifested an interest in what he said, he promised to repeat his visit, which was evidently agreeable to both father and son. "The young Rajah expressed his pleasure in a very natural, simple way, at hearing himself addressed by a Sahib in his native tongue, the Bengali." Most Europeans adopt the Hindustani in their intercourse with natives, which, being the language of their Mussulman conquerors, is not so acceptable to them, nor is it generally so well understood by Hindus in Bengal as their mother tongue. Before taking leave, he requested their assistance to enable him to erect a substantial building for the English school, as the one then existing was merely of mat, thatched with straw.

After a little reflection, the father said: "Build a school, I will pay for it. Send your subscription-book to me, and the young Rajah and all my family will contribute." The promised donation amounted to 1000 Rs.; and when that proved not quite enough to finish the building, he afterwards added 500 Rs. more. The school-house was erected along the high road leading into the town. It is a handsome and substantial building of solid masonry, with a high roof and a spacious verandah, supported by ten pillars. The large hall is fifty-four feet long, and twenty-three broad, and calculated to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils. The verandah was intended and used as a preaching-place in the evenings. The whole cost was 2300 Rs., 1500 Rs. of which were from the Rajah, and the remainder was made up by other friends and Mr. Weitbrecht himself. He eventually became English tutor to this young nobleman, and received a salary of 150 Rs. a month, for devoting to him one hour every afternoon, from two to three, when he was at home. This arrangement met with the full approval of the Committee in Calcutta, whom he consulted; and when he inquired how he should employ the money, they told him, in reply, "that should be left to his own discretion." It was faithfully disbursed for missionary purposes, and enabled him to do good in many ways. "The apostolic Schwartz was placed in a somewhat similar position," he writes; and, on alluding to this in his journal, he prays to be "made equally faithful with that holy man, and as much blessed."

The next entry in his journal we will transcribe. It shows that, while the world was smiling on him from without, the real and true spiritual life was not suffering within. The Lord always remembered him in mercy, and gave him many a counterpoise, to prevent him being injured by all the favor he received from man. "My soul languishes. I long for help. I feel myself very poor and miserable. The world seems like a prison to me. This state lasted till evening, when I was enabled to pour out my heart with a torrent of tears before my Saviour. I then experienced unspeakable consolation. Oh! for a more constant inward communion with Him, that nothing might interrupt! What a mercy that we are allowed to make full use of Him; but there is so much danger of losing it among the manifold cares and various occupations of a missionary life."

As Mr. Lincke was accompanying Mr. Weitbrecht one evening to preach in a village, they passed a number of convicts, who were returning to the jail after their daily labor on the road. "The thought struck me," he writes, "that the sweet comfort of the Gospel would be very acceptable to these poor people in their misery; so I stopped them and read to them part of the Sermon on the Mount, and explained it to them in a simple manner. They sat down around me, laden with their chains, and listened with astonishment to this message of compassion and love, from the Lord of heaven and earth, and that He was willing to save such as them."

Thus do we find him, sometimes standing in the high way, teaching "the prisoner to loose his chains," and anon, sitting by some afflicted member of his European flock, to minister help and consolation in hours of grief and bereavement. He had often occasion to do this. The surviving widower, whose partner had shone with so bright a light, amid the little community around her, during her short but useful and blessed course, claimed and received much of his sympathy; and a bereaved mother, "whose heart," he writes, "seemed to be drawn nearer to God, whom she had already begun to seek, by the loss of one of the most lovely, heavenly-looking infants I ever baptized, entreated me to visit her and pray for her.* I committed this dear child's remains to the tomb with deep feeling. His parents I highly esteem, and believe them to be really under the influence of the Spirit's teaching. Another family has been deprived of its mother, also a member of our little band, though lately removed from here. She was a mother in Israel, and died in the Lord, whom she honored in life. I wrote to her bereaved husband, who tells me in reply that he is 'sustained by the arm of Omnipotence.' The little son of Mr. M. has also been called home. Oh! what a struggle was manifest in the father's heart as he resigned his only child; but in this case, too, I believe it will bring forth fruit unto holiness." These hopes and expectations were not disappointed, as subsequent events proved in regard to all these individuals.

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* An extract from a letter of this lady to him will be found further on.

A sermon preached by Mr. Dealtry, as he passed through Burdwan on his way to Beerbhoom, was "a word in season to many who were weary." It was founded on the text, "All things work together for good, to them that love God." This kind friend collected 150 Rs. at Beerbhoom, and presented them to Mr. Weitbrecht on his return, for his schools.

He thus writes to Mr. Jowett, who had now become the Corresponding Secretary of the Church Missionary Society:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I give you sincere thanks for your kind letter. It was very encouraging to hear that you remember me, and that with Christian affection. I shall never forget my kind reception in your dear family, during the first few weeks while I was yet a perfect stranger in London, and had it not in my power to make myself understood. How circumstances have since changed! Your dear partner is in heaven, and you are left alone; but yet never alone, for you have One near you who is dear above all friends. As to myself, I expected to be, by this time, preaching the Gospel of salvation to the tribes of Abyssinia, and my whole time in London was spent in preparation for that work; but God ordered it otherwise, and would have me go to India. It was a painful disappointment at the time, but I now see how wisely it was arranged. I could never have entered on a more useful sphere than I now fill. Alas! our dear brother Kughler is gone home, and the prospects of that mission are beclouded at once, at the moment when success seemed certain; but the Lord will create light out of darkness, and though, for a while, trials may abound, the Gospel will eventually triumph over ignorance and sin. I know brother Isenberg, and am glad he is going to Abyssinia; he unites a sound mind with piety and considerable talent. May the Lord make him a blessing to many souls!

"My journal will inform you of my progress. The mornings are devoted to schools; the evenings to preaching in every corner around me. I am just now reading Hindustani; having learned Arabic in London, I feel it very easy, as it is derived from Persian. I have conquered Bengali, but the respectable Mussulmans speak Hindustani.

"There are many places in this district, where the Gospel has never been heard. I read that sentence in your letter, in which you request me to 'tell the Hindus how Christians in England mourn over them, and pray for their conversion,' to my pundit, or Sanscrit teacher. He is an intelligent man, but a stout-hearted Brahmun. He was, however, much affected by it, but these poor people obstinately cling to their idols. They read the Gospel; they feel the truth of it; they are often convinced and acknowledge that Jehovah alone is God; and yet they remain hard, and do not desire to have a share in the precious covenant of grace. But we must go on, and water will spring up in the desert by and by, and make it blossom as the rose. My Christian affection to Messrs Coates, Bickersteth, and Dr. Whiting. I have written this under the pressure of a dreadful headache; excuse my scribbling. Ever yours affectionately,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

During August, Mr. Weitbrecht again accompanied his friend Captain Vetch on one of his excursions. His duty led him out constantly into the district, to superintend the forming of roads, erection of bridges, etc.; and, as he took a deep interest in the progress of truth among the natives, he was always delighted to be accompanied by a messenger of peace, who shared his tent and his table with him on these occasions.

He alludes to one very moving scene, to which he was witness on this journey, where above sixteen hundred Hindus were assembled at one of their horrid ceremonies. "I felt something," he writes, "of what the evangelist says of Jesus, 'He had compassion on the multitude,' and gladly would I have raised my voice to speak to them, but could obtain no hearing, so I went to an elevated spot near, and distributed tracts to those who came to me."

On his return home, he describes the shock of an earthquake, the first he had felt, which alarmed his servants very much. It occurred in the night, and he was aroused by the rocking of his bed; the doors and windows opened of themselves, and the trees in the garden swung to and fro. He describes this convulsion of nature, as "a solemn and moving spectacle." This earthquake was felt severely at Benares, and did much mischief, so that the Brahmuns cried out, "What will become of our religion, if the powers of nature begin to fight against us?" At Monghir, the widow of the devoted missionary Chamberlain, who was dying, had to be carried out of her house upon her bed, the building shaking so fearfully as to threaten to overwhelm them.

The month of September was a very sickly one; some affecting deaths occurred in the missionary circle, and several persons were carried off at and near Burdwan, to whom Mr. Weitbrecht was called on to administer spiritual instruction in their dying hours. These duties he fulfilled with a tenderness, earnestness, and prayerfulness that much impressed all who observed him, and in his journal we find many little histories of these solemn events. His own health was usually pretty good; but his abundant labors, and sometimes, it must be added, imprudent exposures to the sun, told a good deal on his constitution, and his severe headaches led him to the too frequent use of powerful medicines, which, by degrees, weakened his digestive powers, (they never had been strong,) and eventually brought on a feeling of premature old age, and a constant tendency to that fatal disease from which he died.

The annual festivals now again came round, and, in recording the result of his endeavors to attract the attention of the besotted multitudes, he says: "The hope is everywhere spoken of, of the glorious period approaching, when all nations shall bow before the Lord; but when the missionary looks into the night of sin and idolatry in which the Hindus are still lying, that hope becomes almost beclouded. Still the promises are sure, and it is to them we must turn our eyes."

He now made a journey in a new direction, and visited Beerbhoom, where an esteemed member of his English flock had removed, in whose house he stopped. He was here introduced to one, whom he describes "as a dear Baptist brother, who was stationed there; a retiring, faithful, hard-working man, whose house, dress, and all about him, are more missionary-like and lowly, than I have ever yet seen; and with external lowliness, he unites humility of heart." With this man of God he at once became at home, and addressed his flock of native converts at his request, visited his schools with him and examined them, and accompanied him to the bazaar to preach. "Mr. Williamson," he adds, "spoke in a very attractive and kind way to the people, but he makes a tract the theme of his discourse, his text as it were. In my opinion, no human word can equal God's word; and there are in the Prophets, Gospels, and Epistles, many simple, instructive, and comprehensible doctrines, which will certainly touch the hearts of the heathen in a way that the most beautiful tract is unable to do."

There was a little company of Europeans at this station, similar to the one at Burdwan and Bancoorah, and, as it did not come into the line of any of the regular clergy, Mr. Weitbrecht continued to visit it from time to time in future years, to dispense to the residents there the bread of life. His acquaintance with Mr. Williamson ripened into a warm friendship; and, though of different views on some points, they became closely united as Christian brethren, and were mutual comforts to each other; their congregations too became connected by intermarriages, to the great benefit of the little flock at Burdwan; for Mr. Williamson's people were several of them partakers of the same spirit as their devoted minister.

In October Mr. Weitbrecht witnessed a ceremony, entirely new to him, attendant on the young Rajah assuming his name, titles, and official robes. It took place in the house of the Commissioner, (a civil functionary of the East-India government, who presides over three judges, in three distinct districts,) who handed the mandate of his elevation to the lad, in the name of the Supreme Government, and, when he was attired in the prescribed garments, the Commissioner hung a string of pearls around his neck. "The procession from the Commssioner's house to the palace was quite princely. Elephants in pairs, splendidly caparisoned and ornamented with flowers, preceded. The Rajah's horse followed, led by two servants; then a company of infantry, and the bodyguard on horseback. Liveried servants, with gold and silver sticks, walked behind these; and lastly the Rajah himself, borne in a sedan chair, richly covered with gold, and surrounded by his suite. During the ceremony, the troops fired a salute of twenty guns; and, at the conclusion, before leaving the room, the Rajah gave his right hand to all the government servants present. He behaved throughout with so much manly dignity as to astonish us."

Towards the close of the year, Mr. Weitbrecht visited Calcutta, and stopped some little time with the bishop, according to a promise he had made him. He speaks of it as being a very blessed visit, the bishop's conversation in private life "being always with grace, seasoned with salt, and that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers." He esteemed it a great privilege to be one of his family circle, and he received, as he had done from the first, much kind and affectionate attention from his chaplain, Mr. Bateman, and his lady, the bishop's daughter. He was present, for the first time, at the bishop's monthly conference, which is attended by all the clergy in the neighborhood; including both chaplains and missionaries. A subject is always given out at the previous meeting, which is to be discussed the next. On this occasion, as it was the close of the year, it was, "The past period as it related to the kingdom of God, within us and around us." All are at liberty and are invited to express their views and opinions, and "many an important observation was made, and instructive experience elicited and related." "The bishop's own remarks were also excellent," and Mr. Weitbrecht "derived much encouragement from this interesting meeting."

He was again earnestly pressed, at this visit, to remove to Calcutta, but he still urged his former reasons so successfully that Mr. Haberlin was brought down from Krishnaghur in his stead, and Mr. Kruckeberg removed from Bancoorah to the latter place. This station thus fell again under the charge of the Burdwan missionary, and remains so to the present day. Added to Burdwan Proper (it is always officially styled West-Burdwan) it places three millions of souls under the influence of *one*, or at most *two* evangelists. Surely those who read this will cease to wonder that India is not yet converted.

In Mr. Weitbrecht's annual report for this year, he mentions having "added three adults to his flock by baptism, who were walking worthy of the Gospel;" of having "excluded one, and received two back who had been excluded the previous year." "A work of divine grace," he adds, "has been commenced in some, and a growth in it can be perceived in others; though tender and feeble, they are, I trust, plants which our heavenly Father has planted, but I long to see them all more penetrated by the love of Christ." In allusion to his catechist, who died of cholera, he observes: "He was a good and pious man, and died as he had lived, edifying all around him, and evincing that he possessed a sure hope of glory through a Saviour's merits." He speaks of having nine boys' schools, and seven hundred and fifty-four scholars receiving instruction in the vernacular tongue, besides the English school, and the branch schools at Bancoorah. "The people evinced an increasing desire for education, and, in several places, the chief men offered to build a school-house if we would consent to commence a school."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Boswell's Visit—Marriage—A new Master for the English School—Erects an Orphan House—Visit to the Rajah—Serious Illness—Many Trials and Encouragements—Inundation—Arrival of numerous Orphans—Death of an Interesting Convert—Mission Tours.

1834—1835.

On New Year's day Mr. Weitbrecht writes: "I have now spent three years in India, and, depending on the Almighty hand which has hitherto so graciously and faithfully guided me, I enter on the fourth. O Lord! let Thy favor preserve my breath; for in this land we sensibly feel that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' Give me, blessed Jesus, new faithfulness, new zeal, new strength, and new blessings in my work in this vineyard, wherein Thou hast called me to labor. My comfort under all my own infirmities and weaknesses, and under all the difficulties and trials of my pilgrim way is, that thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me. My soul cleaveth unto Thee. Thou hast loved me first, and Thy love constraineth me to live and, if called on, to die for Thee. Be to my soul more and more precious, more and more glorious, more and more dear; preserve me to Thy heavenly kingdom, and grant me at last a joyful entrance therein."

BURDWAN MISSION HOUSE AND SCHOOLS.

Towards the middle of the month, Mr. Weitbrecht received a visit from a friend, for whom he had high a esteem, Mr. Boswell, the chaplain of Chinsurah. He spent a Sunday at Burdwan, preached to the English congregation, and attended the annual examination of the vernacular schools during the week. Nearly eight hundred children assembled under the trees in the mission compound, and Mr. Boswell was much astonished at their knowledge, not only of the historical, but also of the doctrinal and moral parts of the sacred Scriptures. Three hundred youths belonging to the first classes were formed into a square before the Bengali chapel, the teachers standing in the centre, all neatly dressed in white. It was an interesting sight, in the clear sunshine of the cool month of January. The classes came forward, in order, to the shade of the building; and Mr. Boswell "proposed any questions he liked in English," which Mr. Weitbrecht translated into Bengali, and "they were readily and promptly answered." His delight at all he witnessed was great, never having seen any thing of the kind before. "The facility with which even the youngest could read the New Testament quite surprised me," he wrote, in a letter which he penned in reference to this period, a part of which may be introduced here.

"When at Burdwan I lived with Major Vetch, and thus saw less of dear Weitbrecht than I wished. My dear and honored friend Corrie had led me to expect great things in the missionary of Burdwan, and my expectations were fully realized on this occasion. There was, at the time, a delightful community at the place, who valued him for the truth's sake, which they loved, but the *whole station* honored him; and there was a meekness of wisdom, and a power of love in all his zeal, which made even those who could not enter into his schemes of good, admire him. He was no schemer, however, that I saw at once, he was a thoroughly practical man. A great plan would suggest itself, and having thoroughly considered it, his whole soul was thrown into its execution. He was then as a young missionary full of hope as to his glorious enterprise; and though his eye never dimmed as to the ultimate triumph of the only Saviour's cause in India, it was then radiant like a rising sun, as we are told it was with Melancthon, before he had tried his powers with the obduracy of human hearts. He often joined us at Major Vetch's, and we had fine topics on which to sympathize. We talked of the venerable and beloved Corrie. We hailed with grateful wonder, the appointment of such a man as the present bishop of Calcutta. We talked over the marvellous conversion of a mutual friend, now with his wife in a world of glory. We spoke of Germany, and of England. We had a quarter-deck in the missionary compound, and in Major Vetch's garden, and so we began that intercourse, which I shall never think of but with pleasure, and hope to renew in heaven. I then anticipated many joyful returns of my visit to Burdwan, but it was the only one I was ever permitted to make. My impressions of it have, however, often been renewed very vividly by a dear friend, who afterwards enjoyed similar intercourse with my esteemed brother." *

This month was "a time of much inward conflict" to Mr. Weitbrecht, "which ended in thanksgiving to God for His gracious dealings with him, in opening his path, and leading to a union with a beloved helpmate," whom he received, as he did all his blessings, as "a gift sent him immediately from God." The lady to whom he became engaged, had been prepared by a peculiar course of Providential discipline, to take an active part in missionary work, and had already enjoyed some little experience of it practically. She was therefore ready to enter into his plans, and to aid

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* Mr. Wybrow.

him in carrying them into effect. He deeply felt the "great kindness, and sympathizing joy of his dear brethren and many friends, on this occasion." He was married in Calcutta, by his revered friend Corrie, on the 7th of March, in the presence of a large circle of missionary brethren and others. On that morning he wrote in his journal: "My desires are accomplished, and the most important day of my life has arrived. My German brethren have come from their stations, to be present on the occasion of my union with a kindred spirit, whom I love in Jesus, and will try to love as He loved His Church. My heart is filled with a heaven of joy, and I bless the gracious Giver of all good, that, at length, I can call her my own." He was particularly touched by the affectionate attention of the bishop to his bride, who placed her by his side at tea, saying, "Now you have married one of my dear missionaries, I consider you as a member of my family. I regard my missionaries as my own children." He communicated the pleasant tidings to his family in Germany, in his usual style of affectionate openness. "My time," he writes to them, "becomes more and more occupied by manifold engagements, so that little remains for letter-writing. You shall, however, always receive your share of that little. My outward circumstances have undergone a very pleasant change. I am now a husband, and can venture to say, from my short experience, that it is not good for man, particularly for a missionary, to be alone. My friends pronounce me happy and blessed in having found a suitable and devoted companion, who possesses the qualities so much needed in a missionary's wife. * * * * * * How I longed for your presence at my wedding, to be partakers of my joy. The roughnesses of my missionary course are now much smoothed. My joys and my sorrows are heartily shared by another, who makes the bitter sweet, and lightens all my difficulties, by her active participation of them. I commend her with myself to your love and prayers. It is our mutual desire not to live for the flesh, but to devote our souls and bodies to the service of our divine Redeemer, and to sacrifice our all for His blessed work. In this respect we see eye to eye. May our covenant God bless our union, and employ us as instruments for the bringing of souls to Him!" To his wife's family he wrote: "I must send your dear circle a few lines, to assure you of my high regard for you, and of my gratitude towards our heavenly Father, who, in His wise and kind providence, has sent your beloved M. from a distant land to Bengal, to become my wife. One more fitted to be a real helpmate to me in my glorious work, and to make me happy amidst all the trials of my arduous path, could not have been given; and I hope I realize the bounteous Giver in the gift, which has been bestowed in answer to long and earnest supplication before Him. We daily pray, and would ask you to do so too, that we may love each other in Jesus, the most lovely among ten thousand. Thus shall we be preserved from that idolatry to which the human heart is so prone. If our lives are spared for some years, we may witness the fulfillment of some of the most animating promises of God's Word, with regard to the conversion of the poor heathen who surround us in myriads. May we all, dear E——, through Jesus' grace, be made meet for His heavenly kingdom, where we shall enjoy each other's society in perfection, and be no longer subject to distress, separations, afflictions, and sorrow!"

To Mr. Jowett he wrote: "Our native Christian females have now what they so much needed, a mother who cares for their temporal and spiritual improvement. I am just erecting a building in our compound, intended for an orphan asylum and girls' boarding-school; and we trust the Lord will give His blessing to this new effort. The necessary funds will be supplied by the ladies of this station. Our English school-house, a beautiful building, is finished and occupies a conspicuous place in the centre of the town. The Lord is giving me favor in the sight of Christians and heathen, and wherever I want help, I find open hearts. Our mission work is prospering, and I am laboring in hope and cheerfulness; but I long for brethren beside me who understand Bengali. I should do nothing but preach the Gospel around me, and I am so happy when engaged in this delightful employment; but alas! just as I am feeling free to engage in it continually, brother Lincke's health fails, and I am standing alone in a mission which would give full employment to three active brethren."

At the same time that his cares and labors were lightened by his marriage, he was also privileged to receive a truly pious and devoted schoolmaster, Mr. D'Rozario, who took charge of the English school, and continued so engaged for five years, when he was removed to Krishnaghur. This humble-minded and faithful man labored with much blessing at Burdwan; the school prospered, both spiritually and temporally, under his influence; and he was highly esteemed by Mr. Weitbrecht to the end of his life. His friend Dr. Cheek had been removed to Burdwan also, and many changes took place at Bancoorah; but the schools were kept up, though on a somewhat reduced scale, and he continued to make periodical visits to the station as before. Culna was also retained, on its former plan, as an out-station of Burdwan, and remained so attached till the large increase of the Christian flock in the Krishnaghur district made it desirable to remove Mr. Alexander there, and the place was given up by the Church Missionary Society, and eventually occupied by another, that connected with the Free Church of Scotland.

A few days after his marriage, we find the following entry in his journal:

March 12.—"This afternoon I had the joy of introducing three adult Hindus, by baptism, into the Church of Christ. I have been instructing them for some months, and they seem well prepared for the important step, and give every hope of being worthy members of our newly-rising church." This they truly proved to be.

When at Burdwan, Mr. Weitbrecht commonly sallied forth at six in the morning, on an elephant supplied to him by the Rajah, which carried him often several miles to a school, where he spent two hours in examining and preaching, and returned home by ten or eleven to breakfast. He then attended to the secular business of the mission, and to study till two, when a palanquin and bearers arrived from the palace, to carry him to instruct the Rajah. On returning from thence he dined, then gave a singing lesson to the boys, and at sunset went to preach again. After tea, he read or wrote letters, or his journal. On Wednesday, he had a weekly service for his native flock; and Friday he usually remained at home in the morning and prepared an English sermon; on Saturday evening he held a devotional service with his brethren, or the native Christians. This was the usual routine, varied according to circumstances; but his missionary excursions were frequent, and whenever the weather and other engagements permitted, he set forth on longer or shorter tours to "preach the Gospel in the regions beyond."

The girls' day-school in Burdwan was not, at this period, in a satisfactory state, no suitable teacher having been found after the removal of those referred to in the last chapter. It was two miles distant from the mission station, and in a place very difficult of access. It had, moreover, from the peculiar state of female society among the Hindus, been attended with very small results. This led Mr. and Mrs. Weitbrecht seriously to consider the desirableness of attempting the establishment of an orphan and boarding-school for girls, in which the children would be entirely under their own influence and direction, and from which they might hope for real and permanent good to accrue.

They therefore resolved upon the erection of a building for an orphan school, (the one alluded to in the letter to Mr. Jowett,) although, at the time, they had but three Christian orphan girls, and no immediate prospect of others. Several Christian friends spontaneously offered liberal assistance in the way of money; and it soon appeared, from various circumstances, that the hand of the Lord directed them, as will be related hereafter.

The 29th of April Mr. Weitbrecht notes in his journal, as his thirty-second birthday. "In all probability," he writes, "the larger part of my life is spent, and how little have I served the Lord or labored for Him! Grant, O Jesus! that I may become more pure, more humble, more faithful, till the end come!"

His engagement with the Rajah sometimes gave him much encouragement. On one occasion, he records a very interesting conversation he held with him and his brothers, after the death of a gentleman in the station, which led to the consideration of eternity, and enabled him to press home the solemn subject of preparation for it, upon their hearts and consciences. "They seemed," he writes, "much astonished, that any one could regard death as gain; but I tried to explain the subject to them, and the nature of the Christian's hope; and they evinced a good deal of interest, as long as the conversation was continued. I asked permission to preach to the household, and it was granted. A large congregation assembled in the centre court of the palace, and I addressed them and distributed tracts and gospels among them. They all behaved with much decorum. The Rajah is very anxious to be introduced to my wife, and I promised to bring her. He at once fixed a day."

He notes this visit on a subsequent page of his journal. "We were received very politely, and shown all that was worth seeing in the house and garden. The Rajah presented my wife with a muzzur (a gift) of four hundred rupees on leaving. This will be a great help in the erection of our girls' school. He told me he would like very much to have a nice, lively English lady, by and by, when it is time for him to marry." After this, Mr. Weitbrecht was often made the bearer of little remembrances from his interesting pupil to his wife.

The abundant labors in which he was engaged, proved too much for him during this hot season. The week-day engagements, together with the arduous duties of the Sabbath, brought on an acute attack of inflammation, and laid him very low. He refers to it in the following letter to his family:

(*Translation.*)—*June* 1834.—"I have had a warning to hold myself ready for the call of the Lord. On Sunday evening, as I was preparing for my second Bengali service, I felt a severe pain on my chest, which rapidly increased, and became so violent, that in the course of an hour I could scarcely breathe. To avoid alarming my wife, I made light of it; but, without mentioning it to me, she dispatched a running message for our kind friend, Dr. Cheek, and I was surprised to see him presently at the side of my couch. He lost no time in opening a vein, and I was relieved by copious bleeding and by the medicines which he administered. I praise the Lord who has thus spared me, and enabled me to resume my labors of love. The attack was, the doctor assured me produced by too great exertion. This climate can not but prove occcasionally dangerous to the European constitution, and even although one may not get really ill, a few years of active exertion weakens it very much. These poor frail bodies do indeed suffer the effects of sin, subject as they are to so much sickness and trial, and in a heat like that we are now enduring, we often experience that 'longing for the redemption of the body from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God,' of which the apostle speaks in Rom. 8. What times of refreshing shall we enjoy from the presence of the Lord, when we are introduced into its full fruition! One of our most active misssionaries, Mr. Duff, lately remarked to me, that if he had to choose between persecution and the pressure of such a destroying climate, he would gladly accept the former, as in such circumstances, the servant of Christ has the liberty of giving a strong and cheerful testimony to the truth, while in our position the faculties both of body and soul become completely *tamed*, and the most fervent and joyful zeal appears to be melting away in the intense heat. Yet, my dear brother, we are happy, and our happiness springs from faith. 'The Lord will finish His work, and cut it short in righteousness; because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth.' It is true we can not always do what we desire, but we do what we can. I preach much among the Hindus; and, as I perceive increasingly the importance of this work, and see how few there are, even among missionaries, who are given up to it, and spend their time in preaching Christ without restraint, I try to be more and more diligent in this branch of my calling. Our Lord's commission to 'preach the Gospel to every creature,' is what I would desire to obey, as far as it is possible to free myself from other occupations. I have been deeply humbled on hearing, that the people in Germany are making so much of me and my poor doings. I am not that which they think me to be, dear G., and if any thing is done through me, all the honor and glory belong to the Lord;

for I am one of His feeblest instruments. Write very soon, and pray often and earnestly for me. My dear wife, who longs to know you all, unites with me in warm and cordial love."

Mr. Weitbrecht's journal, during the months of which we have recorded a few incidents, is very full, and contains many interesting particulars of his tours. He was not at all turned aside from his high calling by the enjoyments of domestic life, though he so fully estimated them, and so completely appreciated the claims connected with them. His winning address, combined with his dignified and manly bearing, inspired the greatest respect and love for him in the domestic circle, and also among his native Christian flock, and the heathen Hindus around him. All felt that his word was law, but that his acts were ever characterized by kindness and forbearance. "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn away many from iniquity."—(Mal. 2 : 6.) Among the Hindus, and the inhabitants of Bengal in particular, such a character is highly esteemed, and exerts a powerful influence over a people, who are peculiarly acute and correct in the opinions they form of the character of the Europeans, with whom they come in contact. "It is true," they will say, "*we* are depraved and untruthful; but we can respect those who, under the influence of a holy religion such as Christianity is represented to be, manifest the opposite qualities."

As soon as Mr. Weitbrecht recovered from his severe illness, he began, with the youth of his native flock, a set of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, at which one of his pupils from the English school occasionally attended. This young man was deeply convinced of the absurdity of idolatry, and the truth of the sacred Scriptures; but his uncle, with whom he lived, suspecting his predilection for

Christianity, behaved very cruelly towards him, and this made him timid and cautious in opening his mind; but at last he did so, and Mr. Weitbrecht earnestly pressed home upon him the importance of decision. It was, however, fully two years before he gained strength to make an open profession of his faith in Christ. Another well-educated and sensible young man, who had been under Mrs. Weitbrecht's instruction and influence before her marriage, was more quickly wrought upon, being naturally of a more sincere, open, and child-like disposition.

Towards the end of the month, the Rev. Krishna Mohun Banerjea visited Burdwan, and, at the earnest request of the Rajah, Mr. Weitbrecht took him to call on him. He could not believe without ocular demonstration, that one of the highest class of Brahmuns had adopted another religion; and it led to a great deal of interesting discussion on the subject with him and his family, which reminded the missionary of a remark made by the sainted Martyn, that "if ever he lived to see a native Bengali Brahmun converted to God, he would see the nearest approach he had yet witnessed to the resurrection of the dead." Thanks be to God the day has arrived when such conversions are no longer rare!

A zealous friend arrived in the station in July, who took a deep interest in missionary work, and conversed much with the residents on the duty of self-devotedness. Under the impressions made on their minds by this friend's conversation, Dr. Cheek and Mr. Lang, Christian men, alike liberal in spirit, engaged to support two missionaries in India, and to pay their passage out. Laborers were sent for from Germany, who were to be stationed at Sunamooky, a very populous place midway between Burdwan and Bancoorah, where Mr. Weitbrecht had one of his large schools. This plan was actually carried into effect, and, at a subsequent period, two devoted individuals arrived and were duly located there, to the great joy and delight of Mr. Weitbrecht, who had taken the most active interest in the matter, and very essentially aided the arrangements. One of these was the intimate friend of a devoted and talented young man, then in Greece, and laboring near Mr. Jetter, whose mind was, at that period, greatly drawn towards India as a field of labor. Mr. Jetter perceiving this, communicated to him from time to time extracts from Mr. Weitbrecht's letters to himself. "The persual of these letters," writes the person alluded to,* "was very useful to me, both because they were instructive to me on a point in which I was so interested, and because the transparent candor of Mr. Weitbrecht's character, and the cheerful vigor of his faith refreshed my mind, at the same time that they gave me a very high idea of his wisdom and his zeal." Thus was he using every available means in bringing his influence to bear, directly and indirectly, upon the work which engrossed all the energies of his own soul.

His brother Haberlin, having been brought to the gates of the grave by sickness, came up to Burdwan for refreshment and change; and, when he was a little stronger, Mr. W. accompanied him to Bancoorah. He left home with anxiety, on account of the delicate state of his wife's health, but had a useful and profitable visit. He was hastened back by alarming reports from Dr. Cheek, and "on arriving," he writes, "I found her so reduced by fever as to be hardly able to utter an audible word. Two days later she seemed to be entering eternity, but was able to give me an assurance of her inward happiness. I spoke much to her of God's great love to His children, and of the compassion with which Jesus regards them in their deepest need, and prayed beside her, till a heavenly peace possessed my soul, which seemed to communicate itself to hers. The Lord heard the prayer and raised her up, though she long remained weak and feeble. Thus we are taught that we are on our pilgrim way, and that we dwell in Kedar's tents."

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* Dr. Wenger, now one of the most able missionaries in Calcutta.

To his wife: "The last two evenings I had delightful moments in prayer. How I could weep! My soul was overflowing from contrition and gratitude. The depths of my own evil heart were revealed to me, and I could understand something of the free sovereign grace, the infinite love of Jesus. Such seasons are the most precious I know. I could converse with the Lord with openness, as one friend converses with another.

"My feelings are now quite different from what they formerly were when from home, and the attraction towards that beloved place is so strong, that if I were not engaged in a good and useful work, I should soon be with you again; but the Lord's service stands preëminent. I will not forget your wishes this evening. How sweet it is, that, while we are absent from each other, we can meet together at the throne of mercy! May the Lord, by His Spirit, enable us to come often and draw living water freely from the fountain of life!

"After penning these lines to my dearest earthly friend, I intend to preach in a village close at hand. You shall hear from me daily. I am well in body. Pray much for me that I may be useful to the souls of many."

In his journal of this date we read: "One often longs for the rest of the heavenly Canaan. I have had enough to make me lift up my head for the 'redemption that draweth nigh' of late. Among other trials, a letter in the public papers, evidently referring to me, and accusing me of following avocations from which I derive great gain, and which are to secure my independency. This is no doubt with reference to my teaching in the Rajah's palace; but the Lord is my witness that every pice* of the remuneration goes to the mission, or for the good of others. I am conscious of my straightforwardness, though even some children of God have written hard things to me. If I am reviled I will suffer it, remembering Him who has left us an example in such trials also." He was so misrepresented to his dear friend Corrie, that he wrote him a very serious letter of remonstrance; but on receiving from him a reply, in which he cleared up the misrepresentations, he immediately addressed him again in his usual style of brotherly love.

A morning of joy followed the night of sorrow. The next entry in the journal is a cheering one: "My dear wife is so much better that she accompanied me to church, where we celebrated the dying love of our precious Saviour; and, in the evening, I baptized her favorite Muddu, with whom she has long taken so much pains. It was a joyful occasion. The truth that he knew so well theoretically, has found its way to his heart with power in the house of God, by the public preaching of His Gospel. I have long observed that he never took his eyes from me during the sermon, and many prayers have, for months past, been offered for him. The illness of his beloved mistress affected him deeply, and I believe helped to decide him. He went to her one day, and said in his modest way: 'I can no longer remain a Hindu: will Mr. Weitbrecht receive me into the Christian flock?' He exhibits an uncommon degree of acquaintance with the Scripture, and Christian doctrine, which he has evidently been studying very diligently. After I had addressed the assembled Christians on the solemn subject, I asked the usual questions. He answered in a loud voice, and with his whole heart, that he 'renounced the devil and all his works, and that he would, by His help, continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.' "

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* A copper coin equal in value to a farthing and a half.

In the following week Mrs. Weitbrecht, accompanied by Mr. Lincke, went to Beerbhoom for the recovery of her health and strength. Dr. Cheek read a psalm, and Mr. Weitbrecht commended the travellers to the keeping of Jehovah. It was a dreadful journey, during which the palanquins had five times to be put on rafts, and it caused a return of illness, which was soon increased by an alarming report that followed the travellers, that Burdwan had been washed away in a flood after their departure. The non-arrival of letters, for several days, seemed to confirm the truth of the report, and the poor invalid and her friends were kept in a state of intense anxiety, which was at length relieved by the receipt of the letter which follows:

"MY BEST-BELOVED M.: * * * * * Bless the Lord with us, for we have been mercifully spared, in one of the most awful visitations of God's providence I ever witnessed. The embankment of the Damudah broke in three places on Sunday, and the whole country has been deluged. On Sunday afternoon we were just sitting at dinner, when I heard people outside giving an alarm. I went into the southern verandah, and the sad report I received was confirmed by the distant roar of the water. I inquired, and sent people to ascertain the true nature of the case. On their return I was told that the water, rushing out of the bed of the Damudah, had made its way down to the north-west into the Banka, passing by Dr. C.'s house. But this little fellow was unable to receive so large a supply, and commenced disgorging in the evening, sending his surplus into the little village near our house, where we visited that poor sick boy. I wrote immediately to Mrs. Cheek about the girls, whom I intended to send as soon as danger was at hand. We hoped for a long time that we should be spared;

but every minute's delay was loss. About nine o'clock, I made preparations for securing the most necessary articles and provisions in the house. The kitchen was cleared; the doors of the new school barricaded with earth; the stable-doors likewise; poultry, horses, etc., were put in the verandah. After that I dispatched the children in the palanquin-carriage, sending four men and lanterns with them; but, alas! the water was already several feet deep in the road, and they were obliged to return. Just as I had tied the timber to the trees, I heard the rushing of the watery mass into the tank; for the billows advanced now with incredible haste from the south, because the water no longer found room towards the Banka. In a few minutes our tank was filled and the report of it put me in very lively remembrance of the Rhine-fall at Schaffhausen. And now the water came rolling through the garden towards the house, and, in one instant, we were surrounded by the furious element. Our native Christians fled to Mr. Lincke's empty house, and I hastily made a ladder ready to ascend on the top, if the water should reach the floor. The people in the villages around, with their cattle, placed themselves upon the eminences round tanks, spending two miserable nights in this distressing situation. Their lamentations, mingled with the roaring of the waves, the bleating of their cattle, and the falling of the cottages, which produced a sound similar to distant thunder, were really heart-rending. In the mean while the water rose rapidly, so much so that, about day-break, I could calculate if it did so in equal measure a little longer, we should have it in the house about 8 P.M. I now felt exceedingly distressed. Almost all our people had stolen themselves away, going over to Lincke's house, and I found it impossible to remove and secure every thing against the water. The ladder was now put up, and the first business was the removal of vessels and eatables to the roof of the house. In my fear and anxiety I entreated the Lord to spare my house from devastation by water, or at least, delay it for some time till we had removed. I opened Bogatsky, and the passage met my eye, 'God is not far from every one of us.' 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.' These precious verses proved an unspeakable relief and comfort. When standing on the top of the house, how visibly could I realize to myself the dreadful time when the whole world was destroyed through the wickedness of man! No pen can give a description of the scene, and it being night made every thing seem more awful. The mats were now taken off the floors and rolled together; the linen and clothes exchanged from the lower drawers into the higher ones; the furniture, books, etc., were placed upon the tables. I provided some bamboos and mats to make a kind of tent upon the roof for shelter. Took a cup of tea at eight, but the rising flood drove me away in haste. Kitty and Emily were a great comfort to me; these good girls labored assiduously, securing the linen and doing every thing in their power to assist me. About ten o'clock A.M. I saw some person on an elephant, making his way with difficulty through the raging water towards our house. Upon his nearer approach, I found it was Mr. Millett, (the judge at the station.) He was fearful for our safety, and at the risk of his own life, and with the full consent of his dear wife, he came to give us assistance, or carry us away; but I could not leave my native flock. The bridge trembled under the elephant's feet, and it must have been a very short time after he recrossed it that two of its arches gave way, and it blew up with a tremendous crash. May the Lord bless this dear friend! I was so affected when I saw him coming, that tears of gratitude rushed to my eyes. About one o'clock, the water remained stationary three or four inches below the floor of the verandah. It kept on the same level till about half-past six in the evening, when a very slight sinking was perceptible, and this filled our hearts with joy and gratitude. From then till eight o'clock, it went down an inch and a half, and so it continued gradually falling during the whole night. We therefore once more took tea below stairs, and sent for our provisions, bamboos, mats, etc., to sleep again in our own rooms.

"Before night came on, the walls of the stable began to fall in; so I ordered ten men to drag out the palanquin-carriage with ropes: this was hard work. I intended sending it near Mr. Lincke's house; but the current was too powerful, and the people, standing in the water four and a half feet, could scarcely keep the ground, so they tied the carriage to the large peepul tree. You have no conception of the force of the flood, coming down between our house and the out-offices. Some of our people who ventured to cross, to secure the beams to the trees with ropes, were carried a great distance before they could keep the ground. Yesterday (Tuesday) morning, the water had fallen two feet, and people began to go about in it. What a scene of devastation we beheld! not one native cottage around us is standing—all levelled with the ground. I had frightful dreams yesterday night—the roaring of the current outside, the stamping of the horses in the verandah, etc., all assisted my imagination to form the most horrid pictures, and it was as if the water, rushing through the house, swept away every thing and exposed us to imminent danger. Our new school has been partly destroyed, namely, the south walls, where the water came in with the greatest force: so also the little kitchen. Yesterday morning, I received a note from Mrs. Cheek with a loaf of bread; both were wrapped up in a towel, and thrown across the breach of the arches. Dear people! they suffered a great deal of anxiety, on our behalf especially. I replied, and begged for some rice, oil, etc., and, in the evening, I received a small supply, which will last another day. I have to feed several people who have lost their scanty provisions in the water. The town of Burdwan is swept off, so far as it consisted of mud-huts. The misery is indescribable. Yesterday morning our house was a receptacle of every kind of reptile. In my bathing-room I shot a jackal. I never saw such a collection of centipedes assembled. On opening the door in my dressing-room and looking after the water, I heard the hissing of a snake. I looked about me on the ground, but to my utmost horror discovered it in the Venetians, a cobra capella, erecting its head and hissing at me in a frightful manner, a few inches from the spot where I had been standing for some minutes. How providentially was I preserved from danger! I immediately loaded my gun, and with the first shot knocked off its head, which flew away to a distance of six feet. On opening another door in your dressing-room, I discovered another snake, beautiful to look at, all covered over with fine blue spots and stripes; but this I was informed is the most dangerous kind—its bite will destroy human life in a few minutes. I have preserved both the latter and the head of the first in spirits of wine. The water is now rapidly abating, and I hope this evening, I shall be able to look about a little. We are, thanks be to our heavenly Father, quite well except Maria; but I trust she will soon be better. I have just received another note from Mrs. Cheek, with rice and a loaf of bread, so I send this letter to have it sent to-morrow, as the dak* goes. The people are now crossing over the broken part of the bridge by the help of a rope, the hands performing the duty of feet. I feel rather worn out from fatigue and anxiety, but this will soon pass away. A hoarseness in my throat prevents me speaking loud. I hope you will not come down in this water; the roads are, in many places, quite broken up, just as they are round our house: you had better wait a few days longer, though I should like very much, and long to have you again at my side. We will see how things can best be arranged. Give my very kind regards to all around you. Ever your most faithful and affectionate husband,

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* The post.

"J. James Weitbrecht."

"If you can get some donations for our poor native Christians, who are *without food and habitation*, they would be most welcome. They are, at present, sleeping on the floor of our native chapel, but it is very damp, having been thoroughly inundated. Mr. Lincke's house, lying on the highest spot in the compound, has not suffered, and was indeed a place of refuge for the Christians."

The above letter conveys to the reader a vivid idea of the anxiety and distress to which the faithful missionary was exposed. The children he refers to, were four little girls from a distant part of India, two of whom were orphans, who were residing in his family for two years, to be educated and trained for future usefulness by his wife. This awful visitation, though at the time very trying, and productive of much misery and suffering, was overruled for good, as it regarded the mission. In a case of such extreme distress, the sympathy of many was aroused; and the Society, upon hearing of the event, immediately sent 500 Rs. to be divided among the sufferers, to assist them in repairing their losses. Mr. Weitbrecht took the opportunity, afforded by the entire destruction of every building, to reärrange the compound on the most orderly, beautiful, and healthful plan, so that it has, ever since, been quite remarkable for its salubrity. Each Christian received a donation of 10 Rs., with permission to build his dwelling as large or as small as he liked, on condition that he complied with certain rules laid down for the preservation of uniformity in the new native village. It was arranged to be built so as to form a right angle on two sides of the beautiful tank, which is three hundred and thirty feet square. A spot of ground was allotted to each family before their houses, to be cultivated as a garden. The mission-houses lie towards the centre of the compound, at a distance of three hundred yards from each other. The burial-ground, the school-houses, the church, are all suitably placed, and all find ample room, in no way interfering with each other. The inundation was also the immediate occasion of the filling of the orphan school, both from the district immediately around, and from the lower parts of the country, where the floods of the present season had completed the destruction, which had been begun in the hurricane of May of the former year. The same kind friend who had stirred up the zeal of Dr. Cheek and Mr. Lang again appeared at this crisis, and rendered his efficient help; and the result was, that, in a few weeks, the asylum was filled with some forty starving orphans, who at first resembled living skeletons. For many months, the constant care of the physician and the nurse precluded a regular course of instruction. Some of the children were beyond recovery, and sunk into the grave; others rallied, after living in that state of emaciation for more than a year. This school continued, from this time forward, to be one of the most pleasing and encouraging branches of the mission, and often helped to sustain the spirits of the missionaries, when all beside was dark and trying to their faith. As frequent reference will be found to it as we proceed, it may here be observed, that the education given in it, during the first few years, was simply reading, writing, and useful work; but as the intellectual capacities of the children developed, they were taught grammar, geography, history, writing, ciphering, and attention was paid to general mental cultivation. A select number of girls were trained for teachers, to whom instruction in English was imparted; and an infant-school, afterwards attached to it, and which contained above sixty children at the time of Mr. Weitbrecht's death, found instructors entirely from among those who had been thus brought up.

But the inundation was not the only trial of this eventful month. In the midst of the distress caused by it, the sad news reached Mr. Weitbrecht, of the sudden decease of one of his best and most zealous supporters at Bancoorah, Mr. Mac Ritchie, whose friendship had been very pleasant to him. "What this good man has done for the extension of Christ's kingdom during these last two years, is written in heaven," he writes; "and he is gone to receive his reward. I was always received by him as a Christian brother, and many a blessing was granted us in our united prayers. The prosperity and success of our schools at Bancoorah must, in a great measure, be attributed to him, who, at regular intervals, went to inspect them during my absence. Dear Lang was with him at his death-bed, and when he asked him how he felt, he replied, 'I die gladly, all fear is gone;' his reliance was on Jesus, and his gain is great; but my heart bleeds for his poor widow and fatherless child, who are in Europe. A few hours later I had another Job's message, the sad news of my dear wife being very ill again at Beerbhoom, and I must hasten there." His wife continued subject to repeated attacks of fever through the unhealthy condition of the mission-house; and the same party, who had before attacked him through the public papers, now again gave out that "the new school would never prosper, being begun in vainglory and from improper motives." He writes: "Many prayers have I poured out, and many tears have I shed before the Lord, during the past two months, but all is a necessary discipline, sent in tender love. 'I am He that justifieth thee.' The adversaries can only insult so long as He permits, and being reviled I will bless, being persecuted

I will suffer it. Moses was the meekest man, and he knew the trials of the camp, even beyond those of the wilderness." It is hardly necessary to remark, that these unkind and unjust aspersions never injured, or at all affected Mr. Weitbrecht's reputation, in the opinion of the Society or his friends.

In September, the kind and valuable friend who had made such an effort to save the mission family at the time of the inundation, became dangerously ill, and the result was his translation to a better world. He had supported one of the most flourishing boys' schools at Burdwan entirely himself and his widow continued, for many years, her aid to the girls' school. Thus, by degrees, that interesting circle, which Mr. Weitbrecht found on his first coming to Burdwan and Bancoorah, was broken up, and such a one was never formed again.

He thus writes to one of his brothers:

(*Translation.*)—"We have, I assure you, our share of conflict and trouble. This belongs to, and forms a part of our walk by faith. Jesus went through suffering to glory, and so must we; but if the water of life be supplied by Him to refresh us, we shall be enabled to endure the heat and the fire without being burned. There will always be clouds in our firmament here, but the sun breaks though them in due time. Let us only be concerned to obtain a purifying while we are in the furnace, then will our gain be great." He then goes on to details, and adds: "From all this you will see, that we, like other pilgrims, often long for the mansions of peace and rest. Oh! may we meet again *there*, dear brother! Let us be diligent and sow bountifully that we may reap also bountifully, when it shall be said of us, 'They overcame through the blood of the Lamb.'"

A few remarks found in his journal of this date, on an important point in connection with mission work, follow. The views he here expresses, strengthened with his ripening experience as a missionary, are deserving of serious consideration by all engaged, or contemplating engagement, in the great work of evangelization: "I was much pleased with Mr. Williamson's congregation of native Christians. Many of them are truly pious people, and all much raised in moral character, which is not everywhere the case. He prefers a few sincere and humble believers, to numbers of outward professors of religion; and I think with him, that a missionary is *not* justified in introducing people into the pale of the Church, *to give them the opportunity of future improvement.* I consider it of the utmost importance, that a newly-established congregation, in the midst of a heathen population, do *universally* consist of such individuals as feel the power of religion in their hearts, and evince their faith in Jesus by a blameless and consistent life. While those converts who walk worthy of the Gospel are a crown of rejoicing to the missionary in his arduous work, his heart is daily burdened and grieved by those who never manifest the least concern for their souls, who must be urged and compelled to attend divine worship, and who throw shame and contempt upon Christianity by repeated sins."

To Mr. Jowett.

"Under my dear wife's direction, a promising Hindu orphan school is at present rising up in our mission, which already numbers thirty-one girls, and ten more are expected. The building we have raised is solid in construction; and contains bed-rooms, domestic offices, store-rooms, a hospital, and apartments for the superintendent attached. A fine piece of ground is inclosed around it by a high wall, in which a little tank has been dug, a very necessary addition in this country for bathing and washing. This is supplied with water from the large tank. The arch erected over the channel which conducts the stream, gives the interior of the place quite a picturesque appearance. Besides the benefit of a Christian education, the children enjoy a thorough training in domestic employments and industrious habits, and perform all the work of the school among themselves. The Lord is smiling upon our endeavors, and we have the joy of seeing that what we began in faith is supported by His hand. We receive the necessary supplies as they are wanted. Some of our friends have doubled their subscriptions, and two of our ladies gave £25 a year each, others very handsomely. The building and wall cost above £100, but all is paid for; and we purpose, as soon as possible, to raise a similar institution for boys. Thus you see, I am following your good advice, to raise subscriptions and find help for our work from every quarter, and I have indeed been successful, both among Europeans and natives. If the heart is set upon the glory of God and the salvation of souls, it is a little thing to Him to raise the needful means.

" This place has become very unhealthy since the dreadful inundation; and my wife, in particular, suffers severely. Our house is so exceedingly damp below, that I have asked permission to build a sleeping-room on the roof. Nothing destroys the health of a European in India sooner, than dwelling in a damp house: ours is so to such a degree, that we can keep no mats on the floor, they get rotten in a month. Almost every individual in our native congregation has fallen ill; and we have daily to administer medicine to our own people as well as to our heathen neighbors, who frequently seek our aid. I am so glad and thankful I had the opportunity of studying the art of healing in London; for though my knowledge is imperfect, I can constantly turn it to account. Every missionary would do well to obtain this knowledge if he can.

"Our present Bengali chapel, consisting of four walls with a thatched roof, is not calculated for a place of worship, and I should like to erect a commodious building. Perhaps you will say, begin in faith; but I almost doubt being able to raise £400 or more for *one* object. There are so *few* Europeans hereabout; and at Calcutta, the bounty of the Christian public naturally flows in local channels.

"The bearer of this is our beloved father in Christ and venerated friend, Archdeacon Corrie. His loss will be great to our cause in this part of India; but we trust the Lord will make him a blessing to others. He is a pattern of a missionary himself, in humility, zeal, devotedness, and self-denial. May the Lord raise up others *like him* who may resemble as fully their Master, Christ."

In November, Mr. Weitbrecht again visited Bancoorah, to which place his zealous friend, Mr. Lang, had now removed. It was a most refreshing and encouraging visit. A regiment had for some time been stationed there, on account of some warlike demonstrations from the hill-tribes towards the west; and the officers were, in some degree, favorable to missionary efforts, and aided him in his various plans. A collection was made, and appropriated to supplying the poor orphan girls with warm blankets for the winter, and he had several opportunities of usefulness among the drummers connected with the regiment, a very neglected set of people who are Christians by name, but as ignorant as the heathen, and even more neglected. These humble people, in their gratitude, voluntarily offered to become contributors to the mission according to their means, and brought a list of subscribers' names to Mr. Weitbrecht. These subscriptions amounted to six rupees a month. Mr. Lang engaged to begin and carry on, at his own expense, an English school in addition to the vernacular, and a schoolmaster was obtained and set to work. James, the pious native catechist, who presided over the mission, performed his duties very satisfactorily, and was zealous in preaching among the natives; and all seemed happy and animated by a spirit of love and peace.

But on his return to Burdwan, a new trial of faith awaited him. The interesting convert Benjamin was taken ill of fever, which soon assumed a dangerous aspect, and ran a rapid course. On Sunday, after returning from church, where the Lord's Supper had been celebrated, Peter, a catechist, who loved and tended him as a father, came to the mission-house and expressed his fear that death was near. Mr. Knorpp, who had come down from Benares to be married, was present when this message came, and cheered him by his brotherly sympathy. The family went at once, and a most affecting conversation around the couch of the dying youth ensued. "Are you willing to die, Benjamin?" inquired his pastor. "Oh! yes; I long for heaven." "But have you a sure hope of being admitted there?" "I have." "Do you think your sins are forgiven?" "Oh! yes; I have a Saviour—Christ died for me." "Do you then believe he is your Redeemer?" "I do believe it, He is the Saviour of all who come to Him." The poor youth then broke out into fervent prayer, closing his eyes and joining his hands: "O Saviour! I have no friend but Thee. O my blessed Lord! send Thy holy angels to take me to heaven! Look on me. When wilt Thou come? Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." "I have no friend but Thee," he repeated, again and again, in English and Bengali. All around his bed were melted into tears; and when he opened his eyes and saw this, especially that his beloved mistress was weeping, he exclaimed: "Oh! my dear lady is weeping for me! You have been to me more than a mother; you have loved me truly; but do not cry." He then seized her hand and pressed it to his lips, and was so overcome that the tears streamed down his own pale cheeks. He addressed the native Christians very solemnly, especially the girl to whom he was engaged in marriage, whom he continually exhorted to pray and live as a Christian. He became delirious after this; and "two days later," writes Mr. W., "on returning from a village, where I had been to preach the glad tidings, my wife met me with the sad news that all was over. I mourned for him as a father for his son; but he is with the faithful shepherd, and I hope to meet him again among the host of Hindus, who are gathering before the Lord in glory. At his burial I perceived, with thankfulness, what a deep and general impression had been made on our whole congregation, as they surrounded the grave. It was very difficult for me to read the service, and I was often obliged to stop and give way to tears.* Dear Archdeacon Corrie expressed his sympathy with my dear wife in his most tender and affectionate way, but told her she must rejoice rather than sorrow. She has been permitted to see, in the first year of her labors at Burdwan, what many have labored long for and have not seen.

Mr. Weitbrecht's annual report for this year mentions eighty-nine individuals as composing his Christian flock, and adds: "The congregation now presents a more pleasing aspect than it has ever yet done; the women particularly have improved in industry, order, and general consistency. Several have learned to sew and knit, and come forward of their own accord to seek employment. The vernacular schools, now under Mr. Lincke, have suffered severely from the effects of the inundation, but still contain five hundred and fifty boys; and several respectable natives subscribe towards their support. The mission at Bancoorah presents a very encouraging aspect; three hundred and fifty boys in vernacular, and a large number in the English school, all supported by the gifts of Christian friends."

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* A memoir of this dear youth was drawn up and published in the Calcutta periodicals. It excited so much interest in the missionary circle, that Mr. Morton, one of the best Bengali scholars, translated it, and it was adopted by the Calcutta Tract Society, and published as one of their series of tracts. Thus, "he being dead yet speaketh."

CHAPTER VII.

Extensive Tour with Three Brethren—Birth of a Daughter—Baptism of a Brahmun Youth—Letter to him—Illness from Exposure to the Sun—Visit to Calcutta—Escape from Dangerous Accident at Bancoorah—Another Tour—Fever.

1835—1837.

On New Year's day, 1835, Mr. Weitbrecht wrote to his dear friend, Mr. Jowett:

"The cold season has set in, after eight months of broiling heat, in which every one must have his share of suffering. We have now a little European energy about us, and I am expecting some of our brethren to-morrow, to accompany me on an excursion towards the west of this district, in a hilly country, where no missionary ever preached the Gospel. In order to move as easily as possible, and to get access to all classes, we shall accommodate ourselves to the habits of the Hindus. Rice and curry will be our food; and a native cottage, or, where that can not be procured, a small tent, will afford us shelter for the night. We take ten thousand tracts with us, for distribution among all who can read; and intend to preach Christ in every town and village we pass through on our way. I hope and pray that the Lord may make us a blessing to many. The whole European world in India seems now interested in the moral and religious improvement of the Hindus; our schools are patronized by every one; but it is singular to observe, that few only recommend the preaching of the Gospel publicly; but it is a comfort to me that those who do so are Bible Christians, children of God. They fully agree with us, that preaching, as it was in the earlier ages of Christianity so it is now, the chief instrument for effecting the conversion of heathen.

"Our orphan girls' school, to which I alluded, is thriving prosperously. I am sure many ladies in England would be delighted to witness the industrious habits of these little creatures, and the progress they have made in learning within a few months."

"A few weeks ago, we had brother Knorpp with us, and his newly-married wife, who will I trust prove a true helpmate to our dear brother. We only baptized four adults during the last year. Our trials are many, and we want the prayers of our friends at home."

On the 6th of January, a party of four brethren set out, in the name of the Lord, on the excursion referred to in the preceding letter. It was Epiphany, the day kept in remembrance of the Saviour's first manifestation to the Gentile world. Three of the party sat on a large elephant; the fourth, Mr. Haberlin, was on horseback. Mr. Weitbrecht gives some pleasing particulars in letters to his wife, and a full record is found in his journal. Extracts from the letters follow:

"*January* 9, 1835.—You will be anxious to hear of our well-being, and I am thankful to say that, so far, the Lord has graciously prospered our journey, and we are daily making known the way of salvation to hundreds, I may say sometimes to thousands. Our accommodations are as comfortable as, in our present locomotive life, we can expect. Our tent is just large enough to contain our four palanquins, in which we sleep. The camp-table and chairs can also find a place in the middle. I wish you could enjoy, with us, the fine scenery and pure air of this beautiful country. It is so cold in the morning that I can scarcely hold my pen, and I need more blankets, but do not send any, for the messenger would never find us out. I will give you a sketch of our progress. First, to Kundakos, where our bearers and people had to be drilled into order; for they manifested a disposition to drunkenness. There we preached of course, and from thence proceeded to Indore, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants. We all preached in every direction, and distributed five hundred tracts. Thursday we went on to another very large place, where the scenery became fine and picturesque. We are surprised to find so large a proportion of people who can read, and they are all anxious to obtain books; indeed we might distribute two thousand to advantage every day. We shall give up Beerbhoom, as we find enough to do where no missionary ever came. Haberlin fills his pockets with tracts, which he distributes to those he meets as he rides along on horseback. Our faces have suffered from the cold wind, and our lips are cracked and bleeding; but this little inconvenience will soon be over, and we are very happy, and entreat you to pray much for us. I remember you continually in this way. Ask for me that I may be kept in a humble, devout frame of mind, which is necessary, not only for my own soul's prosperity, but for the effectual preaching of the Gospel. The silvery rays of the moon are so beautifying the scenes of nature around our little encampment, that, for a moment, one is reminded of paradise. You shall hear again from Bancoorah. Send us three thousand more tracts to meet us there. We have every reason to take courage, and go on in the name of the Lord. Pray do not work too much. The Lord bless, comfort, and strengthen you, and cause 'the light of His countenance to shine upon you.'"

"The next Rajah we found offered us a nuzzur (present) of five rupees in true oriental style, and we touched it in token of our acceptance of his kind attention. He was very polite, and visited us in the evening in full dress. His questions showed him to be an intelligent man. He asked us if we were married, and other things regarding our circumstances. On the 19th we reached Bancoorah, and I had three very busy days, examining my schools, etc. Here we got the tracts you sent, and we are now at Sunamooky, the largest place in this district, containing between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. Here our preaching was as usual well attended; and I found our school in a pleasing state of progress. Very few of your letters have reached us, but we hope to get them to-morrow. We are now nearing home, that dear place; the thermometer of my affections rises higher and higher, as we approach it. May the Lord keep us and sanctify our souls, that our union may daily prove a blessing to each of us, on our short pilgrimage to heaven! The pitching of our tent in the evening, and the breaking it up in the morning, together with our daily wanderings through fertile vales and dreary jungles, is a faithful and striking picture of our few days upon earth. May we, 'when our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' We are all now tired of our locomotive life, and long for reünion with the dearest objects of our affections. May our desires after our heavenly home, and our diligence in preparation for it, be equally ardent and constant! The Lord help us by his grace. Your account of the young man has rejoiced my heart and called forth my grateful thanks. May 'the Lord make bare His holy arm in the sight of all the nations,' and give us many souls for our hire! All unite in kind love. Mr. Gogerly enjoys his tour much."

The missionary party halted next, at a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, where they spent another profitable Sabbath, "preaching to hundreds and hundreds the blessed Gospel, through the length and breadth of the town," and multitudes visited them afterwards in their tent. Brahmuns and Pundits also came alone, and most interesting discussions occurred, in which Mr. Lacroix took a prominent part. Thus it continued to the end of the month, when they reached home, having travelled over a tract of country of at least two hundred and fifty miles, and distributed more than sixteen thousand tracts, and preached the Gospel to thousands who had never heard of it before, and who alas! did not soon hear it again; for though Mr. Weitbrecht fully purposed to repeat his visit to the same tract, to water and nourish the tender plant which seemed ready to spring up, other calls, and the desire to sow the seed in other localities, prevented him from ever repeating the journey, on the same extensive plan. Thus it is, that the one evangelist among so many millions, being so unable to follow up his labors, seems to the eye of sense to be almost laboring in vain, and spending his strength for naught, but "his judgment is with the Lord."

In February "Mr. Deer returned from Europe," and Mr. Weitbrecht "prayed earnestly that a blessing might rest on his location at Krishnaghur;" and "lastly," he writes in his journal, "the crowning mercy of God, in this eventful memorable month, was the birth, on the 26th, of a little daughter."

"The young Rajah of Burdwan visited our orphan school the other day, and was astonished and delighted with the work of the children. Such industry has certainly never yet been witnessed among the females of this neighborhood. By the Rajah's earnest request, I invited him to visit my wife and babe. He was much pleased, and kissed the infant affectionately, and placed two gold mohurs (a coin of 16

Rs. value) one in each of her hands. I never saw him more delighted."

On the 15th of March, Mr. Weitbrecht records the baptism of his dear babe; and on the 22d, that of "Jogot, a Brahmun youth of much promise, who was converted in the English school. He was baptized in the presence of the English congregation, who were deeply interested at so gratifying a sight, and he answered the questions put to him with much feeling. Two or three of his school-fellows bid fair to follow his example. This was a delightful encouragement to our good schoolmaster, Mr. D'Rozario."

"My preaching," he adds, "is regularly continued, with frequent signs of encouragement, but sometimes I meet with decided opposition." The alternations in his own experience were not great, though now and then he speaks of feeling "almost overwhelmed by a sense of his vileness and want of devotedness," but then he "cried unto the Lord with his whole heart, and found comfort." Once on ascending the pulpit, he "felt so dry and barren that he had to importune the Saviour inwardly for help, all the time he was reading the service." He heard him and strengthened him, and gave a blessing to his sermon, and much assistance after in preaching again to his native flock.

The journal continues: "Two of the hopeful lads referred to above soon after visited me to beg for Bibles, and I addressed them very earnestly. The eldest replied: 'O sir! when we are with you we are convinced of the truth; but the Brahmuns dispute with us, and raise a thousand objections against our assertions, and this fills us with doubt.' 'Read this book,' replied I, 'study it on your knees, thus you will gain light, and see the way to God, and dispute no more.'"

On one of his visits to the Rajah, he was requested by him to distribute tracts among his writers and servants.

Twenty-five Gospels, and two hundred tracts were not half enough for the numerous applicants. "What pleased me most," he writes, "was, that the young Prince himself assisted me in the distribution, and when some were opened and read aloud in his hearing, he expressed his own approval, particularly of one written in verse." The weather was so hot that the thermometer stood at 102° in the Rajah's palace, and Mr. Lincke became very ill of fever. "Oh! what a precious truth," Mr. W. writes, "that there is a land, where the sun shall no more smite the weary traveller. I feel to be fading away like the grass in the field." The next time he preached, he was so ill-treated and derided that he had to remember the meekness of Jesus; and he went home with a heavy heart, mourning that the name of his dear Saviour should be so much blasphemed.

At the end of May, his convert Jogot was induced, by his heathen relatives, to visit them, and left Burdwan without notice. Satan is always busy in these cases, and too often tempts the weak young convert successfully. "Events so sad," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "go deep to the heart, and make us mourn; but who are we? Lord, it is with Thee, and Thee alone, to save and rescue perishing souls from the power of darkness." He followed him with a letter, (a copy of which was preserved.) This letter was never answered, and the poor youth was lost sight of for ten years. It is worth transcribing:

"My Dear Jogot: You little know the grief and affliction which your departure hence has caused us. I feel assured you were, before and after your baptism, under the influence of divine grace; and you have seen, in the light of truth, that 'there is no other name given under heaven among men, by which we can be saved, but that of Jesus.' You have experienced the happiness of following so good a

Master; and are fully convinced of the holy, pure, and divine character of the Christian religion, and the blessed influence it exercises upon those who embrace it. Why, then, will you return again to the follies and pollutions of idolatry? Oh! my dear Jogot, I could shed a flood of tears over you, now that you have left us. Have you indeed forsaken Him who loved you unto death, who chose you as a monument of His saving mercy, and to whom you vowed to devote your whole heart and life in baptism? 'Remember from whence you are fallen,' and mark what I now say to you. I believe you have been tempted by the great enemy. Satan assailed you in an hour when you were off your guard. I look upon you as an erring sheep, which has left the good Shepherd. Will you remain among wolves? Oh! remember, before it is too late, the consequences of such heedless folly, for time and eternity. Do you think we have given you up? By no means; our fervent prayers follow you on your devious path. You will have no rest in the world; and my hope is, that you will one day return with a contrite heart, though you should go to the ends of the earth. As a friend who loves you, and desires your eternal happiness, I now call on you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, return lost sheep, return into His arms; it is His voice that invites you. Let me assure you that, if you come back to us, we will gladly forget all that is past, and no body will reproach you for the error you have committed. *We* forgive you; and, if you feel sorry for your unfaithfulness, your Saviour will forgive you likewise: yea, there will be 'joy in heaven' over a lost sheep that is recovered; then you will have peace, and be happy. In these sentiments your kind master Mr. D'Rozario, Mr. Lincke, and your friend Mr. Money, unite with me.—I am, your sincere friend, J. J. W."

This letter is a sample of the tender, earnest, and affectionate manner in which Mr. Weitbrecht was wont to deal with his native inquirers and converts; "reproving, rebuking, and exhorting," as the circumstances of the case called for it. After his next trip to Bancoorah he writes: "This was a very delightful visit. A thriving English school with sufficient funds, and funds also raised for the Bengali schools to a considerable amount. Several native gentlemen became subscribers at my request, as well as the Europeans.—The Gospel preached to hundreds of attentive hearers, and the schools in an efficient state. Now, O Lord! do Thou bless these feeble doings; water the seed with the dew of Thy grace!"

Mr. Weitbrecht was, soon after this, laid quite aside by inflammation of the membranes of the brain, caused by exposure to the sun. "A walk of ten miles, a fortnight ago," he writes to a sister, "has affected my head, though it was a cloudy day. The slightest exertion in speaking increases the vertigo, and makes me ready to faint. A similar affection, of an acute nature, proved fatal to that excellent missionary, Mr. Adam, soon after my arrival; and this illness has taught me the need of more caution, in avoiding the dangerous sun of Bengal."

Many unjust accusations had been brought against the missionary body, by a truly pious but mistaken friend who resided at Burdwan. In reference to these hard remarks, Mr. Weitbrecht observes, in a letter to one of his brothers:

(*Translation.*)—"There are persons who think that a missionary should go about barefoot, with a staff in hand, a single garment on his back, and feed on a barley loaf and a few small fishes; and they affirm, that if they possessed faith and were baptized by the Spirit, they could do so. Were we in a country like Galilee, and natives of the same, this might be possible; but it is not so, and those who try the experiment will suffer. I was not led to do it by the reproaches of these mistaken people, who, I must tell you, ride themselves in comfortable carriages; but I did really imagine I might venture to walk a few miles on a cloudy day in June, and the effect was very alarming. As I lay on my couch, feeling as if insects were traversing my brain, and an iron band being tightened round my brows, I perceived how clearly we may have to pay for imitating the apostolic mode of acting. 'The laborers are few;' so much the more, therefore, must those few be prudent, and try to preserve their health by all lawful means. God knows how gladly I would go on foot, as the apostles did, from place to place, and content myself with the simplest fare and the poorest accommodation in native huts, but lo! after *one* excursion, I barely escape with my life."

Premature exertion, after a fortnight's rest, considerably increased the unfavorable symptoms, and, during the next few weeks, Mr. Weitbrecht had to lay his head on the couch, and suffer exceedingly from the fear, that he would become useless as a missionary; but the Lord heard his cry in the day of his distress, and though his head never recovered, so as to enable him to bear exposure in the day-time as well as he had done before, he was soon permitted to resume his Bengali preaching; and "how grateful and happy I feel," he writes, "to preach again, after an interval of so many weeks!"

On his return from this trip he was again exposed to much peril. A dreadful tempest met him in his way, and as his wife and Mr. Lincke beheld the raging of the furious elements, they trembled for his safety. He took refuge with a friendly indigo planter for some hours, which were hours of intense distress and anxiety to them. In the evening he ventured onward, and reached the Damudah by daylight. The bearers forded the first part of the stream, and then halted on a sand-bank and hailed for a boat for a full hour, but none appeared. The short twilight had faded into dark night; the rapidly-rising current prevented the possibility of their retracing their steps; the water had nearly covered the sand-bank on which they stood. It was a moment of suspense and anxiety to the solitary traveller, such as those only can know who have been similarly situated; and he commended himself to the keeping of Jehovah. As he did so, a little boat appeared, scarcely large enough to hold the palanquin, but it was necessary to venture in; and they were in a moment shot across the water like an arrow, towards a steep bank, from whence, as they approached it, a mass of earth fell down, that well-nigh swamped their fragile craft. It was ten feet in perpendicular height, and no easy task to climb in the dark. How the bearers got up with the palanquin was more than he could understand; but they are wonderfully expert with their unclad bodies and shoeless feet. About nine P.M. he reached the beloved homestead in safety, to the joy and unspeakable relief of those who awaited him with such deep anxiety, and once more united with them in a song of praise for delivering mercies.

After a few days' sojourn at home, during which he was much tried by the serious illness of his babe and his wife, and led to cry out again and again: "Oh! for a spirit of resignation to God's will, who can do nothing but in love, while my stubborn heart desponds and murmurs, instead of seeking sanctifying grace!" we find him once more in the villages, where many came to him as inquirers, to whom he imparted Christian instruction.

"They seem," said he, "really sincere; but experience makes me more cautious every day. They want to be impressed, exhorted, encouraged, directed constantly. Oh! how poor are a missionary's exertions, if not powerfully aided by God's Spirit; and how often are we taught afresh, that we must rely on His blessing! I prayed with my catechists at night for this very earnestly."

About this time his young pupil, the Rajah, attended divine service in the Bengali chapel for the first time. "I earnestly hope," he writes, "it may be the beginning of a new era. He and his brothers were very attentive."

He, soon after, went to Calcutta, and while there attended both the bishop's clerical meeting, and the general missionary conference, at which a very important subject was discussed by a large assemblage of brethren. This was, whether the labors of the missionaries in Bengal had been attended with proportionable success, considering the time and the means that were employed for evangelizing the Hindus. It was thought by them, that when it is taken into consideration how many missionaries have been withdrawn after a short period by sickness or death, and how small the actual amount of labor had been among the heathen, the result was, on the whole, as satisfactory as in other countries, if not more so. Many judicious and important remarks were made by the brethren, and it was deeply regretted that *so small a number were actually and constantly engaged in preaching the Gospel;* it was also thought that the missionaries should try and fix on one grand scheme, and divide their work among themselves, so as best to promote it, and further the prosperity of the whole. Success was, it was said, much dependent upon unity of action, and every individual part must be made to bear upon the entire body. Above all, it was urged, that they ought to be more fervent and constant in prayer for the Holy Spirit, and the divine blessing on their work, and to rely on God more practically, by waiting in faith for that heavenly gift.

Mr. Weitbrecht spent very happy days in the society of dear Christian friends, and missionary brethren; but he regretted to "observe in many pious people, and even in some missionaries, a lack of that spirituality which spreads life and peace around us." He writes in his journal: "As I sat in a little boat, and proceeded to Serampore to join my dear wife, who had preceded me there, I felt indisposed to converse with those around me, who were full of mirth. The state of my mind was directed to more sober views; and I spent the evening in silent meditation on my past days, my future prospects, my work as an evangelist among the heathen. I felt the presence of Jesus, and longed to be holy as He is holy, and to show my love to Him in following Him from suffering to glory. Oh! what it is to know, to feel, and to be assured that Jesus loves us!"

We copy another extract: "*Nov.* 2.—Our kind host, Mr. Mack, the Baptist missionary, conducts morning and evening devotion in his family in Bengali. His heathen domestics attend, and have thus an opportunity of hearing the Gospel, and uniting in prayer to the true God. This appeared to us both a very desirable and useful arrangement in a missionary's family; and I determined, upon the proposition of dear M., to conduct family worship in Bengali every morning with our servants, while she conducts the same in English, in another room, for that considerable portion of our family who do not understand the native language. In the evening it will be as usual. And when I am out, which happens so often, she will go on as before."

The whole of December was spent in continual preaching. "Alas!" he writes "how little do those who ignorantly blaspheme Christ's precious name know, that 'all power is given to Him, in heaven and in earth!' While I was conversing with some of Satan's priesthood, the Brahmuns, a number sat at a distance, ridiculing and sneering at my Saviour, my Bible, and my efforts to convince the sinner of the error of his ways. During my leisure hours, I read Martyn's 'Life.' Dear Martyn! how I love his tender heart and intense love to his Saviour! If any reading besides the Bible is calculated to bring a missionary into a proper frame of mind, while engaged in his labors of love, it is the 'Life' of this holy man. It raised my mind to holy aspirations for the same spirit. Oh! how I can feel with him in his griefs and sorrows, being tempted and tried by an unbelieving world much in the same way!"

To some kind-hearted villagers who, seeing him tired, brought him milk for refreshment, he read the 23d Psalm, and, expatiating upon the strength he had derived to his body from their hospitality, he invited them, in return, to refresh their souls in the green pastures of the good Shepherd. At another place, a Brahmun, who had visited him at Burdwan, pursued another course, and told the people wonderful things of him; that he was the Guroo, or high-priest of all the Sahibs at Burdwan; the instructor of the Rajah; and, in fact, a very great man. "Some of his descriptions of my performances," he adds, "were really amusing."

On the 3d of Jan., 1836, he wrote to his wife: "I have to tell you of an event which will fill you with surprise and gratitude, for I have been preserved in a most dangerous moment. I returned from preaching in the bazaar, about six last evening, and found the table laid out for tea. Colonel K. and his friend Colonel W. were still sitting at their wine; but as it was cold, they removed on my entrance to the fireside, to take tea in a snug way; and a providential movement it was, for we had not been there four minutes before the room presented a scene of fearful desolation. Hearing a few pieces of plaster falling from the ceiling, I looked up, and at that very moment observed a beam giving way. I instantly cried out, Gentlemen, leave the room, the beam is coming down upon us! We all rushed out, but had scarcely crossed the threshold when a beam, twenty-one feet long, broke in the centre, and fell with a tremendous crash, accom panied of course by a mass of brick and mortar, which filled the house with a cloud of dust. Had we been sitting at the table, or had I returned a few minutes later, it is not likely either of us would have perceived the approaching accident, as the whole circumstance occurred in a few seconds, and we might have been killed on the spot. A couch was knocked to pieces, and every thing on the table was entirely crushed. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! who redeemeth thy life from destruction.' Well may I thus sing of His delivering mercy. You have no conception how the falling mass thundered through the house. Colonel K. acknowledges the hand of a heavenly Father in this gracious preservation, and we devoutly praised Him before going to bed. I embraced the opportunity to say a word on the uncertainty of human life, and the sudden coming of the Lord. On examining the house, a beam was discovered in the same hollow condition as this one, just over the Colonel's bed, which might have fallen any night. The white ants have done all this mischief.

"I have prayed much for you last evening and this morning, after receiving your letter. May your own devout prayerful wishes be realized for our souls and for our work! Then all will be well, though our cup may be mixed with sorrow. I do so long to be more holy, more like Jesus; and to become so, I feel that more of the refiner's fire will be necessary. On New Year's night I could not sleep, and found such great enjoyment in meditating on all the joys and trials of the past year, how grateful, yet how humble it made me! We will begin this new period afresh in His name, and continue to trust in His tender care and loving-kindness. I think I have profited in my soul on this trip. The thought that both our hearts are set on things above, and that we may hope to spend our eternity together, overwhelms me with gratitude. In a world of sin, where mankind are drowned in sensuality, and the poor heathen around us are perishing, what a wonder of divine grace it is that we have been led to act and live for Jesus, and that we are not only united by the closest natural ties, but united in His love!"

On his return to Burdwan, he records "preaching in the bazaar to an overflowing crowd, who listened with uncommon attention. I believe," he adds, "there are numbers of Hindus who feel the power of the truth, while as yet, they can not gather courage to break the bonds of a ruinous idolatry."

It can not be doubted that the opinion here expressed is correct. Many touching instances have come to light, by which it is manifest that there are secret believers among Hindus;—God's hidden ones, who, in the hour of extremity, call on Him, and in death rely on the atonement of the only Saviour, of whom perhaps they have heard years before, by the passing word of some itinerant missionary, or the reading of some Christian tract. A pious lady of Mr. Weitbrecht's acquaintance related to him two such encouraging facts, which occurred under her own immediate observation. Some of her own servants were heard by her to confess their sins, and cast themselves on the mercy of Christ in their departing moments: and eternity will reveal many such instances. Besides this we know that, according to the unsearchable plans of divine wisdom, every nation must have a preparation for the reception of the Gospel of the grace of God. Man's fallen nature becomes so sunk, so utterly corrupt and debased, when it remains for a succession of generations under the influence of idolatry, that the moral power must be strengthened, before the people become ready to accept the truth. This preparatory process is now going on among the Hindus; and when the soil is cultivated by continual ploughing, and sowing, and watering, as it was by the diligent preaching, accompanied by the fervent and unceasing prayers of a devoted laborer like Mr. Weitbrecht, it will, it must bring forth fruit in its season. To his bright vision, especially in the beginning of his course, that season appeared nearer than it actually was; and we may yet have to wait many a year, and to open the eye of faith very wide, and fix it on the divine promises with a very steady gaze, ere we can assure ourselves it is really approaching; but come it must, for "the Lord is not slack concerning His promise," though a thousand years are with Him, but as one day; and He would, that all should be brought to repentance, and to the acknowledging and belief of the truth.

Notices of another extensive tour follow, in extracts from letters.

"I have thought of a plan, this week, to go through the whole district; visit every village; call upon the respectable people; distribute the Gospel and tracts, and preach till we can say the word of truth has been made known throughout the whole territory of the Rajah of Burdwan."

He was soon after laid aside by a lingering attack of remittent fever. When able to go from home, Dr. Cheek took him to his house, where he writes in his journal: "'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' that mercy was mingled in this bitter cup; that I had dear kind friends; an attentive doctor; and a sweet, affectionate wife for a nurse; and that I was enabled to possess my soul in patience, and to feel that the chastening was in love. On the 24th I gave the first lecture in the Bengali chapel after my illness, and felt truly grateful to God for strength to engage once more in my work. I baptized a young man of twenty years, who has been nine months under instruction, a nice, sensible, intelligent Hindu. I afterwards met a young man, educated by Mr. Perowne, who repeated whole passages out of the gospels, and acknowledged there was no peace in idolatry."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Greenwood becomes Tutor to the Rajah—Two Missionaries arrive for Sunamooky—Mr. Lincke removes to Calcutta—Death of Mr. Weitbrecht's Child—Attends an important Missionary Conference—Great importance of Calcutta as a Missionary Station—Tour incidents—Death of a Pious Lad—Tour—Amusing Anecdote—Death of James, Catechist at Bandoorah.

1836—1837.

The following letter to Mr. Jowett refers to several subjects of interest:

* * * "I had long been looking out for a proper person, to whom I might transfer the tuition of the Rajah of Burdwan, which was too heavy a task for me to perform to my own satisfaction, besides my other daily vocations. I have, at last, found such a person in the Rev. W. Greenwood, formerly missionary at Chunar. He was recommended to my notice by Archdeacon Dealtry, whom I consulted, and he has received the appointment, with the full consent of the Rajah's family. He also assists in the English chapel, so that we have now three services weekly. I still, however, continue to visit the family of the Rajah at their particular request, and hope that I may become a blessing to them; they repose great confidence in me, and are always ready to listen to my advice. They are an object of my earnest prayers; and I endeavor to use my influence for their best

interests. We can not expect the bulwarks of idolatry will fall down at once, but I am sure fall they will, sooner or later. It is our business to sap and undermine its foundations, wherever practicable ; and to establish righteousness and truth in its place. In this point of view, I think I may say my intercourse with this wealthy family has already exercised a beneficial effect. A young Hindu lad, whose studies are directed by a minister of the Gospel, will receive views, through the instruction imparted to him, which he little thought of before ; and while we enlighten the minds, we must pray that the Lord may touch the hearts of the people, by the power of His Spirit. Real conversions are still rare. I long to see a true awakening ; the time of such an event would be the happiest period of my life. Our English school in the town is in a very encouraging state. I began, three months ago, to give lessons for three hours in the morning, four times a week, on history, geography, and divinity. Such a course of lectures seems just now called for. For divinity, I chose the Epistle to the Romans. A portion of the chapter is read by the pupils, afterwards an analytical explanation is given, and the doctrine illustrated by other parts of Scripture. This being done, I dictate the leading features of what has been read, in a few comprehensive sentences. The boys then copy them off fairly, commit them to memory, and repeat them the following day. In my lectures, the subject under consideration is compared with Hinduism in its leading features, the absurdities of which thus become more striking to the lads, who listen with the deepest interest, and ask questions which draw out further instruction. And remember, these are no Christians, but real Hindus. The great point a missionary must ever have in view in all his engagements, is the conversion of those among whom he labors. While I feel my inability to accomplish this change in one soul, the privilege is sweet to me by which I can say, '*Lord, help me.* I am thy servant.' It is an especial comfort to be able to ask His blessing in every particular case. 'Lord, I am going to preach the Gospel of Thy dear Son; accompany my testimony by the power of Thy Spirit to the hearts of the hearers. I am going to instruct the young; bless the instruction.' Laboring thus in His name, we may be happy and take courage. The cause is His, and not ours. May we be 'faithful unto death!' Our reward will be great, and our rest sweet. Sometimes our faith and patience are exceedingly tried; at other times we are refreshed and comforted. I know this must be. All the saints in glory went there on the same path. My dear wife is a sweet help and solace to me in this work. She unites in kindest regards to you; and, if you have an opportunity, remember me very kindly to dear Mr. Bickersteth. We have introduced his hymn-book into our English church. I wish some of us had enough of poetical talent to translate it into Bengali. Your affectionate brother, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

The following paragraph from his journal, while on a tour deserves notice: "Read to-day a most interesting account printed by government for the private information of the civil authorities. It develops the horrid system of Thuggee. The Thugs are a set of robbers who are organized in large gangs, and travel about to entice pilgrims and others on a journey; and when they have gained their confidence, they strangle them with a handkerchief, by a method peculiar to themselves; take away their property; and bury their corpses. They have a patron goddess, and are dispersed all over India, on the great rivers as well as on the great roads. They have their own vocabulary, and murder thousands annually. Nine hundred of these fearful beings have been arrested, transported, and hanged within the last five years. One was brought in from the jail by Captain H.

for my wife to see; he had a mild countenance, and most pleasing address. The tank and grove opposite our mission premises at Burdwan, are said to have been one of their haunts and burial-places."*

A new scene now opens in our history. We have seen Mr. Weitbrecht tried in various ways, and often in heaviness through manifold temptations. We must now contemplate him, under one of the most touching bereavements that are permitted to happen to us in our wilderness-journey, the sudden removal of his only child, who was one of singular promise and loveliness, possessing an engaging and winning sweetness that had refreshed his spirit in many an hour of weariness. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" We mark the same spirit of patient submission and filial acquiescence in that Father's dealings, in this, as in all His other trials. We have the record in his own words:

"BURDWAN, *November* 6, 1836.

"MY DEAR AND BELOVED MOTHER: My last letter to you was penned beside the couch of my dearest wife, after the birth of our little Maria. I now sit down again, in a similar position, to relate to you the history of a most eventful week, of a week such as neither of us ever passed through before. Oh! how wonderful is our heavenly Father, in His dealings with His own dear children! We have been chastened most severely; we have been wounded to the heart, but we have not been killed. No; the power of divine grace, divine consolation and love, has supported us, in a trial of the most painful nature; and now, after seven days of anxiety, sorrow, and mourning, 'we can sing of mercy and of judgment.' Oh! how delightfully has that text again been realized by us, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!' Our sweet darling Maria now celebrates her Sabbath in heaven; and the joy of our house is gone. On Sunday morning last, she was taken ill. I had gone to bury the dear infant of an English family here, and, while reading the service, the idea powerfully seized my mind, that the next person committed to the grave would be my own child. I reasoned with myself, but in vain, and returned home much distressed. In the afternoon the symptoms became worse, and fever ensued. I was literally in agonies, and could only cry to the Lord. The disease ran a rapid course; the night was restless, and the darling appeared to suffer much pain. The doctor saw her almost every other hour, and used his utmost skill; but the strength of this healthy, sprightly little creature rapidly faded away. After daybreak on Tuesday, she was more quiet, but appeared much worn out. Never shall I forget the hour when her mother came to me in tears, and begged me to come and see her, saying that 'she looked so angelic.' Her fine and lovely features were made still more interesting by the paleness and pointed outlines, which gave my mind the sad impression that we should not have her much longer with us; and I went away deeply affected. The change in her character, from that morning, was most surprising to every one. She had before been sweet, amiable, and obedient, but occasionally wayward and passionate; now she became all meekness and patience, while her mental powers continued unimpaired till almost the hour of her departure. Indeed, we truly believe, she was sanctified by the Holy Spirit for the trial, and for a state of glory. She talked as usual in the sweetest manner; asked for all she wanted in her accustomed engaging way; and thanked us for every bitter potion we were obliged to administer, and did indeed, as her nurses said, 'act more like an angel than a fallen child of man.' It now affords us a mournful pleasure to repeat her tender appeals to papa and mamma, though she never once complained, and her sensible remarks about things that passed within her sight and hearing. From the first day of her illness, we prayed that this solemn season might be sanctified to our souls; and when the symptoms indicated that her life was in danger, we earnestly entreated the Lord to spare her unto us, pleading our sincere desires to devote her to Him, and bring her up for His glory; but we were truly enabled to ask for these things, in submission to His own will.

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* See page 79.

"On Wednesday morning a favorable change seemed to have taken place, the dear child having had some hours' refreshing sleep; but our hopes of recovery soon vanished like a delusive dream. A decided change for the worse took place the same evening. She became exceedingly low and exhausted, and the remaining strength gradually diminished. Oh! how we wrestled with the Lord as we kneeled side by side at His footstool; no longer for her recovery, but for grace to glorify Him in the fire, and for strength to bear the cutting affliction. Whenever our faith began to fail and our hearts to sink, we went together into our sanctuary to pray more earnestly. Oh! what a consolation the Word of God proved to our souls. Never, never did we find it so precious! Never was its power more gloriously displayed in us! The doctor stopped with the dear sufferer all night, evidently apprehending the awful crisis. On Thursday morning, she lay pallid and weak, but still in full consciousness, upon her bed, and seemed amused by a favorite toy. It was the calm preceding a violent storm. The nervous system had been excited to the highest degree, and at ten it began to break loose in wild confusion. Dreadful convulsions, lasting two hours, shook the dear little worn-out frame, and hastened the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle. We expected death would at once follow these violent fits, but she rallied again, and her consciousness returned, so that she could recognize and call every one of us by name. In the evening, another attack of the same kind came on; her strength was spent; her breath grew fainter. About eight her mother gave her her last kiss, and she feebly said, 'Mamma;' her last, as it had been her first word. At nine, she calmly fell asleep; and her freed spirit was conveyed into the arms of Jesus her Redeemer, whom she is now adoring before His throne. We instantly withdrew from the dear clay, and I read the 103d Psalm and 1 Cor. 15th chapter. We then knelt down and thanked the Lord for His powerful help in this sore distress; and entreated Him that it might exercise a sanctifying effect upon our souls, our mission work, our friends, and our flock of Christians. Oh! how blessed are those, who find the Lord a 'very present help in trouble!' I was very apprehensive for dear M., but she felt abundant consolation; and could, with willingness, yea, with an inward delight, give the precious child up into the hands of her heavenly Father. In the evening, I had taken her to the western side of the house, away from the chamber of suffering, where dear Mrs. Cheek and Miss Jones acted the part of most faithful nurses. As we comforted each other, our darling's pet lamb sported past us; and, an instant after, dropped down and died. The dear dying child heard the bleating of the mother for its young one, and immediately said, 'My little lamb.' It was a touching emblem of her own approaching departure, and prepared us to realize it. We can most substantially feel, that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' We are in His hands, led by His fatherly guidance, and never would we murmur for a moment at any of His dispensations, or wish the loved one back in our embraces. We do indeed mourn and are afflicted most deeply, but there is a heavenly sweetness mingled therewith. We had a refreshing sleep that night, which we much needed; and, when we awoke in the morning, M. said, 'She has been one night in heaven.' 'No,' I replied, 'there is no night there.' This comforted her wonderfully. We rose and gathered new strength by prayer, and read Rev. 21, 22, and a very sweet Psalm, and then prayed again. We gathered the orphan children around the couch of our sleeping babe, and gave them an address, which I hope the Holy Spirit has brought home to the hearts of some. We did the same with the adult Christians afterwards. I was wonderfully supported in all these exertions; and will yet try to improve the event to all who are within our reach. Who knows, but God may be pleased to raise a new life in many out of this death? In the evening, we committed the cold clay to the tomb. Dear M. was well enough to go, and every resident in the station was there.* On our return we prayed with and comforted the nurse, a Hindu woman, of a sweet, affectionate disposition, who loved Maria as her own child. Her heart seems quite touched, and deeply impressed by the circumstance, and we trust it will issue in her true conversion. The next day we were calm and almost cheerful; and, in the evening, to my utter surprise and extreme thankfulness, after I had been walking in the garden for refreshment, Mrs. Cheek placed a lovely boy in my arms. Thus has the Lord, in great mercy, sustained us in a heavy trial, and crowned the end of the affliction with a new blessing. Oh! we would love this Friend of our souls more dearly than we have done before! We will become more devoted, more zealous, and more useful in our work!

"The whole week had been cloudy and the weather was lowering daily till yesterday morning, when a few drops of rain fell. Afterwards it cleared up, and the last little cloud was seen flying away towards the western horizon, Thus the sky showed a beautiful emblem of our short affliction. Our sky too was lowering, but at the very height of the storm, a bright ray of hope and life illuminated our souls. In the midst of all, Jesus, 'the Sun of righteousness,' was present with us, and shone upon us by His grace. I preached from the blessed words that had so comforted us, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' It was from my heart, and I was almost overpowered in the beginning; but the Lord gave me strength to continue, and I trust a blessed impression was made on my little congregation. May our new babe become a holy preacher of the Gospel!—In much love, your very affectionate son,

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* Two gentlemen removed the little coffin from the carriage, and placed it in the grave with their own hands, in the most Christian and brotherly way.

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To a brother of Mrs. W.

"*Nov.* 30, 1836.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER: Your late letters have been perused by us with peculiar interest. We sympathize with you, in the gracious visitations you have experienced. Such seasons must be remembered for life, when we can say, with *the full consent* of our hearts, 'Now I have found the blessed ground, where my soul's anchor may remain.' I hope you can 'rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Blessed, godly sorrow, which leads to Jesus! Nothing can make Him so dear to us as when we truly feel that we are vile abominable sinners, and 'all our righteousnesses but as filthy rags.' Go on, dear brother, in this blessed path, and, as your self-knowledge deepens, may your hunger after righteousness, your love to your Saviour, increase in proportion! Much, very much, depends upon a vigorous outset, when we begin the heavenly race. May you receive grace to be very decided, to aspire, and wrestle, and pray, for a high degree of spirituality and godliness! Many excellent people have too low a standard of vital religion, hence we see so little apostolic holiness and purity in our days. You express a desire to devote yourself to the glory of God. Our dear Father in heaven will teach you how to do this, if you honor Him by a childlike disposition, and readiness to follow His leadings. That has been my rule since my heart was turned to Him, and I have derived unspeakable benefit from it. While in London, I studied and almost broke my head over three languages, for eighteen months, for the Abyssinian Mission. Then the Committee wished me to go to India. It was very painful, but I submitted; and now I bless the Lord that I was sent here. I could mention many instances of this kind!—one more, I prayed often that the Lord would give me a pious, devoted wife; and, in His wonderful providence, He sent me one. I need not describe her to you, nor the wise and wonderful arrangements by which she was conducted to my arms.

"You mention our dear Maria; her education here is finished, and angels have conveyed her happy spirit to more glorious scenes. She has been now nearly five weeks in heaven. She was, in many respects, an extraordinary child, and progressed most wonderfully in mind and body; then her sweetness, her sprightliness; but the Lord gives strength to the weak. Abraham, no doubt, ascended Moriah with a heavy heart, and of that heaviness we have felt our share; but we experienced something of his faith, and we hope, by and by, to dwell with him in the heavenly Canaan. Oh! sweet promise, 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God!' We are going to dwell in tents, and I shall preach from village to village. Kind love to the dear family circle.

"Your very affectionate brother

"J. J. Weitbrecht."

We will now add a few extracts from his journal, which show us, that in the midst of all his trials, he was still intent upon his Father's business.

" *November* 14*th*.—I had to take the schools in hand; Mr. Lincke having gone. They are now less numerous, and not so large as they were; and Mr. D'Rozario will take them under his care as soon as I have been through them with him for a few weeks.

" 20*th*.—Our dear little boy was baptized by Mr. Greenwood. May he be filled with the Holy Ghost, and grow up to the glory of God! But children are a gift, or rather a loan from the Lord, and perhaps to be given to Him soon again. The tear of sorrow steals down our cheek, as we think and speak of her who is gone; but heaven is brightest seen through tears, just as our hilly scenery appears most lovely in its aspect in our rainy season. Life is a vale of tears.

" 21*st*.—I called on six native gentlemen who are subscribers to our Bengali schools, and had interesting conversation with some of them. One, in particular, Praja Mohun, had lately lost his only son. I told him, I had been similarly visited, and could therefore ' weep with them that weep.' He spoke of submission to fate, and those things by which Hindus try to gain comfort in their day of trouble; and related to me a story of a Hindu sage who had been permitted to pray for any thing he liked, and had asked for continued suffering, because in prosperity man neglects his duty to God. I told him in return how God sends these trials for our spiritual good, to draw the earthly heart to heaven. I explained to him the delightful views which the Gospel of Jesus opens into a better world; and pointed out the blessed state of those, who can look forward to death in the full hope of immortality; and the triumphant feature the Christian religion assumes at the brink of the grave. I spoke warmly, from my heart, and referred to the superior support I had experienced during my late bereavement: the tears tickled down the Babu's cheeks, and he was scarcely able to speak when I left him."

On another occasion, while preaching, a respectable person in the crowd said, "The missionaries who preach the Gospel are such blameless, kind, and meek men." In proof of this he told the bystanders that in earlier days he had thrown dust at Dr. Carey while preaching, who bore the insult with unexampled patience, not saying a word against the ill-treatment. How much even the heathen look on the conduct of those who preach! It struck me very much."

In December, Mr. Weitbrecht proceeded to Calcutta; and, on his way, touched at Serampore, where he found the veteran missionary Dr. Marshman bowed down to the earth with afflictions. "I comforted him," he writes, "with those comforts which I had found so precious in our late bereavement, and read the chapter which contains the words, 'looking unto Jesus,' which the dear old man continually repeated all the evening. After commending him to our sympathizing Saviour, in united prayer, we parted. As I left, he affectionately took my hand, and said, with the tears in his eyes: 'My dear brother, the Lord has sent you to bind up the broken-hearted, and to speak a word in season to one who is weary.' On reaching Calcutta, I went, with brother Lincke, to his villages in the south. The people are simple and ignorant, but appear willing to be instructed, and I preached to them in a way suitable to their comprehension. It was quite different to what the Burdwan people need. There are a number baptized, and more preparing for it. Preached at Potuldanga Chapel. What fine opportunities Calcutta presents, with its immense crowd of natives, for preaching the Gospel of salvation! In a few minutes the chapel was filled, and this very chapel has been shut for three months past, because there are no preachers! Haberlin too ill, and dear Sandys too much engaged with multifarious duties, and not strong either. Alas! that we have no able missionaries from our Society in Calcutta!

"*Christmas Day.* I went again with Lincke to his villages, and held an interesting service with the poor people, under the canopy of heaven. They are much persecuted, and were dreadfully beaten that same afternoon, by the emissaries of the land-holders, who detest Christianity, and try to oppose its introduction by every means in their power. Thus, though there are few idol temples or Brahmuns, for they prefer the healthier and higher lands, Satan has his tools; but the Lord is stronger. We had a curious boat to reach these places, a canoe formed out of the trunk of a tree, which is excavated in the middle. One person can sit at the end, and another before him in the middle, besides the man who paddles the craft through the shallow waters. Brother Deer was in Calcutta, and I preached twice with him in the Potuldanga Chapel, and ended the year with humble acknowledgments to Him who has been our merciful Father in sorrow and in joy."

On New Year's day 1837, he writes: "May the days of my pilgrimage, remaining to me, be more faithfully spent for the glory of Christ, and in preparation for my eternal home! His mercy endureth for ever. This was the great subject which prompted David so often to sing praises to his God. May the consideration of that, vouchsafed to my poor soul, produce similar feelings, and call forth similar acknowledgments from me!"

On the 2d, he again attended a monthly missionary conference, where a conversation was held on the importance of Calcutta as a missionary station. Nearly all the brethren present allowed it to be the *most important place in Bengal* for missionary exertion; and he quite agreed with them, and earnestly desired that it should be well supplied with evangelists. "It has not hitherto been so," adds he; "and there are very few among those here, who preach among the heathen of this populous city. If our Society could but be properly represented here it would have an effect on *all* our other stations in Bengal. There should be from four to six first-rate men always here at headquarters; and we should lead the van in missionary exertions. This is the duty of the Church of England; and those on the spot, who consider and understand the subject, all see and allow this. It is not for show, or to rival our Dissenting brethren, that I would see it so. I delight in what they do, and bless God for it; and as to display, I abhor and deprecate it as an unworthy principle in missionary work; but six active, stirring, sensible, devoted, independent-minded men, we should and must have, if our work is to prosper here."

On leaving Calcutta he proceeded on an extensive missionary tour, striking out eastward from Chinsurah, and taking Culna in his route, and from thence home. One or two incidents alluded to in letters we subjoin:

"At Tribeni I saw a painful sight. An old Hindu woman, a living skeleton, was brought to the river-side, to die. Her own son placed her naked body on the cold stones of the ghaut, and poured the holy water down her throat. I was myself shivering with cold, and the scene was too sad. I turned away, and preached to a crowd coming up from bathing, in a neighboring garden. Some scoffed and laughed; others commended, and said they should like to hear more. One day, we came to a place called by interpretation 'The City of Everlasting Happiness.' This beautiful name offered me a ready opportunity for commencing a conversation with a number of the inhabitants. I told them how happy I was to be in a place which I judged by its name to be very delightful; and I congratulated them on living there. They were pleased with this introduction, and expressed their gratification at my visit; but added, that true and abiding joys were not found in their village. So I begged permission to tell them where such really existed. We went on in a most friendly manner, till an old Brahmun, with haughty mien, came and disturbed the beauty of the discourse by his sophistry. My tent, books, etc., all go very well in our cart; and I walk with the catechists. Yesterday, I was very tired and thirsty from the dust, and some kind villagers handed me a lota full of juice, which they were extracting from the sugar-cane, which refreshed me exceedingly. I offered them some pice, but they would not accept them. After five hours' walk, we reached Culna, very weary, and enjoyed Mr. Alexander's rice and curry. The English and Bengali schools are all thriving nicely; and we had a very happy Sabbath. I preached twice.

"At Konchut I struck my tent early, and walked on nine miles. I was richly blessed in communion with my heavenly Father, and wrestled hard for the poor souls who hear the Gospel and despise it. I have had delightful enjoyment during my trip in my private devotions. May I ever feel the Lord so near my soul!

"'Here are Jesus Christ's men,' said the people, on seeing us at the next village. I, at once, gave them a solemn address, and testified against their idolatry, and they seemed impressed; but ignorance, prejudice, worldliness, love of sin, a system of religion suited to gratify a carnal mind, are strongholds which only that Power can remove, which raises the dead. How often does that passage recur to my mind, 'Son of man, can these dry bones live?' Human understanding can only say, 'Lord, thou knowest.' The answer is most comfortable, and it is the word of the true and faithful One. Surely India has been delivered into the hands of Christian England, for no other purpose but that its deluded millions shall receive the blessed Gospel. May the day of His gracious visitation soon come! Pray write to me daily, if possible, to cheer and encourage me, which your letters always do."

"At the next place they derided me exceedingly, using almost the very expression which similar characters did to Paul at Athens: 'What will this babbler say?' It was painful; but though we suffer reproach, the Gospel continues to be 'the power of God' unto the salvation of all them that believe. And in the evening, some Brahmuns, who had been kind to me yesterday, came with five other respectable men, and told me they were ready to embrace Christianity. They were evidently really convinced of the truth; and here is an instance of deep conviction produced by preaching, which shows that our labors are not in vain in the Lord."

On Mr. Weitbrecht's arrival at home, he was informed by Mr. D'Rozario, of the death of a native Christian lad, who had been ill for a long time, but was only seriously indisposed two days. "He prayed much," he writes, "exhorted all around him to seek Jesus, and several times expressed his firm faith in the Redeemer; by whose blood and righteousness he hoped to get to heaven. He was always an interesting boy, and possessed considerable talent. The seeds of divine grace had sprung up in him silently, but had advanced rapidly to maturity; his happy death discovered a sheaf ripe for the eternal garner, and was felt as a truly encouraging token that the Lord smiles upon the labors of His servants. He was only five years old when brought by his uncle to Burdwan, after the death of his parents, and he was then baptized, and got on very quickly in learning. He appeared to be truly converted when about twelve years of age; for from that time he prayed much, and read the Scriptures diligently in private, and strove to live a new life in every respect. His general character and acquirements led to the hope that he was designed for a life of much usefulness; but the flower scarcely unfolded ere it was cut down. His exhortations to the young were most affectingly earnest; and his personal experience of the love and grace of Jesus remarkable for one so young. When bidding his friends good-bye the last evening of his life, he said, 'To-morrow morning I shall be with Jesus;' then, clasping his feeble hands together, he commended his soul and body to Him who is 'the resurrection and the life.' He died at the time he anticipated, and his spirit went to Him, by whose wonderful redemption he was made a partaker of the heavenly glory."

Shortly after, another young man was carried off by cholera, who had not long been baptized. Mr. Weitbrecht had no opportunity of speaking to him, or knowing his views in the prospect of eternity, but hoped he died an humble penitent. He adds: "I felt exceedingly low and downcast; unwell in body and sad in mind; and it was so with my dear wife too. It was at midnight we were called up to poor Benjamin; and when we reached his cottage he was already gone. Truly we pass through the valley of Baca, and we poured out our hearts before God, in strong crying and tears."

On the 23d of February, Mr. Weitbrecht took another tour, in company with Mr. De Rodt, and he wrote to his wife: "I am very busy preparing my journal for home, and my letters, etc. Every hour is employed during the heat of the day. We proceed satisfactorily, feeling ourselves to be under the guidance of Him who said, 'Lo! I am with you always.' Sometimes we are encouraged by the attention of the natives, and at other times we find them very bad and wicked; but neither of these things must move us; the Gospel must be preached, and an honorable calling it is for such a poor fellow as myself to be thus engaged. The heat is increasing daily, and we have to be very cautious. We feed on rice and curry, and milk and rice alternately, by way of change.

"This is the birth-day of our sainted child, with whom such great joy was given us for a little season. She celebrates it in heaven. She was a lovely flower, and the heavenly Gardener saw her fit for transplantation to a more beautiful clime, when He came down to gather lilies. How beautifully will she now blossom in the paradise above! This tour puts me in lively remembrance of her. She was with us the last time we were at Bancoorah. But the Lord loves us, and this loss will be our gain, as it is assuredly hers. We shall understand His ways by and by, and adore His wisdom and mercy. I can not think of this dear child, without thinking of that heaven where she dwells, and longing to be matured for it. I hope I do not love my boy in a sinful way, but he is extremely dear to me, as the gift the Lord sent to comfort our mourning souls in our deep, deep sorrow. Let us go on our way, dearest M., as those who wait for the better home, sowing precious seed for eternity, and at last we shall come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us."

We find the following entry in the journal after Mr. Weitbrecht's return home. We see in it the faithful pastor, who watched for the souls committed to him as one that must give account: "Had a meeting with the native Christians preparatory to the Lord's Supper. I spoke with each separately, and tried to elicit something of their religious feelings. To my great joy, almost every one related to me their experience, in a very candid, simple manner. Some who had formerly attended stated that they felt their sinfulness so deeply, that they could not venture to draw near to the table of the Lord. The sacrament the following day was a very solemn season, and I believe every one was blessed in his soul. The sudden death of Benjamin has had a salutary effect."

A singular and rather ludicrous circumstance occurred about this time, which affords a true picture of Hindu ideas and feelings on some points, that are rather differently viewed in Europe. We will give the anecdote from the journal: "This morning I married Stephanus, one of our younger men, who had been betrothed to a girl of his own village in childhood. Her parents were very indignant with him at his baptism; and, after making four separate attempts to induce them to give his bride up, he resigned his hope, and reluctantly proposed for another girl in the orphan school. I sent our catechists to his village to see what they could do; but they returned, assuring me it was a forlorn hope; and as the poor youth had been thus tantalized for two years, I sanctioned his marriage with Samma, and all was arranged. The news spread to the village, and the poor imprisoned bride heard it, and managed to escape in the night; so on the appointed wedding-day, Stephanus appeared before me, with smiling face, and his betrothed blushing at his side. I made no delay in performing the ceremony, after understanding how matters stood, for I quite sympathized with the happy fellow, and was only sorry for the discomfiture of poor Samma, who was much chagrined; but my wife comforted her, and promised to care for her settlement the first suitable opportunity. The parents gave their consent when it was too late to change."

This young man was afterwards settled in his village as catechist, where he labored diligently, and produced a very good impression. He was finally made over to the brethren at Krishnaghur, when the large number of newly baptized persons there, required a good supply of faithful teachers; and he has proved a useful man in that district ever since, his wife turning out extremely well likewise.

To Mr. Jowett he writes: "There is cause for encouragement as well as for humiliation. Our little flock of native Christians is more like a flock of Christ than ever it was before; and I have had the joy of seeing the Spirit at work lately, particularly among the young. A sudden death by cholera has made a powerful impression. Our moonlight visits also appear to be greatly blessed. A greater mutual attachment has been formed between the pastor and the flock. Their hearts are more open for spiritual conversation; and family devotion is encouraged and appreciated. Our English school increases every month. The Acts, the Epistle to the Romans, and Isaiah, have been read and explained to the first class during the last year; I have reason to believe, with great advantage to several lads. As the number of those who learn English increases, I have opened a weekly service for them on Monday evening. Christ our righteousness and strength is the great subject of my discourses, for the preaching of the cross alone can conquer their hearts. Remember we want a brother missionary: the work is too much for one.—Yours affectionately in Christ, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

So deeply did Mr. Weitbrecht feel this want, that he wrote urgent letters to Basle, entreating the Society there to take up a position in Bengal, and send missionaries direct to India. He accompanied his letters by a sum of money, and promise of support from the public in India if brethren came; and he wrote a stirring article, which was published in the Calcutta periodicals, to rouse up Christians in India. These efforts eventually issued in a Basle mission being formed; but it was located on the other side of India; it has been richly blessed, and has now, several flourishing stations attached to it.

During this year we find frequent entries in the journal, referring to the state of Mr. Weitbrecht's health, which was giving way, and weakening very much; yet there is enough recorded of his preachings and his labors, during this very period, to fill a volume. These records are of a deeply interesting character; but we can only copy a short paragraph here and there:

"On Easter-Sunday," he writes, "I was exceedingly refreshed and comforted at the table of my dear and ever-living Saviour. I was much in want of such a token of His grace, having been for some time weak and low in body and soul. I feel quite void of strength and energy. My mind, with its companion the heavy body, has lost its elasticity. I was very glad to welcome dear brother Haberlin on a visit to us; but he too is broken down, and my wife is very delicate."

A new affliction awaited him at this juncture. Another of his valuable native helpers was removed, and it was one of those who could least be spared. He writes: "My catechist James, at Bancoorah, is no more. On Easter-day, this dear brother was in full health, and attended divine service, which is held by the pious officers. The cholera was then raging violently in the neighborhood; and on Monday morning he was seized, and faded away as a leaf in the scorching blast. In the evening his spirit was with Jesus, and he saw his living Saviour face to face. The following morning, a pious European officer, who had visited him in his illness, read the service over his grave. What a mysterious providence, when men, who are wanted so much, are thus cut down in the flower of their age! But the Lord's ways are not as ours; and it is for us to 'be still,' and adore His wisdom under the darkest dispensations. James was the first-fruits of our Burdwan mission; three brothers, his aged father, and an uncle, followed him a few years after.*

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* See page 78.

All are still living, and walking worthy of their holy profession. He had been eighteen years in the fold of Christ, and four years alone at Bancoorah, where he superintended the schools diligently, and had nearly four hundred boys in beautiful order. I believe he has been a blessing to many, by his pious consistent conduct and faithful testimony of the grace of God. He was highly esteemed by all the natives at Bancoorah, which is a valuable testimony to his character; for native Christians are heartily despised by the heathen, if they show inconsistency in any way. I feel exceedingly depressed by this event, we have so few native helpers who can be thoroughly relied on, and who manifest a deep and heartfelt interest in their work."

The early removal of men of this class, is indeed one of the most trying circumstances in the experience of a missionary in India. Had it pleased the Lord to spare most of the excellent converts in the mission at Burdwan, to the usual length of men's lives in Europe, there is no calculating what the result might have been by this time. Certain it is, that a large and flourishing congregation would now have existed there, double or treble its present size; but "He giveth no account of any of His matters," and we must wait till the day shall reveal it. The Sunday after this sad event, Mr. Weitbrecht baptized another young convert, after divine service. The journal goes on to mention, that "during the last moonlight nights, my beloved M. and myself visited all the native Christian families, according to a plan we had formed; finding it impossible to go to them in the heat of the sun, or at any other period in the day. On a morning following one these visits, Koilas, a pupil in the English school, came and declared his faith in Jesus;" and he adds, "my services in Bengali, in the Bazaar chapel, are attended by many Hindus, as regularly as if they were members of a church congregation." Surely this is an encouraging sign.

The Committee at Calcutta also sent him a new catechist, Kali; but requested him to discontinue his labors at Bancoorah, as James was dead. "Perhaps," he adds, "it is a wise plan, but I can not relinquish without regret, a spot where I have labored so pleasantly for six years."

To a sister: "We have awful heat this season, but it has just been a little relieved by a tremendous hurricane, which has made much work for me to repair in our compound. The scene was fearful; the clouds were almost joined to the earth, and composed of dust as well as water. At three in the afternoon, we were enveloped in midnight darkness, and had to light candles; and then the wind, the lightning, and the thunder; oh! it made even the hardy to tremble.

"Your sweet wish, in your last, that we and our dear little Maria might be found hereafter in the Father's house above, is already realized for that dear child, who has hastened there before us; and, as a dear friend observed, 'although not first in grace, she is first in glory.' The affliction has been richly blessed to us and others. We have every reason to hope her Hindu nurse has become a true believer, and will meet her in heaven; and we feel more weaned from the world, and more intent on that blessed home.

"May you prosper and grow in grace, my beloved sister, and be in the constant enjoyment of those blessings which make a child of God happy!"

CHAPTER IX.

Baptism of Koilas—Loss of his Son—Bishop's Visit—Tours—Pfander's Arrival with his Brethren—Tour with Mr. Wybrow.

1837—1838.

On the 16th of May, Mr. Weitbrecht notes the arrival of Nodiachand, who was sent to his assistance by Mr. Williamson, the Baptist missionary of Beerbhoom, and who was placed, with his pious wife, at the head of the orphan girls' school. This couple proved most valuable and efficient in their sphere; and eventually, Nodiachand became head catechist, as death removed his elder brethren. He connected himself with the Church of England formally about three years subsequently, after conferring with Mr. Williamson, and with his full approval. On the 21st, another breach occurred. An interesting young married woman was suddenly called into eternity. "Her life was exemplary," he writes, "and evinced the character of a simple and pious Christian. She has made a glorious exchange. On the same day Koilas came and requested baptism. His friends had heard of his wishes, and threatened him; so he determined to take the decided step at once. He had long been halting between two opinions, and was, at length, brought home to Christ by reading a copy of 'Abbott's Young Christian,' which brother Haberlin had given him on his late visit.

He was at first advised to return home, and did so; but perceiving his friends were maturing plans for his removal, he returned again to us. The following morning, his uncle came with several men to carry him off by force; but on being earnestly remonstrated with, he returned. The father and grandfather then came, and appeared overwhelmed with grief; they looked upon the event as the greatest calamity which could have befallen their family. The old man said: 'We fed and clothed the boy, and got him instructed, that he might support us in our old age. I hoped to die in peace, and have the benefit of my funeral obsequies, (which are performed by the son or grandson.) Now all my prospects are blasted; the honor and holiness of our family are fading away; and we go to an ocean of misery!' A few days after, the father had an interview with Koilas; this was unsatisfactory to him; he returned to me and said he could not persuade his son to change his decision. He then instituted a suit in the court, and I was summoned to give up the lad. I answered he was quite free to go where he chose; upon which the suit fell to the ground. This prepared me to expect the father would apply for a writ of Habeas Corpus, to enable him to seize his son; and it distressed me much to think, that the poor lad would then have to make an atonement to an idol, to regain his caste, and would probably perish. We therefore determined, as he was well instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, to baptize him at once; so on the 9th of June, I received this dear young man into our flock, in the presence of several friends, and the native congregation. The same night we sent him, under cover of the darkness, to Culna, accompanied by two of our catechists; Mr. Alexander obtained a boat for him there, and he proceeded to Calcutta, where he is now safely lodged with brother Lincke. Another youth renounced Hinduism with Koilas; but he was seized and placed in confinement, and has not since been heard of. The event has caused a great sensation, and for the present, nearly emptied our school; but when the crisis is past, this will fill again. The Rajah sent for me and asked me how I could account for the youths in our school becoming so attached to our religion. I told him that the truth of it is so powerful that when impartially considered it will, it must conquer."

After this cheering and encouraging relation, we have now again to turn to the chamber of affliction and death. A spiritual child had been born; the power of God had been manifested in effecting that which, as Mr. Weitbrecht often remarked, was as wonderful as a resurrection from the dead. It was now required of him to yield another sacrifice to his Lord, and to resign the beloved, the "only son," who had, from the circumstances of his birth, proved so unspeakably precious a loan. The little tale of woe is related in a letter to his wife's mother:

"*June* 15.—Before we have received a line, expressive of your sympathy in our last bereavement, I have to communicate to you the sad intelligence of another. That sweet and beautiful boy, who was given us two days after Maria's departure, to console our drooping hearts, is now her companion in the bosom of Jesus, and we are left childless, for reasons which we, short-sighted mortals, can not comprehend. We rejoiced in the prospect of bringing up the darling child to the glory of God. My dearest M. has received a peculiar gift for this important work; but this privilege is, for the present, denied us. But our heavenly Father is too wise to err; His ways are perfect as well as His works; nor can I for a moment think the chastisement to be a sign of His displeasure; no, it is for merciful reasons, that we may be partakers of His holiness. We would, therefore, adore and praise Him, in the midst of affliction; and while frail nature is writhing under the stroke, and bitter tears are flowing, we enjoy a composure and peace which raises our souls above the momentary suffering, and affords us a sweet token of the presence of Jesus. Our sweet boy was, from his birth, a picture of health and beauty; we observed also with delight, with the growth of his exquisite frame, one of the most sweet and cheerful tempers, and rejoiced in the hope that he would grow up to become a devoted and zealous missionary, in answer to our daily and fervent prayers. These prayers *have* been answered, but in a way different from what we expected. His disease was croup, and as I witnessed his distressing struggles and his moans, my feelings of anguish were indescribable, and I could realize what the father of the faithful must have experienced, when he heard the command, 'Take now thy son, *thine only son Isaac*, whom thou lovest, and offer him up for a burnt sacrifice;' and when, in obedience to this mandate, the patriarch 'bound him, and laid the wood in order, and took the knife to slay his son.' We entreated the Lord to shorten his sufferings, and he helped us out of our distress. At midnight he calmly fell asleep, and the next evening the earthly tabernacle was committed to the same grave, where, seven months before, we deposited his sister. A lovely pair they will rise in glory, on the great day of the Saviour's triumph; then we shall see that these momentary afflictions work out for us an exceeding weight of glory. My dear wife is comforted, and was made quite willing to give up her babe; but during his short illness her soul was in deep waters, and all His waves and billows went over her. In our next you shall hear more. You will soon see our dear brother Haberlin, whose health has compelled him to leave India. He has been our frequent guest, is a beloved brother in the Lord, and can tell you much about us. Our kind friend, Dr. Cheek, has erected a little monument over the graves of our little ones. A marble slab is inserted, recording their names, etc., and the verse follows: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not long divided.'"

The severe heat of the season and this sad trial greatly affected Mr. Weitbrecht's health, and his friends began to be apprehensive for the consequences.

The following month he went to Bancoorah, chiefly for change; but while there he preached to the residents, and administered the sacraments. He had not given up the Bengali schools, as the pious officers took an interest in them, and he remarks in his journal, "they are carried on much better, than I at all ventured to expect;" but the English school was not doing so well. The latter institution, however, continues to the present day under the auspices of the residents, who have successively taken an interest in it, and supported and superintended it, independent of missionary aid.

He returned home refreshed, having also visited Mr. De Rodt in his solitary bungalow, and preached a good deal to the natives; but he writes: "I felt my bereavement afresh, as I entered the desolate and deserted nursery: yet the Lord is very gracious, and fills the empty space by His richest blessings. His smiling countenance is beheld through the cloud."

On going to preach in the bazaar shortly after, "I met," he relates in his journal, "our two magistrates, sitting before a hut, and investigating an awful case of murder. Three women had been found that morning in their cottage, in the midst of the town, with their heads nearly severed from their bodies. A Brahmun is suspected, as the perpetrator of this horrid deed. On proceeding, I beheld, to my horror, the mangled corpses in the field, exposed to the gaze of the multitude, and becoming the prey of vultures. I let the magistrates know this, and they sent people to remove and inter them. What a sensation such a shocking event would cause in Europe; how it would arouse the strongest emotions! but here it makes little impression, and raises little surprise or indignation. These are truly the 'dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty,' and murders occur continually in the towns of India, which are never brought to the notice of the authorities. Koilas would never eat the food, sent him by his friends after his baptism, believing that in all probability it was poisoned. When I have sometimes gone to visit condemned malefactors in the jail, before their execution, I have generally found them perfectly hardened, and entirely apathetic; quite unconscious of their awful crime, and unaffected by the dreadful doom that awaited them."

The journal of August contains an account of a visit from the bishop, who, with his usual earnest zeal, preached at Burdwan on the very day of his arrival. "The Bengali chapel," writes Mr. W., "was crammed full, and the bishop gave us a simple impressive little sermon, which I interpreted. The next day we had English service, and the following day was fixed on for the examination of the Bengali schools, but it poured with rain. Still the bishop came, with a number of questions which he had committed to paper. I put them into Bengali, and he asked them himself, to the surprise of every one. On Sunday he gave us a beautiful, edifying, and stirring sermon on the words, 'And I, when I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' I enjoyed the discourse very much. The hidden power inherent in the preaching of a crucified Saviour, which draws sinners' hearts, as he set it forth in his eloquent way, came home to my mind with striking force, and served to stimulate me anew in my missionary work. We want to be reminded of these old truths again and again. Twenty-five individuals partook of the Lord's Supper in our English chapel; 95 rupees were collected, which will be appropriated to building an orphan boys' school. On Monday, the bishop examined the English school to great disadvantage, as it is nearly emptied for the present, in consequence of the conversion of Koilas and Omochuran, who were the head boys in the first class. On Tuesday, he was with us again to examine the orphan girls' and infant schools; he seemed exceedingly gratified by the pleasing progress of the children, and applauded and encouraged Miss Jones very warmly. Two of the boys in the infant school answered all his questions in English very readily, which delighted him exceedingly.

"When the examination was over, five of the girls presented the bishop with a beautifully-wrought rug and sampler, with his name marked upon it. He preached again in the evening in the Bengali chapel; it was a very interesting and instructive service. Many natives, besides our flock, were present, and several Europeans. The place was very full. After service, the bishop, Mr. Bateman, and brother Greenwood, dined with us; having first gone round the premises, walked through the Christian village, schools, etc., which pleased him more than any thing he had seen; and at dinner he said, 'This has been one of the happiest days of my life.' On the following morning, he preached a beautiful sermon on being influenced by the Spirit. After service, nine of the native Christians were confirmed. I had never witnessed a confirmation before in the English church, and thought it very solemn. I had quite forgotten that the candidates did not understand English, and had not prepared for it; so I was obliged to translate the confirmation service impromptu, as the bishop proceeded with only the aid of my English prayer-book, and felt, at first, almost puzzled, but I soon got on with great readiness. The last morning of his stay, I was so worn out, that I had an attack resembling cholera. My wife, in her alarm, sent for the bishop's doctor, as well as for Cheek. Dr. Webb came first, as he was much nearer, and I was soon relieved by his active remedies. The dear bishop was most affectionately concerned, and came in the evening to see me, as he left the station, and expressed very warm sympathy. He embraced me in the German way on parting. The Rajah paid him a visit of ceremony in our house during his stay; and he behaved very kindly towards him, and returned the call, accompanied by Mr. Greenwood and myself."

During September, Mr. Weitbrecht again notices, in his journal, the crowded and attentive congregations he always had in his bazaar chapel, in the evenings. This was a regular place of worship, in the very centre of the native town, furnished with benches, and a raised platform by way of pulpit. It was so surrounded by native dwellings, that it was impossible to admit the air into it on any side: it was open to the street in front, but the crowd there was often so dense that carriages could scarcely pass. The heat arising from the state of the atmosphere, the large congregation of human beings, and the lighting of the place, was so intense, that he usually left it bathed in perspiration, and walked home two miles to avoid taking cold. There he arrived in a state of utter exhaustion, thus actually wearing out in the service of his blessed Lord, as every true-hearted missionary will rejoice to do. One evening this month, while on his way, he trod on a very large snake, which immediately raised its head and darted towards him, so that he had to run for his life. "The Lord," writes he, "literally fulfilled his promise, Mark 16: 'If ye tread on any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you.'"

His trials were still abundant; his wife had a severe and protracted illness, and he began to fear she must go to Europe, which the doctors had long urged. He writes: "Oh! may it please God to enable her to continue in India, at least three or four years longer." The idea of leaving his work, or parting from her, seemed a greater trial than his faith was then equal to; and he was graciously spared both. He felt deeply the little piety existing among the Europeans then at the station, and writes, "I think I never prayed for them so much before. Will the Lord not answer? I am sure He will, but we must wait His time. It is a serious hindrance to our work, and I told Mr. O. so faithfully, when he asked me why we were not more successful? I shall advise Mr. Greenwood, to have the weekly service changed to a meeting for edification at his own house and ours; then those who like may come, and perhaps receive a blessing." As he was now deprived of the presence of a brother missionary, the Committee in Calcutta sent him another master for the English school; and Mr. D'Rozario assisted him in his manifold duties, and also went out with him sometimes in his little tours. When on one of these together, they, one day, took up their quarters at the Moonsiff's (native judge) at Selimabad. He was an old pupil from the Burdwan English school, and a polite and very agreeable man. They saw his library, consisting of Scott's Bible, some volumes of sermons, Hume's History of England, Locke's Essays, and some smaller works. His conversation manifested that he read them, and that he was altogether well informed. He related having seen his mother conveyed to the river-side to die; and his remarks upon the superstition of the Hindus were just such as a Christian would have made. Mr. Weitbrecht read Isaiah 55, and explained it, with inward prayer that their kind host might be benefited by his guests, and concluded the evening with earnest prayer aloud, for the conversion of the Hindus.

We will proceed with a few more extracts from the journal of an excursion that followed. He first describes a scene that will interest many: "I saw this evening, the burning of a Brahmun widow's corpse. A priest went round the funeral pile with a lighted torch in his hand. He was probably her son. After some ceremonies, he ignited the wood at the head of the corpse, which was wound up in a red silk shawl. Clarified butter and incense were then thrown into the flame. A fancy boat was placed near the burning pile, ornamented with tinsel, representing the ferry over which Yama (Charon of the Greeks) conducts the souls of the deceased, across the river of Death to the shores of immortality."

A new mercy was also vouchsafed at this period. Another little daughter was given to Mr. Weitbrecht, and that mournful sadness, which had never been quite removed until now, gave way to the voice of joy and gladness. "The Lord's name be praised for this new mercy," he writes to his wife's family; "thank Him, dear friends, with us, and unite your prayers with ours that our babe may be spared, and that we may be blessed in our efforts, to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She has, long before her birth, been the subject of our supplications, and those of a few dear friends, who knew what may be expected of children who from their first existence are devoted to Him. M. says she can truly declare, that only for God's glory would she wish the dear child to live.

"M. and myself had a delightful and profitable conversation together, on the state of our souls, and our progress in holiness. Found much to humble ourselves for. We live in a dangerous atmosphere; there is a constant weight —climate, worldly people, idolaters, and our own wicked hearts to help on these causes, and incline us downwards, instead of upwards. It is a blessed thing to speak often with each other, on these all-important subjects. We find it so.

"The Rajah visited us, and bought a good deal of the girls' work. He was not quite pleased at some remarks I made about Christianity; but afterwards commended my meekness, in not answering him again in the same spirit, and allowed that we had the advantage of Hindus, in the spirit our religion teaches."

To a brother-in-law: "What you quote from the Memoir of Henry Venn is beautiful, and truly appropriate to our case. We have read that biography; and it afforded us the purest pleasure and much comfort. Often do I wish that we had such an eminent saint near us, to consult with, to copy from, and to find that edification in his society, of which we poor exiles in a heathen country are so much debarred. But these privations are among the bitter portions, which missionaries must be prepared for, and for which the Lord Jesus has engaged to indemnify them; and He does it. You little know, my dear brother, how difficult it is to keep up the tone of piety, when the outward help of pious ministers and Christian society is withdrawn. Yet, without deep spirituality and devotedness, what is a missionary, and how can he go on in his work with vigor?"

In October, Mr. Weitbrecht had the great delight of welcoming to his house at Burdwan, his beloved cousin Pfander, who had been partly instrumental, by his example and influence, in first leading his own mind to the contemplation of missionary work. This was a gratification his affectionate spirit had anticipated with fervent delight; and he had been much in correspondence with a benevolent and devoted friend in Central India, D. F. Macleod, Esq., respecting the establishment of a mission there, where he hoped his cousin might be located, and be joined by other brethren from Basle. Mr. Pfander had labored for ten years in Georgia and Armenia; and was then driven away with his brethren, by the Russian government. The providence of God did not open his way clearly to go to Central India; after considerable deliberation, the plan was abandoned; he became connected with the Church Missionary Society, and was finally settled at Agra, where he has been laboring ever since. He resided, for some time, at Burdwan, together with Mr. Kreiss, who had accompanied him, a most welcome guest in the mission-house. He employed himself, while there, in the preparation of a valuable controversial work for the use of learned Mussulmans, which has since been greatly blessed, in producing conviction and conversion, among that difficult and almost inaccessible body of men who tried dear Henry Martyn's patience so deeply. A few weeks later they were joined by Messrs. Hoernle and Schneider, who had also been their fellow-laborers in Persia; and all four were, in due time, located together at Agra, and remain at that post of labor to the present time. Central India was afterwards taken up by another band of German brethren, four in number, who were all carried off by cholera in one week; but Mr. Weitbrecht was permitted, before his death, to see every prospect of this sphere being brought into connection with the Church Missionary Society; and how his spirit exulted in God his Saviour, as he thus beheld one after another of the cherished plans and desires of his ardent spirit, accomplished in God's own time, by His overruling providence!

An extract from the journal of this date contains another of those pleasing little records, that tell of one of the humble and feeble Hindu believers, having finished his course with joy: "On the 6th of October, Anundo, the father of James, (see p. 78,) was attacked by cholera. We tried all possible means for him, but without success; he died in the evening, and the next morning I committed his remains to the tomb. I put several questions to him during his illness. 'I am a sinner,' said he, 'and I know it; but Christ died for sinners, and, through Him, I hope to be saved. I feel that God is about to take me to Himself.' He was a very simple, unsophisticated old man, but had lived and walked consistently; and what he knew of divine truth afforded him comfort in his hour of need, and he departed in hope of glory. On the 13th, our dear brother Wybrow arrived; so we have now the privilege of seeing two holy servants of God under our roof. The stormy weather prevented his leaving us as soon as he intended, so he preached here for two Sundays; and his hearers derived much benefit from his discourses. One of our orphan girls, who was a servant in the house, had her heart quite touched, and became afterwards a pious girl. Spending a day with Wybrow is an intellectual and spiritual feast. His expositions and prayers, at family worship, are sources of rich enjoyment to our poor thirsty souls. When he visits the Christians, he has a kind word and a smile for every one, especially for every child. As he walked through the village with M., one morning, he was overjoyed with the readiness of Peter's excellent wife, who took up his imperfect expressions, with her accustomed intelligence and quickness, and became the interpreter of all he desired to say. 'What a happiness,' said he, 'to hear a humble Bengali woman thus eloquent in the true faith!'"

We go on to quote from the journal: "On the 25th, after commending the mission family in prayer to God, this dear brother left, and I accompanied him for some days. The journey was made on horseback, and the afternoons were spent in preaching in the villages, near the encampment. On one occasion, when witnessing in a body of hearers a marked attention, he could not forbear any longer, and said: 'Dear brother, I must say a word to these people;' and, though in broken accents, he bore a faithful testimony to the truth of the Gospel; and, from that time forward, he spoke a word, to young people particularly, wherever an opportunity presented itself. On Sunday we had a sweet season together, in conversing on Heb. 10; and in prayer, remembering my beloved wife and our dear brethren, and our mission at Burdwan. It was a blessed day in the wilderness. One day two lovely boys came out of the wood; most interesting from their great simplicity; who at once found their way to our hearts, and we proposed to them to come to Burdwan for education. One had brought us his little kid as a present, the other a lota full of milk; their parents were nice, kind people, the head of their village; they came afterwards, and we took a walk with these children of nature, in their own woods, when the boys showed us, with pride and exultation, their humble cottage, saying: 'See, sir, the largest of these houses is ours.' One of them said: 'If we go with you, our friends, who love us very much, would be sorry and cry.' We found these people knew scarcely any thing of idolatry. Dear Wybrow told them of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and expressed his cordial desire that they might learn to worship Him. He wanted me to leave Thomas, and establish a school there. The next morning," he adds, "I parted from this beloved brother. We were surrounded with the sublimest scenery; the giant Mount Porsenath, with his three crowns, looked down upon us in majestic grandeur. While the tent was striking we went into the bush, and poured out our hearts, once more, before the Lord together. The moon shone brightly upon us, it being only four o'clock. The people warned us of tigers, but none were permitted to disturb our parting moments of brotherly communion."

On his return home, Mr. Weitbrecht visited the collieries, and there, as the poor miners ascended from their pits, he mounted a heap of coal as a pulpit, and addressed about two hundred of them, who gathered round him, speaking to them words of eternal life. It was Sunday, but these poor people had no rest, even on the Sabbath.* "What a responsibility," writes Mr. W., "rests upon their nominally Christian masters! Little girls of ten or twelve years old, were carrying loads of nearly eighty lbs.; and the poor women told me, that the coal dust had penetrated the pores of their skins, and they could not wash it off, so they were really and actually black in body; and oh! how polluted in soul!" He records another narrow escape he had of his life, as he proceeded onward. A sick sergeant hearing he was near, sent him an earnest entreaty to visit him; the messenger was accompanied by a horse, which he mounted, in ignorance of its vicious propensities. As he was riding along it threw him violently against the jagged stump of a tree; but God's gracious providence watched over him, and he fell a little on one side of the dangerous object, which must have killed him had he come in contact with it. He was much shaken and bruised, but continued preaching, wherever he met with hearers, till he reached home, where leeches and other remedies yielded him relief.

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* This has been changed since.

CHAPTER X.

Visits Krishnaghur—Describes the Movement there—K. M. Bannerjea —Weakened Health—Death of Mr. Greenwood—Trip to Benares.

1839—1840.

"*Jan.* 1, 1839.—How many seasons of spiritual refreshment have we enjoyed together in private, during the year now past, and how many blessed opportunities of proclaiming the Gospel among Christians and heathens! Much do I find that is humbling on my own side, but much more that calls me to exclaim, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' as I enter, in His name, on this my ninth year of labor."

A few incidents of a tour, he had begun in December, are mentioned in the letter, which follows, to his wife, who had accompanied him for a month, and then returned home with his little girl:

"I fear you will be uneasy at receiving no letters; but really in the jungles, there are great impediments to literary pursuits. After leaving you on the elephant, I made my way back to Purulia; and De Rodt and myself had a large congregation in the bazaar there. The next day I saw a Cole in court, swearing by the tiger's skin he held in his hand; you know the Hindus swear by Ganges' water. Mr. H. says that the truthfulness of these mountaineers is remarkable. Several of them had once given evidence in court; and on returning home, a tiger attacked them and devoured one. The others recollected that, in their terror, they had not spoken quite correctly on one point of their evidence; so they hastened back to correct their misstatement, believing this was the sole cause of their companion's misfortune. Major W. is very much attached to these people, and would liberally aid any missionary effort on their behalf. Your elephant is very polite, and makes salaam to me whenever I see him. I sometimes give him a loaf of bread, which he swallows at one mouthful. In the jungle, I beheld a remarkable sight, two tamarind trees literally covered with a species of large bats, called flying foxes. There must have been some thousands. They hang by their claws with their head downwards, so that they appear at first sight like a species of large fruit. Upon my making a noise, the whole army fluttered about, which presented a most extraordinary spectacle. The measure, from one extremity of the wing to the other, is five or six feet. The head and color resemble those of the fox. At four the villagers assembled; and one showed me a central place, where we had a profitable and encouraging opportunity of declaring the truth. Some of the people were intelligent, and asked very important questions; I trust the Lord will enlighten their minds to understand and receive the truth. In one spot we saw a bullock encampment. These animals had brought a supply of salt to the jungles, and were returning with mustard and linseed. They were two hundred in number, and were so placed that they formed a large triangle, in double rows, with their heads turned towards each other. This is the usual arrangement to protect them against the incursions of tigers; yet they are said sometimes to break in, and carry off one or two from these close-drawn lines. The goods are piled up in the centre, and the people cook their food and eat close to the heap.

We had very attentive hearers at the village near this encampment; and, on the whole, a delightful season among those who had never heard of the true God before. In my evening devotion I was richly blessed; had a deep insight into my peculiar sins and wretchedness, and could lie low before God, and ask earnestly for a new heart, and grace to live a more holy life. I do feel, most deeply, that I am not so spiritual as a missionary ought to be; and therefore not the missionary I wish and profess to be in my communication with the world. May the Lord help me to make progress in true godliness!

"At Shaldea I had a congregation of villagers, who were much surprised at my telling them, that God who created the world was their Father and Preserver; that they might, at once, address Him for all they needed, without the help of any lower deity; and that the secret of becoming good, pure, and holy, was to go to Him with a deep sense of our wretchedness. That the truth reached their hearts, in some degree, I may infer from the kind way in which they spoke of me. 'This is a good man; did ever a European gentleman sit down and thus converse with us?' said they to each other. Oh! that the Lord would send redemption out of Zion to these poor people! We stopped again at the place where you cooked us the nice fish with potatoes under the tree, and walked on from three in the morning. Every jungle flower gave out a fragrant smell, and every bird sung and appeared happy, after the refreshing shower of yesterday. My friends here are exceedingly kind, the change from a life in the jungles to one in their elegant house is very striking, and reminded me of Lacroix's remark, that a missionary must be wedded to nothing but his wife. I had only a white jacket with me, so I preached in that. I have had a happy Sabbath, a blessed day of rest. May the Lord grant you the same!"

On Mr. Weitbrecht's return home, he welcomed his esteemed brother Sandys, with Mrs. Sandys and their whole family, who came by earnest invitation, to spend a month at Burdwan; and hearing much of Mr. Deer's success in the Krishnaghur district, he proposed to Mr. Sandys to make a trip there with him, which they did. The particulars, with other matters, are related in a letter to Mr. Jowett, and in one to another friend, which may be given together:

"You will have heard the pleasing news of the conversions in the Krishnaghur district; which, according to our Society's arrangements, is a branch of this station, and I formerly visited it as such. I was present at the baptisms, with brother Sandys, Bannerjea, and Archdeacon Dealtry, who had to rough it as we did, in travelling from village to village, sleeping in huts, palanquins, etc. He was exceedingly kind, and afterwards went over to Burdwan and preached there. *My* chief companion was Bannerjea, whom I found very interesting. I preached very much among the villagers wherever I went; and thought the candidates, on the whole, sincere, though very ignorant. There has been a severe famine among them, which has softened their hearts; and the benevolence and kindness of Christian friends have so worked on them, that it seems to have led them to manifest a willingness to embrace the truth. I assisted in baptizing some five hundred individuals; and if these new congregations can be properly provided with teachers, they will, I hope, prosper, though we must expect that some will fall off again. The excursion was very interesting and useful to me, and I returned home satisfied and gratified, and rejoicing in the blessing vouchsafed to brother Deer. It can not be expected that people so little instructed in the Christian religion, could all have embraced Christianity from the purest motives; but I trust there is a number among them who love the truth, and care for their salvation. I have sent them all the assistance I can. Mr. D'Rozario is gone, and three of our native Christian teachers, such as can be best spared; I have let my chief catechist go also (a very pious man) for a few months, till others can be provided, as so much depends on their getting good teachers in the outset. Mr. Alexander has left Culna and gone to help Mr. Deer, and the Christians there will, by degrees, leave the place; some have already done so, and followed Mr. Alexander, so that station will be abandoned by the Church Missionary Society.

"Many of the baptized are from the poorer classes of Mohammedans, who were probably converts from Hinduism, when the Moslems ruled the land, and are not much attached to their faith; but I believe the larger proportion are Kurto Bhojahs, or worshippers of the Creator; a very remarkable sect, by whom the Lord appears to have prepared an entrance for the Gospel, among the inhabitants of Bengal. The two great pillars upon which the structure of Hinduism rests, the worship of idols and caste, are overthrown by them; they are on the increase everywhere. I have found them in many villages in the Burdwan district, and their leader, a very intelligent Brahmun, came one Sunday to attend divine service in our Bengali chapel, and appears well disposed towards Christianity. I hope he, with several others, may receive grace to believe in Jesus, and confess His name before the world. The same individual informed me, that the number of their adherents already amounts to upwards of two hundred thousand, in various districts in Bengal. They exist too in the Patna and Benares districts. They are most numerous along the banks of the Hoogly river; where a very devoted missionary, Mr. Forsyth, who was stationed at Chinsurah, preached the Gospel for some years very diligently, in the beginning of the present cen tury; and the Baptist missionary Chamberlain also itinerated there extensively in later years. The sect has probably sprung up in consequence of the light diffused by these two men, particularly the former. It derives its name from Khashbara, a village near Hoogly. The leader, at that place, is supposed to be endowed with divine qualities. Love and benevolence are an essential part of their system. They receive all classes and castes into their brotherhood; but have singular ideas respecting a divine incarnation, which they imagine is continued on earth.

"Our English school in the town of Burdwan, is in an interesting and prosperous state, and may eventually become the means of the conversion of many young Hindus. My convert Koilas is, at present, assisting in teaching. Some of the first classes visit him on Sundays, when he reads a chapter and explains the subject of it to them. He is a young man of talent, and anxious to become a native minister. At present he lives with us, and I teach him Greek and Hebrew, as we have no head seminary to which to send him. Mr. D'Rozario being now at Krishnaghur, among the new converts, the school is left without a suitable teacher, and to get one of moderate talents and piety here seems next to impossible. Could you not send us a few young men, suited for this branch of missionary work? We greatly need them; and if they possess a knowledge of geography, history, and the elements of mathematics, with a little practical experience in the management of a school, and are sincerely pious, they may become as useful in their sphere, as an ordained missionary.

"Our orphan girls' school is an interesting part of our mission, and has already answered the objects of its establishment. Several of the girls are truly converted; some of them have been married to good young men, and make nice, industrious wives. Some time ago, Mrs. Weitbrecht added an infant school, with a view to benefit the children of our native Christians. We have no suitable teacher for this either. If our friends could see the good effect it is producing, they would, I think, help us to one. Pray, my dear friend, do try for us."

The wants complained of in the above letter, as far as it relates to the English school at Burdwan, are still unsupplied. For the other, native teachers have long since been trained. It lay as a heavy weight upon Mr. Weitbrecht, till the day of his death; and after that sad event, it fell away to almost nothing; so that when his successor arrived, there were not more than twenty boys in it. How grievous it seems, that while the fields are white unto the harvest, in every department of labor in Bengal, the laborers are so few! We must still repeat the words of our blessed Lord in His day, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

The following interesting letter from Mr. Weitbrecht's companion in travel, the Rev. K. M. Bannerjea, was written some months later, but as it refers to the subject now before the reader, it may find a place here. It will be seen by it, that the bishop was then about to proceed to Krishnaghur, to administer the rite of confirmation to the newly-baptized converts. During the interval that had elapsed between February and October, letters had been written home, and had not conveyed quite a correct impression of the nature of the work at Krishnaghur, which had been spoken of as an outpouring of the Spirit, a modern Pentecost. It is extremely difficult, for an ardent-spirited laborer abroad to write, so as to give just the impression he means to produce upon the minds of the Christian public at home. What he details, in the warmth of his feelings, may not be understood as he intended, and subsequent experience may not bear him out in the expressions he has used in his first letters, when communicating the joyous intelligence of a great onward movement, in the right direction. It will be seen from the letters just perused, which were written several weeks after Mr. Weitbrecht's return from Krishnaghur, how sober and correct his views were; they always remained the same as he then expressed them; they were undoubtedly accurate, and admitted to be so by all who, in later periods, examined the results of the movement which then took place. He always regarded it as a subject for thankfulness and praise, that so many poor ignorant idolaters had been brought under Christian influence; though he could not conscientiously have adopted just the same course as his brother Deer had done, had he alone been the responsible party:

"*Oct.* 23, 1839.

"MY DEAR MR. WEITBRECHT: I fully enter into your feelings with regard to the bishop's visit to Krishnaghur, and long with you to be present at the confirmation of those, whom we baptized ourselves. The reports that have since been given of the converts have been discouraging, and while I hope the best, I can not help regretting that such glowing accounts were sent to England, and must regard them as premature; it is not wise to report and make much of missionary matters. I mourn over the spirit of *publishing*, which exists to a fearful extent. *We* had no time for full inquiries when we were at Krishnaghur, and the little inquiry we made, brought to light much that was painful to us, as well as much that was cheering.

"I feel very grateful for the affectionate regard which pervades your letter to me. At the very time you were expressing your sympathies towards me, the bishop was requesting the silent prayers of the congregation on my behalf. I deeply feel my unworthiness, and am amazed when I reflect on how I was born and brought up as a child of wrath, and a slave of sin and Satan, and was nevertheless called through the riches of divine grace, not only to believe on the Son of God, but to become a Priest in His Church. Can the Lord's hand be ever suspected by unbelief to be shortened, or His grace to be abated, when He could reclaim such a sinner as myself, from the grasp of Satan, and call me to be a minister in His holy service! Few circumstances have been more encouraging to me, in the prospect of India's regeneration, than the wonderful long-suffering and the incomprehensible kindness of God towards myself. I assure you I have been a great sinner; and were I to stand upon the ground of merit and self-righteousness, I should perish. But divine power and compassion can make the heart of the hardest sinner feel, and the most profligate idolater can be overcome by Him. Though, therefore, there be many and insurmountable difficulties in the way of the conversion of my heathen countrymen, to the eye of flesh, they vanish like smoke when we look through the glass of faith. If God can convert *one* sinner, He can convert a thousand; and we may, with this assurance, go on without fainting, using the best means in our power, and depending upon His blessing for the happy result. I felt much when the bishop and the presbytery laid their hands on me; and humbly hope prayer has not been offered in vain.

"My new church in Cornwallis Square has been consecrated, and I am preaching in it, and have about two hundred hearers. The first Sunday there were six hundred. May the seed sown bring forth fruit in every one of them, one hundred, sixty, and thirty-fold! As soon as I occupy the parsonage, I shall commence a course of lectures on the evidences of Christianity, in English, on some week-day; besides the Bengali services on Sundays. At least, this is my plan; but all is in dependence on God. May the Lord spare your little one, and may it grow in wisdom, in stature, and in grace! Children are precious charges to the Lord's people. How much we learn of our own natural depravity, by witnessing their little frettings, etc.! and how encouraging is the promise to those who try to train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! Our elder little girl has already learnt to kneel down before '*her Father in heaven*,' whom she calls God, and to whom she prays, in broken language, that 'her papa, and mamma, and herself, may be blessed.'

"Our friend Kali, who was with you, is become unsettled in his views since he came to Calcutta, and feels it difficult to continue in communion with our Church. I regret this; but feel persuaded he continues a true child of God.

"Accept our united kind regards for yourself and Mrs. Weitbrecht, and believe me your affectionate brother in Christ, K. M. BANNERJEA."*

During this year, Mr. Weitbrecht's health was very indifferent, and his trials in various ways severe. He had continued, at the earnest entreaty of the Rajah and his family, to visit him from time to time; and the monthly salary which had been paid him from the beginning was always regularly sent; but, under the pressure of various evil reports, he decided on requesting the Rajah to withhold this assistance, which had always been regarded and held sacred by him, as a trust to be used for the Lord. He therefore called at the palace and stated his desire to decline it from henceforth, and, as far as he could, he mentioned his reasons for so doing. But these were quite unintelligible to Prahn Babu; and he besought him most earnestly to allow them to continue to send the money. "You know," said he, "we regard you as our best friend, our Guroo, [spiritual teacher,] and we value your friendship and advice above that of all others. Your counsel has always been serviceable to us, and particularly of late, during many troubles that have occurred to us." Mr. Weitbrecht, however, continued firm in his determination, and respectfully adhered to it, promising to apply for their assistance, whenever he needed it for any particular purpose. He considered, that this course was pointed out to him by the providence of God, from the various aspersions to which he had become subject, and that He would provide help for His loved work in other ways; and though some may think he was mistaken, one can but admire his manly integrity and decision. His faith was never put to shame, for he was always abundantly supplied, by the liberality of Christian friends, with all the help needed to enable him to carry out his plans and endeavors for the benefit of the Hindus.

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* The writer of this letter was, before his conversion, a Koolin Brahmun, that is, a member of the highest order, of the highest caste of Hindus. He was baptized by Mr. (now Dr.) Duff in 1832.—*Editor.*

We find perpetual allusions in his journal to the enfeebled state of his health, and to an enlargement of the trachea of the throat, caused by continual speaking. He, however, details numerous facts of interest in his daily labors; though his spirits often suffered from the weakness of his body. "If it were not for the secret power of prayer," remarked he to a friend, "I could not keep up; but the sublime truths contained in Rev. 22 sustain me." These same truths sustained him to the end, and it was from the concluding verse but one in that chapter he preached his last sermon, the evening before he was received into his faithful Master's presence. On Easter-Sunday he baptized an intelligent youth of great promise, who was decoyed away by his friends a few weeks after; and Koilas was near sharing the same fate, but was rescued by the mighty power of God; though his mother and grandmother got him home and almost overcame him. Thus writes he: "The dearly-won fruits of our labors are allured by Satan; and those converts who are most hopeful, as to future usefulness, are drawn away. The foundations of the walls of Jerusalem must be laid in troublous times."

Many paragraphs in the journal refer to the visits he made to villages, where the people manifested a most earnest desire after Christianity, and had really, from his frequent sojourn and preaching among them, obtained a good measure of Christian knowledge; but as he could not conscientiously receive them, under the prospect of having to care for their temporal support, he never baptized them *en masse*, as he might have done, had his views been different; and again and again, he had to bear the pain of seeing them withdraw, when they appeared on the very threshold of the entrance into the fold of Christ's Church. How trying this was to his faith, none but a missionary who watches for souls can know. "I preached," writes he, "in the bazaar-chapel on the text, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' Oh! what a precious word for the weary worn-out missionary. It animated me to see the poor Hindus sitting around me, and listening as if they felt something of the drawing towards Christ. I came out bathed in perspiration, and longing most intensely for their conversion. Driving home in a conveyance, I was providentially preserved from death, by the light afforded me by an awful flash of lightning, which showed me that I was rushing against another conveyance, driving at full speed. The concussion would have been fearful. What is often an instrument of destruction was thus made to me one of preservation; and my wife was with me."

He writes to a brother in Germany:

(*Translation.*)—"The prospect of our Saviour's advent is a bright one for His suffering Church; and did I not often dwell upon it, I think I could scarcely stand against the trials of my arduous work. *He* leads His people on, and that safely, and sustains and guides them by His powerful arm. This, dear brother, we have both experienced, and can joyfully testify. It is the same kind arm on which His dear people have leaned from the beginning, and it encompasses us in our severest trials. Mine have been many; but our dross must be consumed, and our tin thoroughly purged away, that we may become partakers of His holiness. While enduring the process, our tears will often flow, and our hearts will sometimes nearly burst. We see so little but misery around us, and feel so little but sin within us; and sometimes it would seem as if all must be delivered over to the burning; but it is not so. An eye bedimmed with the waters of sorrow can not distinguish clearly; but when we wipe them away, behold, the Lord is near us in the flame, watching the refining process, and purifying the sons of Levi. He is a faithful, tender friend, a brother born for adversity; and He has experienced it Himself. He heats the furnace as we can bear it; but He does not suffer it to cool till He sees it has done its work. Truly says the prophet, 'Thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel! the Saviour.' The suffering Church is the most lovely object we can contemplate. It is composed of loving and loved believers, united in one conflict, having to pass through the same valley of tears, and preparing together for joining the one conquering host that forms the Church triumphant. What grand and glorious scenes will open to us then, when the last battle has been fought, the last victory won!

Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share:
We shall see the welcome day—
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away:
Now prepare, and take us now."

He received, during May of this year, the affecting tidings of the removal of his beloved friend and former tutor, Dr. Blumhardt, at Basle, with whom he had always kept up an intimate and brotherly correspondence. "May my death resemble that of this dear man of God," he writes in his journal, "and may I be as faithful as he was to the end! The conflict was very severe before nature finally gave way, and his prayers to the Lord strong and urgent, for his pains were excessive. He took a most affecting leave of his wife and the only child that had been spared to him out of six. The brethren then sung a beautiful hymn around his bed, commending his departing spirit to the Saviour, and he fell asleep in the midst of his adopted children, whom he had loved as a tender father. It is impossible to calculate his loss, but the Lord liveth. For twenty-two years he labored in Basle, and trained more than one hundred and fifty missionaries for their difficult career. There are few who have prayed more earnestly or labored more successfully. His soul lived and moved in the element of love to God and man; and though of a delicate bodily constitution, he labored night and day. The income of the Basle Society has increased much under his management, from a few thousands to 70,000 or 80,000 Swiss francs, annually. 'From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'

"My brother Charles has been obliged to resign his post as tutor at Basle, on account of his health."

In September, Mr. Weitbrecht's heart was made glad by the birth of a little son; but the season was so sickly, that he had to give up his time almost wholly to attending patients, and could go out to preach but little. Mr. Greenwood was obliged to leave his post, being seriously ill; the congregation suffered; his wife and children likewise; and the indisposition of Mrs. Weitbrecht became so decided that it was necessary for her husband to convey her to Calcutta, where the doctor insisted on both of them proceeding to Europe forthwith, and selected a cabin for them in a ship about to sail. Even Mr. Wybrow urged this step in the most brotherly way, on observing her apparently critical state. Never did Mr. Weitbrecht's Christian devotedness and manliness of character appear more beautiful than in this trying emergency. He calmly but decidedly told his medical friend that he could not see it his duty, thus hastily to quit his station; that he believed God would bless a change in India itself, to the restoration of his wife's health; and that they might thus both be enabled to remain for a season longer. The doctor reluctantly agreed to this after watching the patient some days; and, as the season of the year was favorable, a trip to Benares was determined on. "Often do I pray," writes he to his wife's brother, "that the Lord will not permit us to leave this unhappy country, before the seed we have sown spring up in greater abundance than hitherto; though, if He direct us by *circumstances* to return to our beloved *home*, believe me, we shall not be backward in following His direction. Often when I come home from preaching, wet with perspiration, I feel so tired, literally so *worn* out, that I am fit for nothing, and may, without impropriety, say, 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' When you describe the pleasure and comfort you derived from your four weeks' visit to, and repose in the bosom of the dear home circle, we felt that such a privilege, were it only once a year, would be sweet to us too. Yes, my brother, though a missionary, being engaged in the most sacred cause, is watered himself while he is watering others, yet he feels keenly the want of sympathizing *Christian* friends, who can enter into his peculiar trials. With the exception of a few truly pious persons, who do not always cross our path, people are more disposed to depreciate our efforts, and to find out the defects of our converts, than to encourage us, by acknowledging the value of our labors; and it is ridiculous to hear worldly people, who never took the trouble to convince themselves of the contrary, by their own observations, and who, in fact, know nothing of true conversion themselves, affirm that there is not one real convert in Bengal."

While Mr. Weitbrecht was at Calcutta, he attended the funeral of Mr. Greenwood, and heard the Archdeacon preach a solemn sermon on the occasion, on the words, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" The Rajah of Burdwan behaved most kindly to the widow; indeed his conduct would have done honor to any Christian nobleman. He at once engaged her brother as his tutor, on condition that half the salary should go to support her and her family. The brother left India a few years afterwards, but the salary was continued; and Mrs. Greenwood enjoys it to the present day, though she has long since removed from Burdwan."*

On the 1st of December the party left Calcutta, accompanied, for a few days, by their sympathizing brother Wybrow, and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Lincke took charge of the mission at Burdwan, and every arrangement was made for a six months' absence. A few notes of the journey may be copied from the journal:

"On the 10th, we reached Berhampore. Brother Lessel and his wife, of the London Missionary Society, were all love and kindness; and 'laded us with such things as were necessary.' At the adjoining city of Moorshedabad, we visited the splendid palace of the Nawab. The central hall with the cupola is magnificent. The Nawab holds his Durbar in it; and it is furnished with divans and elegant Persian carpets. His silver chair stands in the centre, supported on the pedestal by four lions of silver. Every room is adorned with splendid pictures; that of Napoleon's Death is one of the best. The Battles of Waterloo, Essling, Wagram, are fine; Poniatowsky's Death also. The pictures of Lord Moira and William IV., in full length, look very grand. The bright sun of this climate enables one to view this magnificent structure to perfection. I have never seen a more splendid palace in any country; and its imposing situation on the river bank adds to the impression it makes.*

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* Mrs. Greeenwood died a few months since. The Rajah put on mourning, and continues to allow 50 Rs. a month to her youngest daughter, who is still unmarried.

"We read together Schwartz's Life, by Pearson, and dear Henry Martyn's Journal, lent us by Boswell. His heavenly-minded effusions always do my heart good, but Schwartz's cheerful spirit is what we need in this depressing climate.

"We reached Rajmehal, and admired the beautiful country; visited the celebrated ruins of various fine buildings, erected by the son of Shah Akbhar. One room is constructed of white, another of black marble. As we proceeded, the hill scenery was most lively and romantic. We landed under a rocky headland, and walked on shore gathering wild flowers. The view at Peerpointee was charming, but the navigation was difficult, on account of the shallows, and rapid streams of the river. On a hill in the midst of a wood, we saw a Hindu temple, with a spire like a Christian church. The rocks of Colgong, each about fifty feet high, and rising in abrupt masses, looked, in the distance, as if they would dispute the passage of the river with us. We went on shore, and walked up to a house on the top of the hill. The view was Swiss-like; higher hills than those near us reared up their heads towards the south; but the winding river, flowing majestically along in two branches, is a sight not beheld even in that romantic land.

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* The architect of this structure was Major-General Macleod, of the Bengal Engineers.—*Editor.*

"We came to Bhagulpore on Christmas-day, and found a brother missionary there, Mr. Leslie of Monghir, who had been performing divine service at the Judge's house; it was concluded just as we reached. I had not seen him before, and, at first, he was somewhat reserved, but in a few minutes he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'I see you are a brother, and no stiff Churchman.' He left, and we promised to visit him as we passed his station. In the evening, every individual in this large station assembled to a second service, and we enjoyed a delightful season, finding several pious people.

"On returning to our boat, we found it literally crammed with provisions sent by our kind friends; a live sheep, ready for the slaughter, and one already slain; a milch goat, poultry, honey, butter, vegetables, fruit, flowers; we could not step for the abundance. We divided the things with our fellow-travellers. They have, indeed, 'used hospitality to us without grudging.' We promised to give them a Sabbath on our return. They are most desirous to obtain a missionary, and would pay his salary in full and give him a house. A devoted man of God, Mr. Christian,* was stationed here some years ago; but travelling in the hills too early, he, his wife, his children, his catechist, and seven servants, all fell a prey to the hill-fever, and lie together in the little burial ground. We saw an affecting and humiliating sight the day after leaving Bhagulpore; the skeleton of a Hindu, in perfect preservation, lying on the banks; the tendons still connecting every bone, even to the toes and fingers, and a perfect set of teeth in the jaw. 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him!' said David. Yea what, thought I, as I beheld this forsaken tenement, when the immortal spirit has left it! Yet is man destined to outlive the world on which we move. We reached Monghir on Sunday, and had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Leslie preach. There is no other place of worship but his chapel at the station, and no minister but himself.* He had a fine congregation. It is an invalid station, and he has been very useful among them; but he is a diligent itinerating missionary. Our Baptist brethren set us an example in this respect. On Monday, we visited Sita Coon, a hot spring very celebrated in Hindu mythology. It is some eighteen feet square. It issues from rocky ground, and bubbles out in such abundance, that it forms a rivulet which might turn a mill. The water is near boiling heat, but possesses no mineral qualities. It is frequently exported, and is said to keep for years. There are two idol temples attached to the spot, and a number of Brahmuns who perform worship. It is a place of resort for pilgrims; and about fifty Brahmun families are supported by the offerings they make. They asked us for a present, which we of course declined to give. Figures of Ram, Sita, Luckshee, and Honyman, each about a foot high, were placed in one of the temples. The legend is, that Sita, the wife of Ram, once bathed here; and, on her leaving the pool, it was found to be hot, and has remained so ever since. The volcanic appearance of the ground shows that there must be a wonderful apparatus below, which keeps this mass of water continually boiling. We afterwards ascended a lovely hill, and enjoyed one of the most perfect prospects I ever beheld. The Ganges was winding along through the vast plain, towards the north and west. Detached hills appeared in the south-east, and smaller ones, mingled with abrupt masses of rock, between these and our own position. A few villages were scattered at irregular distances, surrounded by green fields full of wheat and barley, with beautiful groves of palm and mango trees interspersed among them. In the distant south, a chain of hills stretched towards Beerbhoom. The cattle were slowly wending their way home towards the villages in large herds; and the curling smoke arose from the roof of the thatched cottages. All was illuminated by the bright rays of the evening sun. After feasting our eyes and our hearts with this view of God's works in creation, we entered a house, and sung some hymns in a dome which reverberates very remarkably. This house upon the rock was split in the earthquake of 1833. (See p. 119.) Thus we saw that an earthly house may be torn by the convulsions of nature, even though founded on a rock; but those who build their spiritual house by faith upon Jesus, the Rock of Ages, shall never be moved. May I abide in Him to the end!"

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* Connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, by which an attempt had been made to found a mission at Bhagulpore, at the instance of Bishop Heber.

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* There is now an East-India Company's Chaplain appointed for the Europeans at Monghir and Bhagulpore.

CHAPTER XI.

Benares—Return Home—Mr. Wybrow goes to Gorruckpore—Death of his Sister—Tour to Maldah—Death of Wybrow—Close of the Year—Another Itineracy—Bishop's Visit—Embarks for Europe—Arrival.

1840—1842.

"*Jan* 1.—Our present position, on this first day of this year, reminds us forcibly, that we are strangers and pilgrims on earth, as all our fathers were. We are travelling in a boat upon a mighty river in a heathen land; that river is hastening to the ocean, and so are we towards that of eternity. May our journey through life, as missionaries, resemble this river in another respect! It is the main cause of the great fertility of the plains of Bengal. May our souls be so abundantly watered by the river of life during this year, that we may be made the medium of communicating refreshing streams to the poor Hindus!

"6*th*.—We reached Patna, and walked through the town to Mr. Start's house, but did not find him at home. One of his missionaries was, however, very kind to us, and supplied all our wants. The natives here are very dirty in appearance and habits, and much less prepossessing in every respect than Bengalis. At Dinapore we met several old friends, Colonel P., and the dear pious brother Captain B.; how delighted he was to see us! A few friends were invited, and we passed the evening in profitable conversation and singing. There is no chaplain here, so I promised to stop on our return, and give them a Sabbath.* At Chupra, a dear friend, the Judge, took us to his house. We had Sunday service, and I baptized his babe. In the evening, I held service with an indigo planter's family, who lived on the river side near our boat. It was a long time since they had heard a sermon or a prayer. The last Sunday in our boat was a very blessed one to dear Mrs. L. We took her under our protection at Chinsurah, at the request of her friends; but believing her to be a gay person, we feared her society would be no enjoyment to us. The Lord has graciously ordered it otherwise. She was impressed by a conversation I held with her, the very first Sabbath of our journey at Cutwa; she has been getting increasingly attached to us ever since, and has been a real comfort to us. Our evenings together have been sweet and profitable; and she looks forward to parting with us with sorrow. It is evident she has received a blessing for her soul. Our journey is happily finished; Benares is in sight, and we shall soon be with dear brethren! If this is joy, what will that be when life's journey is finished, and the New Jerusalem is in sight; and when angels will stand ready to convey us as faithful servants into the congregation of perfected saints!"

The journal goes on to describe "Benares, as a place wholly given to idolatry; containing one thousand Shiva temples, and two hundred Mohammedan mosques, one of which was built upon the ruins of a splendid Shiva temple, by one of the Mohammedan conquerors. The massive walls are partly standing, and are seen under the more simple modern structure, which the conqueror's pride raised upon them. We visited the most famous of these temples, which are built of stone, and claim admiration for their exquisite workmanship in sculpture.

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* Mr. Weitbrecht did not meet with a single chaplain on this long trip; a speaking fact, showing the inadequacy of the supply to the needs of Europeans in India. Their number has, however, been a little increased since.

" We ascended one of the minarets, built by Aurungzeb; a splendid monument of the Mohammedan dominion; from whence we had a fine view of the city and its narrow streets. The houses are four and six stories high; a conveyance can hardly pass through the tortuous avenues; nor do the sun's rays penetrate in many places. The Church Missionary Society has four preaching chapels in this vast city; and the brethren preach twice a week in each. Two native catechists assist them.* The Boys' Orphan Institution interested us much. One day Leupolt took me to preach in a part of the city inhabited by Bengalis; and another day we visited Sonaat, and saw the ruins of one of the ancient temples which existed when Budhism prevailed in India. There were numbers of stone images lying about. I removed the heads of two of the most perfect specimens, which I will take home with me. We saw a new temple, the marble sculpture of which, and the ceiling, painted in lively colors, are exquisitely beautiful."

Mr. Weitbrecht wrote to a sister, on his way home: "The missionaries at Benares have an interesting but arduous field of labor. They are a very united band of brethren, and it is no small enjoyment to spend a season among them, as we have done. They are of three different societies, but are on intimate terms together, and 'they honored us with many honors;' indeed, the kindness and love they, one and all, showed us was overpowering. This has been the case wherever we have come to Christian friends on this trip. I hope you have seen my dear sister in London. She is gone to an unhealthy climate, Sierra Leone; but I trust the Lord may spare her to labor for some years."

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* This mission has much increased since.

The journal of this date notices the immense swell produced in the river by about twenty thousand Hindus rushing into it at once on a given signal, upon the occasion of an eclipse of the moon; it also gives the particulars of a visit he paid to a party of German missionaries at Hadjepore, who had been brought out to India by a very devoted Christian, Mr. Start. Twenty were residing together under one roof, engaged in learning the language. The three female missionaries prepared the food, and waited on all. These brethren were afterwards stationed in different localities. It then records a visit to Krishnaghur, and the brethren who had been recently appointed to take charge of the numerous converts there, Messrs Blumhardt, Lipp, and Krauss. Mr. Weitbrecht assisted them by his advice respecting their locations. They reached Burdwan on the 1st April, when he prays the Lord to bless their coming in, as He had done their going out, from this time forth and for evermore. He had rested from much speaking on this trip, and his throat was now stronger, so that he could engage again with fresh ardor in his work; and his journal manifests that he was not backward to do so. All through the broiling heat of May, he was toiling about in Bengali villages, among people who manifested much interest in religion. His hopes rose and fell alternately. "I visited some families in their cottages," he writes, "and sat down with them, and endeavored to show them what happy families they would be, if, instead of continuing blind idolaters, they would but turn to the true God, and address Him as their heavenly Father. They heard with silence and attention." Again, in another entry: "Received a letter written by seven respectable Hindus, who desire Christian instruction. Two hundred individuals are, they say, ready to be instructed. I sent off two catechists to the spot, to inquire into the movement. Oh! that it may be real!" Alas! it was not. "I preached a missionary sermon in our English chapel, on the words, 'The Lord has made bare his holy arm,' etc. When will the happy time come for this nation? I have preached incessantly all this month, and I had a meeting with Lincke at Pentecost. We prayed earnestly together for the outpouring of the Spirit. We usually unite every Saturday evening, and pour out our hearts in German. I find these sometimes blessed seasons. In meditating on the words, 'Ye are come to Mount Zion,' etc., Heb. 12 : 22, 23, 24, I thought, why may not a child of God live half in heaven even now, if he do but recollect in what a close connection he stands to Jesus, and the happy inhabitants of that blessed place?"

The removal of his beloved brother Wybrow from Bengal, in July, affected him deeply; and, in August, he wrote to Mr. Coates thus: "The dear Wybrows left Calcutta on the 12th of June to labor at Gorruckpore. This removal is a source of deep regret to all who are acquainted with the wants of our mission in Calcutta. Mr. Wybrow was able to preach in the Bengali language, with much readiness and acceptance; and as that department of missionary labor has, *for years*, been left unoccupied in Calcutta, as far as *our Society* is concerned, though the Dissenters have several popular and excellent preachers in their heathen chapels, nothing could have been better, in the present state of the native mind, than that one so well fitted should have remained to occupy that sphere. In Gorruckpore he will have to acquire another language.

"Besides this, his English ministry was greatly blessed in Calcutta; and this he exercised without interfering with his regular missionary labors, from the uncommon gifts bestowed on him, and the great facility with which he could exercise his talent.

"If, however, matters could not be arranged for Mr. Wybrow to be placed again in Calcutta, he would be the very man for Burdwan, a sphere which I *alone* am quite unequal to. Besides this, my constitution is affected, and I fear I must return home a year or two hence. Most cordially therefore do I join in the hope expressed in this month's 'Calcutta Christian Intelligencer,' that this removal is but a temporary one."

The preceding letters show clearly the great scarcity of laborers in India, and this was a subject that was now causing Mr. Weitbrecht peculiar anxiety; for though he had derived some temporary benefit from his trip, his constitution was, as he observes, "really affected," and neither his own nor his wife's health allowed them to contemplate more than another year or two of labor. "I feel," he writes, "as if my lungs and chest were becoming weaker every year," and Mr. Lincke was any thing but strong. It was a painful prospect, after all his labors, and all his efforts in "building up a little Zion," to contemplate leaving his sphere, and his people unprovided for, but he was at last compelled to do this; and as he feared, Mr. Lincke soon after had to follow him, and the Christian flock actually remained "as sheep without a shepherd," for a considerable period.

How he sustained his spirit under these trials we learn from his journal, where he says, "Being overwhelmed with anxieties, I opened my treasury, and read, 'The Lord went before the children of Israel by day in a pillar of cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire.' This comforted me. Didst Thou, O Jehovah! afford Thy protecting presence to those, who so often rebelled against Thee? Then wilt thou surely be with Thy people now, who have been washed in the Red Sea of Thy blood."

"Hitherto missionary societies have too much dealt with India and other places, as on an equal footing. Ten missionaries are sent to New-Zealand and to Africa, and ten to Bengal. In one case the country has thousands, and in the other *hundreds of thousands* of inhabitants. All the inhabitants of the West-India Islands and of the South-Sea Islands could be received into Bengal to-morrow, and the population would not be augmented one fifteenth, and the supply of food would be superabundant still. In one *single* district in Bengal—Burdwan for instance—there is a larger population, than in all the West-India and South-Sea Islands taken together. Such is one province of Bengal, and Bengal is but one province of India. Yet missionaries are sent out by twos and threes; and rich men subscribe to great missionary societies their cold formal fee of one guinea." *

To this startling paragraph may just be added, that if we can imagine what London would be, and how its inhabitants would prosper spiritually, if they were all under the care of *one* solitary evangelist, we may understand what Burdwan *is*, similarly situated. The number of inhabitants is about the same in each place.

The Church has not yet risen, *en masse*, with all its mighty resources of faith, prayer, piety, property, and influence; it has not yet taken the field in good earnest; it still resembles an army under review; there is much of the show and noise of military movement, but the tug of war is not come; the shock of battle is not felt, consequently the trophies of victory are not seen.† There is no intelligent perception, no deep conviction, and no frank acknowledgment from all its members, that it is its own business to convert the world; and there is wanting a sense of individual obligation, following each professing Christian through his whole life. The Church is a collection of individuals. God gave each one to Jesus individually, and He gave Jesus as the individual Saviour to each; therefore every Christian ought to feel as if the conversion of the world depended upon him, upon his faith, his prayers, his self-devotedness; for so it does in a measure. All Christians allow, that the world needs to be evangelized, and should be evangelized; but how few ask themselves: "Is it my duty to go forth on this holy errand?" When the Church really rises from the dust, and puts on its beautiful garments, its activity will no longer depend on the excitement of public meetings and eloquent speeches, or even on the picturesque and touching records of missionary life. The flow of zeal, to be thoroughly effective, must resemble the mighty, regular, and silent course of the river to which Mr. Weitbrecht so often alludes. Oh! that all bearing the name of that Saviour "who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven," might be led to make this subject matter of private meditation, of solemn conference with themselves, of solitary musings in their holiest hours; and oh! that all might be led to more earnest wrestlings with the Lord and Giver of life, for the Holy Spirit, whose influence alone can convert the world, to descend upon us! He will not come unless He is entreated for. We must, as the missionary Rhenius said, who numbered his converts by thousands, "Believe—pray—labor—pray again—and praise."

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* Letter of Mr. Wylie, Esq., Secretary Calcutta Bible Society, to British and Foreign Bible Society.

† See London City Mission Magazine for May, 1853, page 90.

After another severe trial of faith, it pleased God again to show that his presence was still amongst His people at Burdwan. A girl, who was servant in Mr. Weitbrecht's house, and who had been savingly impressed by Mr.

Wybrow's preaching, expressed her desire for baptism, and was admitted into the little flock, to which she proved a true and real addition, during the few years her life was spared.

He also records a visit he made to the Rajah, who placed him beside him, and then gave audience to a number of Brahmuns, who came in to bestow their blessing upon His Highness, by holding flowers to his forehead and repeating a few words in Sanscrit. This led to an interesting conversation; and he says: "May the Lord give me wisdom and boldness, to speak a word in season to this amiable young man! I often pray for his conversion. Were he, even formally, to renounce idolatry, and withdraw his support from it, it would have much influence in hastening its downfall in this district, and in all Bengal." "Koilas has just told me of an interesting scene that took place the other day in Calcutta. Bannerjea invited all his converted brethren to dine with him, and forty well-educated young men, mostly of the Brahmun and Kashto castes, sat together around his table, which was headed by his nice, intelligent young wife! What a cheering scene in a heathen land!"

The afflicting news of his dear sister's death reached him this month. She had been but a few months in Sierra Leone when she was removed. Her lovely character had already made an impression; and, after her death, a little negro boy was one day found sitting on her grave weeping, who said his "heart was sad, because his friend was gone, who used to talk to him about Jesus, and to pray with him to the good God." "The unexpected news," he writes, "reminds me most forcibly of the change that may soon take place with me. May I ever stand ready to meet the Bridegroom, and to respond when He says, 'Come up hither!'" Thus was he continually taught those precious lessons in the shade, which none can learn in the sunshine;

and thus did he learn to walk lowlily before God, as well as gracefully before men.

By an arrangement of the pious judge of Beerbhoom, it was rendered practicable for Mr. Weitbrecht to visit that station at stated periods, from this time forward. In October, he proceeded there in unusually depressed health; and after a sojourn of some days, he went forward to Bhagulpore, where he had been invited to perform special ministerial duties. He then crossed over to Maldah on a similar errand, and returned home by way of Krishnaghur and Calcutta. This long and circuitous mission-tour occupied him to the end of the year. A few incidents chiefly referring to his return from it follow, extracted from letters:

"On my journey down the river, I went on shore at the spot where we saw the poor Hindu casting his father's corpse into the Ganges, and copied the epitaph from the little tomb we noticed there. Here are the beautiful lines. What a contrast they exhibit to the reply of that poor fellow, when we asked him about his hopes for eternity!

"Dear little babe, thy spirit fled,
  Thy tender frame lies here,
And o'er thy loved remains we shed
  The bitter, bitter tear.
But faith within the Saviour's arms
  Views thee removed from pain;
And faith the sting of death disarms,
  And says, We'll meet again,
When we, through Christ, shall be like thee,
Heirs of a blest eternity."

"What a delightful effusion of faith in Jesus to find on the shores of the deified Ganges!

"After leaving Maldah, I went on an elephant to the ruins of Gour, the old capital of Bengal. The rampart, of from eight to ten miles in circumference, is still to be seen, and one immense gate, and old mosques, old tombs, and splendid remains of fine buildings; but the place is a horrid desert, with wild jungle reeds and rushes, reminding one of Keith's description of Babylon, according to the prophecy of Isaiah. The dragons mentioned there are undoubtedly alligators, which can be seen at Gour; the satyrs dancing, a large kind of monkeys, which are here found likewise; the ochim and ziim, flying foxes, (a kind of bat,) with which these ruins are swarming; besides a most remarkable variety of water-birds, such as I have never seen before. Though the place is on a plain, consisting of arable ground, there is not one dwelling to be seen; and though the people come from a distance to catch fish, birds, etc., and to cut reeds, it is a complete desolation.*

"On reaching Krishnagur, I found all the missionaries at the station, and I proposed to them to have a weekly prayer-meeting together, so we began at once. I shall go out with the brethren into the villages and preach as much as I can, for it is right to embrace the opportunity of usefulness, when instruction is so much wanted, and it may be a great blessing to the poor people. The Christians are sadly persecuted; one was lately murdered by a Zemindar. The brethren are greatly comforted that I can go with them to the villages; they have asked my advice on many points, and are, one and all, most willing to receive a word in season from an elder brother.

"As I preached in the villages, morning, noon, and night, and beheld the willingness of the converts to listen, I longed to see able, pious, and devoted teachers among them; but no mission-houses can be ready before another year. Yesterday, we measured out the ground for Lipp's house. There are mud-walled bungalows ready, which they intend to inhabit, as constantly as they can, till the dwellings are done. Poor fellows! it is all up-hill work to them, with the language; building, arranging, commencing schools, etc.; but they are in earnest, and they will do well.

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* For a more minute description of these ruins, see further on.

"I am once more on the water, sailing towards Calcutta. Before leaving Krishnaghur, I had another prayer-meeting with the brethren; six German missionaries praying with each other in German. It brought home to our recollection, the blessings enjoyed with beloved friends in olden days. Another dear brother is gone, Mr. Piffard. It is a very serious loss, as he was a thorough missionary, and supported himself and helped all his brethren. I long to be with you again, more than ever I have yet done, and trust to reach home so as to preach on Christmas-day. Mrs. Wilson has begged me to stop at Agurparah and preach to her girls.

"My dear cousin Pfander accompanied me part of the way towards home.* We recapitulated to each other the wonderful dealings of God towards us, during our missionary life. He is about to leave Bengal, and I bid him adieu at Agurparah, perhaps for ever." "When I reached Burdwan," adds the journal, "I found my beloved wife and family all well; and we united in praising the Lord."

A paragraph from the journal will close the year: "Last Sunday I preached on death, from the words, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,' etc. The following morning, I heard of the departure of my beloved brother Wybrow. I had unconsciously preached his funeral sermon. He was called to his reward on the 19th. Oh! what a loss to the Church in India! What a mysterious dispensation! He was attacked by fever while in the Christian village, in the jungles near Gorruckpore. How I tried to prevent his going to that unhealthy station, with a constitution already impaired! I had a presentiment of what would befall him there; alas! how soon to be realized. He was not the man for the place, but our times are in God's hand. Truly the lot is fallen to thee in pleasant places, for thou wast ripe for the heavenly glory. Soon we shall meet thee before the throne of that Saviour thou didst so much resemble in His divine love. What a meeting must it have been, the soul of such a believer disenshrined from the body of clay, and receiving from the Redeemer's hand the crown of glory that fadeth not away! He was indeed a very dear brother to us, and our affection for each other was mutually strong; but we are all near to the grave, and 'a little while' will unite us again for ever!

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* Mr. Pfander, not having received any encouragement from the Basle Society to begin a mission in Central India, had, as was before stated, wisely declined entering on a new sphere unsupported by a public body; he had therefore connected himself with the Church Missionary Society, and was now proceeding to Agra. His sphere of labor there has been peculiar, and similar to that commenced by Henry Martyn, that is, chiefly controversial, and directed towards the learned Mussulmans. He has been singularly blessed in it during the last two years, and has had several remarkable converts from that class. See p. 204.

"It is a solemn time. Messrs. Hughes, Evans, Piffard, Parsons, the beloved Pearce,* and now the, to me, still more beloved Wybrow, all gone home this year. May the thought of these transfigured dear ones awaiting our coming, lead us to hasten forward to the goal which they have already attained!

"Children of God, who receive occasionally a sweet foretaste of heaven, are not unlike a person in prison, who views a beautiful landscape from a great distance; he longs to be free, and rejoices that the day of his liberty is approaching."

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* A Baptist missionary in Calcutta, who wrote a tract in Bengali, entitled, "The True Refuge," which contains a beautifully simple yet forcible elucidation of the subject on which it treats, set forth with remarkable unction. It has been the means of converting hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Hindus in Bengal and Orissa, and is decidedly the most blessed tract that has ever appeared in those languages.

In the journal of Jan. 1, 1841, Mr. Weitbrecht writes: "May a deeper sense of my corruption bring me at last to *real* humility; and may the sweet blessings of the Gospel draw my heart nearer to my Saviour during this year!"

On the 13th he went to a large fair with Mr. Lincke and his catechists, under the pressure of so much bodily suffering, that he writes: "I was unable to speak for any length of time together; but we distributed twelve hundred tracts and fifty Gospels, among the vast assemblage of ten thousand immortal beings, who had met to honor Krishna." One is reminded by such entries as the above, of his expression in a letter to his mother: "I will not seek days of ease, but strive to proclaim the Gospel faithfully to the poor idolaters, among whom my lot may be cast." The year on which he had now entered was one of almost constant indisposition, from the thoroughly impaired state of his constitution; but his journal is as full as usual of records of tours, and other efforts made by him for disseminating the knowledge of the Lord. When he was tenderly remonstrated with, his reply was: "It is better to wear out than to rust out;" and had it not been for the timely arrival of a dear relative, who perceived the reduced state into which both he and his wife were brought, he would never have taken the decided step of retiring for a season; but would rather, as some other devoted men have done, have died at his post. But his Master had more work in reserve for him, ere he was to enjoy his reward; and He employed the earnest expostulations of an affectionate friend, to lead him to a clear perception of his duty, which was evidently to seek rest and recovery in his native country. It is a difficult thing for the solitary, or nearly solitary laborer in a heathen land to realize that he can be done without, in a sphere where so much devolves upon his individual self, and where he is apt to fall into the error of supposing himself, as Henry Martyn expresses it, "an Atlas, having to bear the whole world upon his shoulders." His natural inclinations, when, as was the case with Mr. Weitbrecht, he has an attached and beloved circle awaiting him at home, and earnestly inviting him to come, must draw him towards it; but his sense of duty acts as a strong counterpoise, and makes the decision most difficult, often almost impossible, when unaided by the advice and better judgment of another, who can from circumstances see more correctly than the individual, who is so deeply interested in the question, can himself.

During this month, Mr. Weitbrecht welcomed an esteemed brother, Mr. Innes, to Burdwan, who had been appointed acting-secretary to the Corresponding Committee in Calcutta. His arrival at the station was very opportune, and enabled Mr. Weitbrecht to converse with him on several important subjects. One of these concerned a young man, named Joy Gopal, who had been sent to Burdwan as English schoolmaster, and had given the missionaries much pain and uneasiness, by advocating some erroneous doctrines, then beginning to manifest themselves in India rather extensively, and which, being agreeable to the self-righteousness of the natural man, gained ground in too many instances. "We had," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "a long and most important, as well as very interesting, conversation with Joy Gopal; and Mr. Innes reasoned with him in a clear, patient, and convincing way; but the poor lad's views are wholly carnal. He has lately published a paper in the 'Intelligencer,' in which he set forth the necessity of high payment to native catechists and missionaries, as the only measure which was calculated to secure the respect of wealthy Hindus, and success in their work. He even went so far, as to place high respectability, founded on high salaries, in the place of the miraculous power possessed by the apostles."

On a long mission-tour, which he took subsequently, partly in the company of Mr. Lincke, and partly in that of Mr. Kruckeberg, some incidents occurred which are worthy of note. We quote from the journal:

"*Jan.* 20.—I sat down in an open building, where I found many respectable persons assembled. Three Gosseins conversed with me on the being and attributes of God, His worship, salvation, etc. They strenuously maintained, that what the Shasters taught on these points must be true,because they are so ancient, and believed in by millions. But at last, they bowed submission to my arguments, and requested me to tell them what I believed to be the true religion. Upon this welcome invitation I read Luke 15, and commented on the parable of the Prodigal Son; first setting forth man's depravity and guilt, and then God's mercy and love, in pardoning and restoring sinners.

"'Such a teacher, and such words, have we never heard before,' said they. Soon after, I heard the owner of the house explaining to a new-comer, that I was 'a great Guroo,' and that the three Gosseins had all been confounded by my doctrine, and left with 'grass in their mouths,' an expression signifying the most abject submission of a slave before his master. In the evening they came again, followed by a crowd, and one advanced as spokesman: 'Although you speak against our gods,' said he, 'we like to hear you, you are so kind and amiable. We wish to converse again with you: please tell us more.' I then read and commented upon the first two commandments, and testified most freely against idolatry. They tried to answer, but soon found their ground untenable. I entreated them to return, and worship their and our Father; and I set forth the true atonement made by Christ. Having spoken nearly three hours, I was much exhausted; but new hearers continuing to come in, I put my catechist Peter forward, not without misgiving, that these great Gosseins would disdain to listen to a man of such humble birth. But they heard and approved of all he said; and, as night came on, begged him to read and expound another chapter in the Gospel, and were evidently pleased with his simplicity and devotedness. It was one of the most useful days I ever spent in the service of my Saviour.

"I returned home with Lincke, and welcomed some dear missionary brethren, Mr. Mather and his family, and Kruckeberg, who still looks sadly delicate. Our house was very full; nine grown persons and nine children sitting around our table; it was very refreshing to us, to be so surrounded with beloved friends for a few days. Mather was anxious to see every thing; he is a very active and superior man, and has a devoted wife. He accompanied me to the bazaar to preach, and we went to visit the Rajah's menagerie and collection of birds, which are well worth seeing. On returning again to the villages, Kruckeberg accompanied me; and seemed to derive benefit from being out with me, in the nice little tent which dear Wybrow gave me. I am now much more comfortable than formerly, when I had to find shelter in dirty corners of native huts and serais. As we were sitting down to our rice and curry, six well-dressed Brahmun lads came and sat down at the tent-door, and asked for Gospels; and then begged me to tell them the true way of salvation, which I did, and afterwards asked them what they thought of their own worship. 'Sir, we are tired of it,' was their reply, 'and we wish to become as you are; will you not receive us, and take us with you?' I was rather surprised, and said, 'Have you parents?' One had a mother, another a father, a third both. 'What will they say if you leave them?' 'What can they say?' we are resolved not to remain in idolatry.' When I returned from the village, I wondered to find them sitting quietly with Peter, and listening to his conversation with deep attention. They had read tracts received some years ago from Lincke. I remember his returning from this village much encouraged. The Brahmuns are a handsome race, and the youth of both sexes particularly intelligent and interesting in appearance. Oh! how I should rejoice, if the Lord were opening a door in this populous place, among such an influential class of Hindus! Lord Jesus, let Thy kingdom come with power! As I was riding along the banks of the Damudah yesterday, my heart was raised up in hope, and pouring out its desires for this happy and glorious consummation. May He who promised, 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear,' send forth His holy angels, to gather His elect from among the heathen in this district, into His kingdom of grace."

A few days later Mr. Weitbrecht was driven home by bad weather. It was providential, for Mr. Lincke's school-house was maliciously set on fire, and had Mr. W. not been present, would most likely have been entirely consumed. "On the 1st February I again rode away," he writes; "I found a mound which formed an excellent pulpit, and as I preached on the love of God to sinful man, the voice resounded between an avenue of trees most agreeably, and the people maintained decency and order to the end of the discourse. A number of sick and diseased people were afterwards brought before my tent, just as such 'impotent folk' were were brought to the Saviour, and 'He healed them all.' I could not, but I preached them a faithful sermon on His love and mercy.

"On the 6th we reached a large place, and sat down to discourse before the house of the Zemindar. Here was a perfect establishment, such as you find on the estate of a wealthy Hindu. A court-yard with inclosure, containing about twelve hundred maunds*(96,000 lbs.) of rice; a large Shiva temple; a Dhurmastan, or place for dancing, and other ceremonies during idolatrous festivals; a small school in the verandah, where a few boys were learning to read the Shasters, write, etc.; and in another corner, four sunyasees (devotees) engaged in their morning worship, entirely unclad, their long matted hair hanging down over their shoulders, and their persons besmeared with ashes, looking more like demons than human beings. Kruckeberg said to one, 'Your appearance really shocks me!' The proud devotee immediately retorted, 'I have similar feelings with regard to you. I dislike your cloths, and I abhor your hat!' We had a long conversation with the assembly here, but no encouragement.

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* A maund of full weight, contains 80 lbs.

"We heard there were Europeans in this neighborhood, but only found one young man engaged in indigo. I entered his bungalow and introduced myself, but he was quite inhospitable, and scarcely civil. I invited him to join us at divine service the next day, Sunday, which he declined. I then spoke very seriously to him on eternal things, but could make no impression, and was obliged to leave him. On Sunday morning we prayed together at nine; and at ten went out to proclaim the Gospel. The grace we entreated the Lord for, was truly granted us to-day. We had large congregations all day long, and most pleasant and satisfactory preaching.

"In another place I had a beautiful congregation, in a large open building supported by pillars, about fifty feet by thirty-two. Not less than four hundred individuals were present, and a number of women with their children stood outside. What a glorious harvest will it be, when the inhabitants of these populous villages are gathered in. Several times on this tour, I have been pelted at and insulted, which was not the case formerly, but it is a blessed privilege to suffer shame for our Master.

"When we reached our halting-place the following day, a native gentleman's servant came out to ask, if we would not lodge at his master's. I asked him to show us the way, and was conducted into a large court-yard with a fine range of houses; and several respectable natives sitting in a verandah, transacting business. Two young men of the family came forward and received me, and I at once turned the subject of discourse to religion. They were all very obliging and polite, and endeavored to make us comfortable. I fixed on a spot for my tent; and in half an hour, a servant was in attendance with a fine kid, a large fish, flour, eggs, sweetmeats, milk, raisins, almonds, oil, ghee, wood, butter, rice, plantains, and a most earnest request to mention any thing that might be wanting. We had visitors all day long, and a great deal of discussion. Some of the boys of the family came to us, to be examined in English. One of them was a beautiful child of seven years, who was fed on sweet milk, boiled down till it became half its original quantity. The head Babu invited us to an interview in his own room, in the evening. It was in the first story of the principal house. The sides of it were lined with his friends and attendants. He was a fine, tall, venerable-looking old man, with a frank and kind manner. He told me he had seen me twice at Burdwan, and asked me if I did not recollect him? I recommended him to establish an English school, which he promised to do; and I engaged to provide books and a teacher. This being settled, Kruckeberg begged me to inquire into his religious views, which I did. He pointed to a young man present, who would, he said, discuss that subject for him. The conversation was interesting, and we parted very thankful to have been permitted this fine opportunity of delivering a faithful testimony for Jesus among a large company of wealthy landholders."

Some time after this tour, Mr. Weitbrecht was attacked by illness, and his children likewise. Many deaths of missionaries and others are recorded in his journal, and solemn lessons are repeated for his own heart. On Good-Friday, he preached from the words, "It is finished," and derived unspeakable comfort from them.

After Easter, his wife became dangerously ill; a babe was born to him, and died; and other trials followed. He then made another long tour, and on his return, after preaching in the bazaar, he writes: "Life is become almost a burden, and my wife's nerves are in such a shattered state, that I am kept in a state of perpetual anxiety, and have nearly resolved to go home next cold season. Her health seems to require it indispensably, and I daily entreat God for His gracious direction at this important juncture. My heart almost fails me when I think of leaving this mission, where I have sown in tears for upwards of ten years. What engages my anxious attention particularly, is the question of a successor; but 'the Lord will provide.'"

In July he proceeded to Calcutta, in the hope that, by personal consultation, he might effect some arrangement respecting a successor. He was invited to meet the Committee, who entered on the consideration of the subject with great kindness; and it was at length arranged, that in lack of any other, his old and faithful schoolmaster, Mr. D'Rozario, should return to Burdwan as catechist, and assist Mr. Lincke. He alludes to "a serious conversation he held with the Bishop and Archdeacon respecting the new heresy which was so rapidly spreading; and to the masterly discourse of his lordship on this very subject, which was afterwards published." This was, he remarks, the first solemn voice raised by a Bishop of the Church of England against these semi-Popish errors. On his return home, he writes: "I feel the lowering influence of the climate now exceedingly, and believe I could not stop longer without imminent risk. Thus the Lord is making our way clear, and I now see it right to prepare for our departure. Had an attack of illness, and was brought very low."

In October the bishop visited Burdwan. "We called on him after his arrival," remarks Mr. Weitbrecht, "and found him very tired; but he spoke very kindly to us, and at once kneeled down with us to supplicate a blessing on his visit, and each one present offered up a prayer." His heart-searching discourses, and private efforts resembled those before noticed; and he expressed himself equally pleased with all he saw. The Rajah gave him a dinner, and he afterwards visited him, and held a long and interesting conversation with him, which gratified the young nobleman, and left a deep impression on his mind. Twenty-one native Christians were confirmed, and addressed in a very impressive manner; and Koilas was married to Pearce by the bishop, while Mr. Weitbrecht baptized at the same time a young Mussulman, and some more of the orphan girls who manifested signs of true conversion. "The very day the bishop was leaving," he writes, "brothers Krauss and Lipp arrived, and he had us all three with him for four hours, making the most earnest and searching inquiries respecting the progress of the work at Krishnaghur. He prayed with us, and gave us much valuable advice before we left him."

A change to Europe having been now decided on, he made a farewell visit to Beerbhoom; preached his last sermons to his English and native flocks, during which "many tears were shed;" and went to Calcutta, "leaving dear Lincke overwhelmed with sorrow." He spent the last ten days with the bishop, according to promise, and "found him most kind, and his chaplain, Mr. Pratt, as a dear friend and brother." "He accompanied us to the ship," he writes, "and we left India, with the prayers and benedictions of all our brethren. As the last faint outlines of the shore faded from our sight, we bade farewell to dear Bengal, the land where we had labored, and prayed, and suffered for eleven years. It seemed like leaving an old friend. Thus will it be, said we to each other, at the hour of our departure from this world; the past scenes of our life will gradually recede from us, and at last but a faint outline will present itself; while the immortal spirit will hasten to the long-desired port of eternal happiness and peace, where changes, and trials, and separations are things unknown.

There were four missionaries and one chaplain on board, and a large party of passengers. At the request of the captain, the five ministers met in the chaplain's cabin to arrange the best plan for divine service. It was settled that the Rev. H. Hutton, the chaplain, should conduct morning worship in the cuddy daily, at which all who were disposed might attend, and on Sundays two public services were to be held, and all the five ministers were to preach and read prayers in turn. This amicable arrangement answered admirably. "It is a cause of gratitude and rejoicing," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "that there is a union of spirit, and much brotherly affection amongst us, though we four missionaries are all of different churches. The passengers take an interest in good things, and the sailors behave well at divine service. Every individual on board can attend once on Sunday, even the ship-servants, through the good management of Captain Toller. Our little ones require much attention, and Rabee is young, but behaves exceedingly well, and gains a good character from all in the ship."

The girl referred to was one of the Burdwan orphans, who had expressed an earnest wish to accompany Mr. Weitbrecht's children to England as their nurse, from a real feeling of regard and Christian principle. She proved valuable in her sphere, and during her stay in England, she acquired so much knowledge as to make her a very superior teacher on her return to Bengal.* We will give a short extract from the journal:

"*Dec.* 21.—Had a profitable conversation with Lacroix, on the sad fact that many of us missionaries lose our spirituality, even while engaged in our work. He lamented it with me, and said it was often a cause of distress to him, and one principal reason that had induced him to visit Europe, once more to strengthen his spiritual faculties, and warm his heart afresh by intercourse with established and devoted Christians at home.

"25*th*, *Christmas-day*.—Almost under the line, and in nearly the same latitude where I celebrated this blessed day, eleven years ago, on my way to India. How much have I seen, and learned, and experienced during that period; yet even I, a poor sinner, can say, with all my vileness:

"'Preserved by faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand:
I prove the strength of Jesus mine,
Jesus, upheld by Thy right hand!
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.'"

On their happy arrival in England, Mr. Weitbrecht went to visit the son of his beloved bishop, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, and the venerable father of Mr. Pratt, by both of whom he was received with much affection. As he sat with Mr. Pratt, an old clergyman entered the room, who came forward and saluted him joyfully, but was not recognized. "Do you not know me?" said he, "Tu non recordaris olim mecum latine collocutum esse." "Recordor," he replied, for this question put him at once in mind of his kind friend, Mr. Jowett, who had so often helped him forward on his first arrival in England in 1828.

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* She was trained at the Home and Colonial Institution.

He remarks in his journal: "From the Committee and my old friend Mr. Coates, I met a most friendly and affectionate reception. Mr. Venn took me to his house, and had much conversation with me. I have also rejoiced in God's goodness, in adding a new member to my little flock, a sweet little daughter; and among other interesting visits I have made, has been one to Mrs. Admiral Young, whose son commanded the ship that first took me to India."

In June, Mr. Weitbrecht embarked for the Continent. We can only give brief extracts from letters to his wife of what occurred to him there. These follow in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

Holland—Dr. Vanderkemp—Meeting with his Brother—Pious Prussian Nobleman—Death of his Grandmother—Basle—Berne—Gurnigal—Swiss Missionary Meetings—Tour—Missionary Meeting at Stuttgart—Visit to the King—Returns to England—Barmen Mission House—Death of his Mother—Obituary of two Catechists—Anecdotes—Returns to the Continent—Lectures at Basle and other Places—Incidents connected with them, and Remarkable Blessing upon them—Returns to England—Labors there—Second Dismissal.

1842—1844.

The extracts which follow, from letters to Mrs. Weitbrecht, contain a few notices of the incidents that occurred during the summer of 1842:

"A few hours after bidding you adieu, I found myself in Holland, and was reminded as we passed up the river that led us to Rotterdam, of India and the mouth of the Ganges, but the luxuriant vegetation, and the forests of the Sunderbuns were wanting.

"Lacroix is bitterly disappointed at the apathy of the Dutch Christians with regard to missions. It seems as if they have no life and energy except for merchandise.

"In going up the Rhine, he showed me the branch of the river where Dr. Vanderkemp, who afterwards became such a famous missionary, lost his wife, and was nearly drowned himself, which was the cause of his conversion. I looked with interest on the hill where Cæsar was encamped with his legions, and from whence he carried his troops to those forests where the valiant Hermann destroyed the Romans and delivered Germany.

"In the evening we stopped at Emerich, the first Prussian town; and, in taking a walk, I observed on the pinnacles of the Lutheran church those beautiful words, engraved in large characters: 'Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise in the congregation of saints.' (Ps. 149 : 1.) I felt them to be written for *me*, on my return to my dear fatherland, after fourteen years' wandering; and I prayed for a tender thankful heart, and a sense of the Lord's mercies. On reaching Dusseldorf, I proceeded by rail to my uncle's house, near Elbertfeld, which I reached so late that the family had retired. A maid, however, answered my knock, who told me her master was from home. I begged her to announce me to her mistress. As I was waiting in the hall, a side-door opened, and a young man stood before me, who said: 'Though your uncle is on a journey, your brother is at home.' The sweet smile upon his face at once assured me that it was Gottlieb himself whom I had left as a lad, and we were at once locked in each other's arms. Oh! the delight of that moment of reünion with one's own brother; and that so unexpectedly! I could not sleep that night for joy, and the Sunday was a day of indescribable happiness. We looked at each other; we talked to each other; and we both felt that we could realize better than before that higher joy which we shall taste, when the victory has been won and we meet in glory.

"My aunt was very kind, and friends soon assembled. The hours passed rapidly in sweet and profitable communion. The pastors of the churches came, and I spoke till late in the night. On the following day I pursued my journey, and met with two excellent men in the steamer, whom I had long known by name. These were the Counts Von de Recke and Volmarstein. One of them has an institution for orphans near Dusseldorf; and they are both noble in character as well as by birth. They read my journal of the voyage home with deep interest, and I would have given it to them had I not promised it to Dr. Barth.* They were brethren after my own heart, full of glowing Christian affection, which they expressed warmly at parting.

"The stone heads which I brought from Benares attracted the notice of the passengers, and enabled me to speak to many on missions.† After the Counts were gone, I had a long and interesting conversation with two Prussian officers. May God accompany it with His blessing? Thus you see, my love, the Lord has prospered my journey hitherto; and I hope soon to hear the glad news, that all my earthly treasures are doing well."

Later he writes: "We are now going up the Rhine. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the scenes by which I am surrounded. The castles of the German nobles of the middle ages appear upon the banks of the river, occupying the most charming positions as it respects scenery."

The following touching extract is from another letter: "It was a beautiful summer evening when I arrived at Waiblingen, and the scene I was permitted to witness, on retreading the soil of my native land, and entering again upon my paternal dwelling, after my long absence, was one that affected me deeply, and one I shall never forget. It was very singular that I was to make my appearance at this solemn moment, and to meet the beloved circle of my numerous relatives for the first time, assembled around a dying couch; but so the Lord ordered it, and we all believe that *He* sent me, for my original plan was to go to Basle first.

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* This journal was afterwards published in German. We have omitted all its details in this memoir.

† See page 230.

"On reaching Waiblingen, I found my dear grandmother, nearly eighty years old, on her death-bed, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Her eye-sight and her powers of utterance were gone; but her spirit, now on the portals of eternity, was evidently still awake; for when she was told that James had come from India, her breath quickened, and the pulsation of her heart increased. I sat for three hours beside the calm and peaceful form of this dear and tried follower of Christ, with my mother and many others. I read 1 Cor. 15, and Ps. 23; and we sung some beautiful hymns, and spoke together of the great happiness of dying in Jesus, and the glory and blessedness which await a faithful believer from the moment of his departure. I then prayed and commended the spirit of this mother in Israel to Jesus, the Conqueror of death; and a little while afterwards she fell asleep. From my early youth, this venerable parent loved me tenderly; and her letters to me, full of divine power and unction, have often proved a precious refreshment to my soul. She taught us to say, when children:

'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.'

And what she taught us was her own daily practice. Her lamp burned brightly, and she was ready for her Lord's appearing. He has conducted her safely into His heavenly fold, and she now belongs to that great congregation who have washed their robes in His blood."

Another interesting incident is alluded to in his journal; but the detail which follows is given by the friend referred to, Mr. Werner.

"On reaching Gros Heppach, I found my beloved brother Werner in his parsonage, surrounded by many friends.

He greeted me cordially with all the warmth of his loving spirit, and introduced me to his guests and to his wife (a sister of Mrs. Gobat), saying: "I bring you the brother who first taught me what a true missionary was. In 1828 I was travelling in Switzerland for my health, and came to Basle one day in September. There I held delightful and profitable intercourse with Weitbrecht; and when about to leave, a few of us assembled together in a small room, where he knelt down, and prayed with us all before we parted. That prayer was a blessing to me, and I can never forget it. It was a new and welcome thing to me, for I had scarcely been in the company of young men who prayed together before.'"

The above anecdote reminds us of a similar one, related to Mr. Weitbrecht in India by his brother missionary, Mr. Blumhardt, who told him that to an occurrence of the kind he owed his conversion; and he often remarked, "Weitbrecht is my spiritual father."

We will again condense a short narrative from letters:

"*July* 8.—I am now quietly settled in the dear Mission House at Basle, surrounded by beloved brethren and friends, from whom I meet the most cordial reception. The old spirit of love still reigns in the place. Mrs. Buckhardt, sister of the great traveller, has invited us to quarters in her lovely country-house. She is full of Christian love, and will welcome you warmly. Dear Lacroix addressed five brethren who were departing for India; and told them in his own powerful way what great things are to be accomplished by a missionary to the Hindus, by the power of gentleness, and the meekness of Christ. He is very much beloved here, and has engaged to do all in his power in French Switzerland, for the Basle Society. Mr. Hoffman says he will doubtless effect much in stirring up the zeal of the people; for a French-speaking missionary has never been in those parts before. We sung, under a tree in a garden, the same hymn we had sung fifteen years before in the same spot. * * * * * My holidays are turned into working days, but they are *holy* days. The people are surprised to hear me so at home in German, after fifteen years' absence. My head is already stronger, and I can bear more fatigue. I can not fix the time of my return, for thousands are waiting for me in Switzerland and Wurtemberg."

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Weitbrecht writes:

"*July* 20.—An experienced physician at Basle advised me to come to this place, (Gurnigal,) where your letter has been forwarded and given me unexpected joy. The waters here are highly beneficial for complaints like mine; and the fine mountain air helps the cure. We are six hours' walk from Berne, and about four thousand feet above the sea. At four A.M. we all march to the fountain, and drink several tumblers of water, waiting ten minutes between each. It seems to invigorate and renew the whole constitution, body and mind, though it makes one sleepy for the time being, and I can not prepare missionary addresses and sermons as I had intended. The prospect towards the snow mountains is indescribably lovely. I inclose you some Alpine flowers which I plucked from the heights, under a panting desire that you could accompany me in these interesting rambles.

"I spent two days at Berne, on my way here, in delightful society among Mr. De Rodt's relations. His aged father is a venerable nobleman; and when I saw the riches and comfort and high standing of the family, I felt surprised at the recollection of our dear, humble, unassuming brother, who made so light of privations and annoyances, that would have worn out the patience of many. It raised him still higher in my estimation than he was before. I held a missionary meeting in a village. We began it in a hall, but the press of the people was so great, that we had to leave it and we stood in the court-yard. The assembly listened in breathless silence for upwards of an hour, and the power of the Spirit was felt. A niece of the pastor's, a very interesting girl, was brought home to the Lord, and said 'that day was a new period in her life.' I have every reason to believe, from what I have heard since, that it was a case of genuine conversion; and, blessed be God! it is not the only one which has taken place. When I had done, the pastor rose and said: 'Let us, my friends, show the deep interest we feel practically.' Two young Swiss ladies then went round with plates, and collected a hundred Swiss francs for our orphan school. Is not this encouraging? I must now tell you of another missionary meeting which I held among the bathing guests. All attended, even the hotel-keeper and his servants. There is quite an excitement and sensation among the two hundred and fifty visitors, on missionary subjects. Unite with me in praising the Lord, for thus making use of a poor worn-out laborer to stir up people at home; even the guests in a bathing-place on the mountains of Switzerland."

Mr. Weitbrecht became much restored in health at Gurnigal; and on leaving it, he took an extensive tour, with knapsack on his back, in the German fashion; his interesting description of which we will omit. Records such as the following occur: "On Sunday I performed divine service in the Grimsel Hospiz. The keeper of it is a pious man; and one of the guides said he had never heard such a sermon before. I expounded part of the 55th of Isaiah, applying the subject by allusions to the beautiful fountains, valleys, and hills in which Switzerland abounds. Another Sunday I held a missionary meeting in a church filled with Swiss peasants, many of them pious people."

These days of enjoyment were permitted in mercy, and prepared and strengthened him for a severe trial which he mentions in the next paragraph. Thus did light and shade vary his experience; and both the one and the other helped to promote his sanctification; so that, to adopt a simile suggested by his allusions to the scenery of Switzerland, he was daily learning more perfectly to reflect the image of the Saviour in his heart, just as the quiet sky is reflected in all its softness and depth, from the steady surface of one of Switzerland's beautiful lakes.

"Upon my return to Berne, after I had completed my tour, I was met by sad tidings; my babe has been removed by death, and my wife's health has entirely given way. The news fell like a weight on my heart. The dear sweet blossom fell so early, and we have now four children in heaven. What shall I say? It is the Lord's doing. May His name be glorified in us! Oh! could I have known what my dear wife was passing through in my absence, as I made that delightful journey. But it was hidden from me, and no doubt wisely, and she is content to have borne the heavy burden alone; but it has quite crushed her; yet the Lord will lift her up again. I hear she is on her journey to me. May He conduct her safely to my arms! After I had a little recovered this stunning news, I had to go and speak at a large meeting at Berne, and to follow Professor Tholuck. The Lord wonderfully helped me."

In a letter to Mr. Coates of this date, he remarks: "I am delighted to perceive, that our Christian friends on the continent seem prepared to take an increased interest in missions; and as details are here far less known than in England, missionaries have an open door for extensive usefulness. I have attended and spoken at all the great anniversary meetings at Berne, Zurich, Lausanne, etc., as well as held numerous smaller ones myself. To-morrow, we are to have a conference at Stuttgart, where one hundred and fifty clergymen are expected to be present; and I hope to have an opportunity of recommending our work to their particular attention. The four principal clergymen of the city have lately applied to government, for permission to hold a public anniversary at this capital; and as the King appears well inclined to it, there is scarcely a doubt it will be granted. I intend to remain here during the winter; so I hope to be present at this first great meeting, which is expected to be attended by thousands. I have been advised to visit the King, and purpose doing so, hoping that he may, from the interview, become better acquainted with the character of our work."

The meeting alluded to in the above letter was duly held, and answered the highest expectations of numerous friends. It is singular that a country which had furnished more missionaries, in proportion, than any other in Europe, should never have had a public meeting held in its capital city till 1842. How does it verify our Saviour's words, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation!"

We find in Mr. Weitbrecht's journal, a record of the conversation which took place between his sovereign and himself, on the occasion of the visit he alludes to above, as intending to make:

"*Jan.* 3.—Having signified to the Secretary of State my desire for an audience, I received a letter, with an invitation to appear before the King at twelve o'clock. I went to the Palace at the appointed time, and was very graciously received. His Majesty put numerous questions to me respecting our work. He inquired if the East-India Company's government did any thing for the spread of the Gospel. I replied that they had schools, but forbade the introduction of the Scriptures into them. He was astonished above measure, and said, 'How can a government be blessed, that does not make religion the basis of the state?' I then gave him a short sketch of Brahmunism; and showed him the similarity that exists between it and the German heresies of the present day. I spoke warmly on this subject, and he smiled and said: 'You are correct.' He then made some inquiries about the present state of the English Church, and the universities; and when I had answered him, he said: 'Then they have excrescences as well as we, and perhaps it is better with us than with them. Such things can only be removed by degrees.'

"He then rejoined: 'You will have perceived many improvements on your return to Wurtemberg, and you must feel very happy, after your long absence, to see your native land once more?'

"'Yes, your Majesty,' I replied, 'I had an overpowering feeling, on the first glimpse I got of my native town.'

"'I can enter into the feeling,' he rejoined, 'for I have been in many parts of Europe; but I have nowhere found a people of the same religious constitution of mind as my subjects. They are manly and brave, but quiet and contented; full of cordiality and affection, and thoroughly sincere. An honest man is at home among us.'

"'It is just the impression I have received afresh on my return, your Majesty. There is but one Wurtemberg in the world; but I am a missionary, and I must leave this dear land again and return to India. Where the welfare of immortal souls is concerned, all other considerations step into the background; for this we can willingly make every sacrifice.'

"'Then you return again,' he replied. 'Are you willing to remain there?' 'Yes, your Majesty; if God give me health, I hope to spend the rest of my life for the benefit of the Hindus.'

"At these words the King manifested much emotion, and rejoined: 'Have you a family?' 'I have an English wife and two children.' 'Do you take the children with you to

India?' 'No; the climate of Bengal does not allow us to bring up our children there.'

"'This is a heavy trial, a severe sacrifice. The life of a missionary must be one of many sacrifices and social deprivations; and to have to give up one's children too is hard indeed. How many Wurtemberger missionaries have you in India?'

"'I can not exactly say,—perhaps thirty. There are more in other parts of the world. The proportion of German missionaries is larger than that of English; and though the government of India do nothing officially for the spread of the Gospel, their officers, both civil and military, aid the missionaries most liberally as private individuals. I have received not less than 3000 florins annually from English people, for the support of my schools and other objects, in my mission station.'

"The King then went on to ask me many questions about the Roman Catholics and their missions; I gave him very full replies, and explained to him their plans and modes of procedure, and related one or two amusing anecdotes of their contrivances, at which he laughed heartily, remarking, 'This is quite in character with the Romish Church.'

"At parting, he said: 'I hope you will remain a while longer in your native land.' I then thanked him for a gold watch and chain, which had been presented to me by the Secretary of State, and withdrew, blessing God for the help He vouchsafed to me. The King evidently takes much interest in our work, and seeks the true welfare of his subjects. The present he gave me may be regarded as a proof of this, as well as his remarks, one of which was, that 'no government could be successful, unless it made the spiritual welfare of its subjects an object of its chief attention.' I feel the result of this interview to be cheering."

Many invitations from the nobility in Stuttgart followed the visit to the King; and, for several days, missionary topics formed a prominent subject of conversion, in circles that had not been accustomed to broach them. Thus the humble missionary, like his apostolic predecessor, passed "through honor" as well as "dishonor." The tenor of his daily engagements and labors, however, remained the same; and his journal refers to continual meetings, public and private, far and near. Sometimes he was called upon to interest large circles of ladies of high birth and cultivated and refined minds; and then again we find him in an assembly of peasants, and equally at home with all. At one private meeting in his native town, above three hundred persons were present, and then the half who collected having been unable to get in, entreated him to hold another the following day for them. In the parish church, too, he was invited to preach, and it was crowded to overflowing, though capable of accommodating three thousand persons, and the town only contains four thousand. "When I saw the masses before me," he writes, "I felt quite overcome, and supplicated the Lord for grace and strength, and He heard me. My He bless his own Word to the dear Schorndorfers! At my brother Frederick's church in Welsheim it was equally encouraging, and the amount of the collection doubled his expectations. To God be all the glory!"

After a succession of engagements and labors of a most animating description, and much delightful intercourse with his own relatives, Mr. Weitbrecht prepared to return to England early in the spring of 1843. Before leaving Wurtemberg he writes: "I took leave of my dear mother (who had been ill all the winter) for the last time. Her sufferings are excruciating, and she is fast hastening home. I never saw any one bear racking pain with such cheerfulness as this dear woman. To sit by her and talk with her, you would suppose her to be quite easy and comfortable. She is a daily wonder to the physician, and to us all. She can indeed say: 'I glory in infirmity, that Christ's own power may rest on me.'

"On our journey towards England," he continues, "I visited the Barmen Mission House, near Elberfeld. It was a gratifying occasion, for there was a large assembly of ministers there. I was asked some questions respecting India, where they were thinking of establishing a mission. I strongly dissuaded them from doing it, as their whole system of education and preparation would have to be remodelled if they changed the destination of their men. I therefore advised them to cultivate their African field more thoroughly and efficiently. I wish indeed all missionary societies would be content to occupy *fewer* spheres, and do it more perfectly. It would not hinder, but facilitate the conversion of the heathen world; but the directors of missions in Europe do not see this, and do not like to believe it; though all experienced missionaries, who have studied the subject, will tell them the same. On Sunday we attended Krummacher's church, and heard him preach an eloquent sermon from Nathan's words to David, 'Thou art the man.' On the 27th of February we again pressed our dear children to our bosoms with heart-felt joy, after nine months' absence."

The following letter from the Bishop of Calcutta was put into Mr. Weitbrecht's hands, on his arrival in England:

"NEAR MONGHIR, *Nov.* 6, 1843.

"I can not allow your letter, my dear friend, to remain without a reply. I can assure you I often think of Mrs. Weitbrecht and yourself, and earnestly do I hope that it may please God to restore you to India and your work, in full health and strength. Oh! what a blessed service is our Divine Master's! It is worth living for, and I am sure it is worth dying for; and I trust a constant succession of true and faithful men may be raised up, to erect the standard of the cross in heathen India. *In hoc signo vinces*, may we truly say. 'Let us be valiant for the truth upon the earth,' and glory only in the cross and blood-shedding of the *one* sacrifice, offered by the one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus; and let us seek to be more and more governed and led by His Holy Spirit. Let us observe a wise and holy moderation as to outward things, my dear brother, with a warm and simple love to Christ and the doctrines of grace. This is the missionary spirit. It was pleasing to me to hear once more of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where I entered May 1, 1798, and where my name is still on the books.

"My best love in Christ Jesus to your dear wife and family, and all friends. I beg the benefit of your prayers, and am yours most affectionately, D. CALCUTTA."

During the little intervals of leisure Mr. Weitbrecht had enjoyed in Germany, he had planned and prepared a set of lectures on India, which he intended delivering before he left; but as the season was somewhat advanced for such an undertaking, he was induced to delay it, and spend some months in England; and return to Germany for that purpose the following autumn. His friend Mr. Lacroix had delivered lectures on India in Switzerland in French, which had been much blessed. This led him to the adoption of a similar plan.

On hearing of his mother's death in April, he thus wrote to his family: "The intelligence of our dear mother's blissful end has reached me. She is at home now with her Lord, after a burdensome pilgrimage, and a seed-time watered by abundant tears. I feel sad, but can not mourn, for I know that 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth.'

"What a change for her to pass from a painful, wearisome sick-bed to the joy and glory of heaven! She fought the good fight valiantly, and kept the faith, and honored the Lord by her suffering patience, as she had before done by her active obedience. Her bright cheerfulness excited my constant astonishment. Only the power of God's grace could have produced it. It is another proof to us, how faith can be made to triumph over all difficulties, pains, trials, and even death itself; and it teaches us that our religion is a reality, and that the victory is granted us through faith. Our dear parent was not tempted above that she was able to bear; and though I believe she suffered more than we any of us know, she was upheld; our prayers for her were all heard, and as she has experienced so shall we. Alas! nine months ago, our mother and our grandmother still lived. Now, these corner-stones are removed; but Jesus says, 'Abide with me; I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you,' and so He will. 'Hold thou us up, and we shall be safe.'"

Mr. Weitbrecht kept up a constant correspondence with Mr. Lincke, (as long as he remained at Burdwan,) and with his native flock during his absence from India. They suffered much from sickness, and other causes. The letter which follows from Mr. Lincke describes some of their sad trials:

"In November, just a year after you left us, it pleased God to remove both our own dear children from us. In one week they were well—ill—and buried. While smarting under this sore affliction, the small-pox broke out, in consequence of the carelessness or intentional wickedness of a native doctor, who professed to vaccinate, but actually inoculated the children in the schools. Fifty persons were down at once, of whom nine died. And what will you say when I tell you, that our dear catechists, Peter and Shundure, are among the departed! I have drawn up a little sketch of these excellent men, by which you will see how faithful they were to the last."

We compress a few particulars from Mr. Lincke's sketch:

"Peter was baptized in 1821, and Shundure in 1824, and both became laborers in this mission from the period of their introduction into the Church of Christ. Shundure was a strong man, and capable of much exertion, and was always ready for active duty. He had a peculiar talent for preaching, and 'spoke the Word of God with boldness;' and he usually succeeded in riveting the attention of his hearers, when his aim was to alarm their consciences and touch their hearts. Peter was not so gifted as a public speaker, but his Christian character was beautiful, and we may truly say, he was a 'living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men.' He was humble, meek, and retiring; the child of simplicity and faith. His own deep experience enabled him to speak with much pious unction, and to edify the attentive listener. Thousands of their countrymen heard, from the lips of both of them, the way of salvation through the only Saviour, in the most plain and emphatic manner.

"By his uniform consistency, Peter had obtained a good report, 'both of the brethren and of strangers;' and Hindus and Mussulmans would often tell us, 'If all your Christians were like Peter, we would adopt your faith.' In his little transactions with the world, his word was as good as his bond. Any tradesman would trust his promise, in cases where they would have required a surety from one of their own creed, and even from their personal friends. During the last year I perceived an increased earnestness, seriousness, and zeal about them both, and remarked it to my wife with joy, when returning from listening to them in the bazaar. They bore the bitter taunts and cavils of their heathen adversaries with such meekness as to astonish me.

"During the prevalence of the small-pox, they were occupied night and day in attending on the sick, for we could get no nurses; and there was hardly a house in which there were not two, three, or more ill.

"Our distress was very great, and both these good men were quite worn out, before they were themselves attacked with the fatal malady. Shundure sunk first, just as his wife and children were recovering; and after two days of intense suffering, he died. Peter was also permitted to attend on six of his children, two of whom died before himself. One of these was the flower of our little flock of Christ's lambs, and he gave repeated and most pleasing evidence of his fitness for the Father's house. On seeing his mother weeping, he said, 'Dear mother, care for the others, not for me;' and he pointed to his brothers and sisters, the youngest of whom was but a few days old. Another day he again observed his relatives shedding tears of pity and tenderness, and he said, 'Why do you weep?—would any of you give your lives for my recovery? I am going to Him who died for me.' His father followed him to glory twelve days after, exhorting his brother-catechists, with his dying breath, to devote themselves more entirely to the work of the Lord, and to 'be instant in season and out of season,' in the blessed employment of 'preaching Christ crucified,' in which he had so delighted to be engaged during his whole Christian course. Both these good men spoke frequently of their own sinfulness and utter unworthiness in the sight of God; and besought their brethren to forgive them any offense they might have committed against them, and to entreat for them 'an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour,' which He graciously granted them: and we can not doubt that they are 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.'"

Mr. Lincke adds: "Onno was also taken, after many days of dreadful suffering, (one of the first ripe fruits of the orphan school.) We have no doubt she too is with the Saviour she loved and honored by her truly Christian life. She was remarked by all our women, for her great affection to her husband; they always walked together to and from church, an innovation on Hindu custom none of them have the courage to follow. In a word, nearly all our best people are no more!"

It is impossible to attempt any abstract of the engagements of the period that followed Mr. Weitbrecht's arrival in England. The journal is crowded with records of meetings and sermons at Bristol, Bath, Cheltenham, York, and many other places. His heart was warmed, and he adopted the language of Mary: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour." He also spoke at the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, in Exeter Hall; but though accustomed to address assemblies fully as large in Germany, he shrunk much from a London meeting, and only occupied half an hour. On his return home, he was followed by a kind note from Mr. Yorke, who began it by saying: "Your speech had one decided fault in it." "I told you," said he, turning to Mr. Leupolt, who sat by him, "that I should fail this morning." "Wait a little, my dear brother," rejoined Mr. L., "and see what follows;" and then he read, "It was too short by one half." This encouraged him, and he was never afraid, after that, even of five thousand people, either in London or elsewhere. He actually addressed that number in a meeting at Liverpool.

The more he became known, the more did invitations pour in upon him from all sides; and "I found," he remarks, "that English Christians have hearts as full of cordial love as my own dear countrymen, though they show it less in manner. He wrote many letters to friends in different quarters, especially to young people whom he met with on his journeys. He never lost an opportunity of trying to win their hearts to Jesus, and he would sit down in moments that intervened between his public engagements, and address them in his own persuasive way, on the subjects of highest interest and importance. Space only permits the insertion of one short specimen of this kind of correspondence, which was a blessing in many instances:

To R. C. Bull.

"*July* 24, 1843.

"My Dear Young Friend: I was very much pleased to hear from your dear aunt, that you remember my short visit, and the conversation we had together. I always feel grieved when I have to say farewell to dear friends whom I love, and who love me. There is a place where friends will never part. You know where that place is, my dear young friend. Let us prepare for it, because we may soon be called away from this world. I hope you love the Saviour, who redeemed you with His precious blood. When I was a boy of your age I used often to pray to Him, and on the day of my confirmation, which was a blessed day to my soul, I deeply felt that I must give Him my whole heart. I lost those impressions afterwards, and became careless, at least for a time. Let me advise you to watch and pray. It is a most happy thing to become a real child of God in youth. 'Those who seek me early shall find me,' says the Lord. As you seem to feel a great interest in missionaries and their work, perhaps your Saviour may hereafter choose you to be a laborer in His vineyard among the heathen. How happy I should be to hear you were preparing to become a missionary, and how delighted if my dear young friend, Robert Bull, were coming to Bengal, to Burdwan, to help me in this blessed work!

"If I come into the neighborhood of Halifax, I shall not forget you; but as this is not certain, you must accept these few lines as a kind of visit from your friend, the missionary, who loves you and desires your happiness. May the Lord bless you and your dear brother and sister!

"Affectionately yours, J. James Weitbrecht."

On the 20th of June, Mr. Weitbrecht rejoiced in the birth of a son, whom he named after his favorite, Henry Martyn; and on August 3, he writes: "We consecrated this dear babe to the Lord Jesus Christ. May he become His follower, and, if it be His good pleasure, a laborer in the Gospel among the heathen, resembling the great and good man whose name he bears!"

A very short anecdote of this period may be introduced, illustrative of the impressions he produced in domestic life. A servant in his family one day inquired if any likeness of him were procurable; "for," said she, "I have enjoyed a little heaven on earth while in this house; and although I am a poor woman, I would gladly give half-a-crown to have a remembrance of him by me when he is gone."

The kind friend in whose care his children had remained during his first absence in Germany, Miss Ramsay, thus wrote to Mrs. Weitbrecht:

"As a family, you know how we valued our seasons of intercourse with your dear husband; and the remembrance of his visits has been fondly cherished. Of one, in particular, I have never lost the impression. He had walked once to our house before breakfast, and conducted our family worship, choosing for his subject the thirty-fourth Psalm. When he came, in the course of exposition, to the 11th verse, he seemed to pour out the fullness of a father's heart, while inviting his dear children 'to hearken unto him, while he taught them the fear of the Lord.' The whole exposition was sweet and touching, and when walking in the garden after, I referred to it, he told me, that once in India he expounded that Psalm, and that the Lord had blessed it to the conversion of more than one who heard it."

Late in the autumn he returned to the Continent, to deliver his lectures on India, and to hold meetings.

Any description of the remarkable blessing that accompanied his labors during this winter must fall far short of the reality, but the extracts from letters that follow are sufficiently striking:

"Last Saturday evening I delivered my closing lecture at Basle. The course consisted of seven. The first was on the country and people of India. The second, on their mythology and literature. The third, on their idolatry. The fourth, on the preaching of missionaries. The fifth, on our schools. The sixth, on the obstacles to our work and success. The seventh, the results already apparent, and the prospects before us. The church was overflowing, and many had to stand the whole time. I tried to compress my matter within one hour and a half, and it seems as if the blessing of the Lord had attended this effort, more than any thing else that I have attempted in His name. I rejoice to have been led to adopt your suggestion to prepare these lectures, for they appear to be the very thing needed. The sixth lecture, especially, created a very powerful impression, and opened the eyes of many, who thought themselves well acquainted with missionary work before. In it I called on the people to bring forth their idols of silver and gold, and the following day a young lady sent me three gold rings and two gold pins, with a beautiful note. This morning I had a very blessed season. My heart was overwhelmed with a sense of my unworthiness and sinfulness. Oh! may I be kept in this humble and softened state, feeling that the instrument is nothing, and Jesus all and in all! I dread spiritual giddiness, but I know I have one faithful friend who constantly bears me on her heart before God, and I bless Him for it. It is not of necessity that His children must suffer when *He* puts them in a prominent position. He *can*, and if we live near him, He *will* keep us from falling; and He permits the incense I get to be often mingled with myrrh. Do not forget your promise to remember me, particularly at the hours I am lecturing. The real success depends on the dropping of the divine dew. To begin at head-quarters has been no easy task, and the Basle people are not so soon pleased as those who know less; but the interest increased to the last, and men well versed in the things of God assured me, that though no strong or exuberant feeling was manifested, for there is not much caloric or quicksilver in the Basle people, the impression will be deep and lasting. One great cause of thankfulness was, that many persons of the higher ranks attended, who decline to come to missionary meetings. Besides this, the students in the missionary seminary, of whom there are forty-seven, tell me that they have learned more from these lectures about missionary work, than from any thing else they have ever heard. I had a very nice farewell meeting with them last Thursday, and then came on from Basle to Strasburg, and stopped with Mr. Hausmeister. When I left Germany, fifteen years ago, this place was like other French towns, overcast with spiritual darkness, and it contained but a few real believers. Now there are hundreds who love the Lord, and take a lively interest in the spread of Christ's kingdom. On Sunday evening I held a meeting there, and had seven hundred people in church. On Monday, another was held in a large village near, where the church was full to overflowing. On

Tuesday a third at Strasburg, with eight hundred hearers, and on Wednesday a fourth.

"A few days previous to my arrival there, two ministers were heard remarking to each other, that half, or at least one third, of the accounts which missionaries wrote from heathen lands were lies. In my address from the pulpit in St. Peter's Church, I plainly stated this, and inquired of the congregation, 'Is it possible, my friends, that men who go forth with their lives in their hands should tell lies?' Both the ministers were present; and when I retired to the vestry after service, one of them affectionately embraced me.

"The ministers in the Hohenloe country are delighted with my coming, and the churches are immensely crowded, for no missionary has ever visited this part of Germany before; and I am permitted to see that the Lord is smiling on my labors. In the evening, my quarters are always filled with people, who are eager to hear what God is doing in heathen lands. I have been at the theological seminary of Schönthal, from whence several young men are going to the university next year. I feel sure a fire was kindled among them, which is not likely to be extinguished. I first addressed them in the church, then visited them in their own rooms; and afterwards they begged a second meeting in the evening, for which they expressed their gratitude very feelingly.

"I visited the family of Prince Hohenloe Lauenberg, who married Queen Victoria's half-sister. The Prince and Princess were at Windsor visiting the Queen; but I saw their six children, who were delighted to hear anecdotes from a missionary. The youngest told me she was so happy her mamma was soon coming back, and would bring her some nice things from London, and many presents from her aunt Victoria. To-morrow evening I am going to join the evening party of Prince Hohenloe Jaxtberg, who is a Roman Catholic, but has heard my missionary address; for I have had people of all creeds and confessions; Jews, Catholics, and Protestants; and all have united in their free-will offerings. I am thankful to have an opportunity of introducing missionary work to the notice of the nobility, and among the circle of the Prince's friends. My labors among so many good people have been blessed to my own soul; and I feel more and more of that happy state, when we can do every thing with the Lord, in childlike reliance on Him, and His blessing.

"19*th.*—Yesterday I was at Kirchberg. Fifteen hundred people were in the church, and among them the Prince of Hohenloe Kirchberg, who sent for me and wished me to dine with him. I was engaged. He is an old general, and a very kind-hearted man; he shook hands with me most cordially, and wished me God's blessing. The church, in which I am to speak this evening, is very large: may the power of the Holy Spirit be with me, and bring home my words to the hearts of the hearers!

"*Evening.*—I wish you could have seen the masses of hearers this day. I spoke an hour and a half. The people seemed quite electrified. The church resembles Strasburg Cathedral. There were about three thousand persons present, sixteen of whom were ministers. It was a beautiful sight. An old infidel physician, who had not been in church for thirty years, attended. He was quite shaken down, and sent us a present for our work.

"*November* 26.—I am glad and thankful that my trip through the Hohenloe country is accomplished; it was fatiguing work, and nothing but an especial measure of divine assistance and grace could have enabled me to go through it. Sixteen public meetings in fourteen days; and these did not constitute the chief part of the exertion. The houses where I was, became crowded with eager hearers, and I had to relate, advise, exhort, from morning till night

In ten places we had evening meetings to establish missionary associations. The Lord has truly blessed my poor labors. 'Not unto us, but unto His name be the glory.' My spirit was truly refreshed in one place by a pious widow, whose heart was overflowing with love to God and the brethren. I shall never forget her; that was a delightful evening. I believe I felt more than ever the necessity of living for eternity, and doing all for the glory of God. Oh! for grace to be faithful!

"*December* 2, 1843.—I am sorry my last was delayed some days; but never be anxious about me; for I am in the best hands, and have had a new proof of this in my late trip, for which I needed and received an especial measure of help for extraordinary exertions. At Halle, the beautiful church of St. Michael's presented a scene which equalled Exeter Hall at the Church Missionary anniversary; it was filled with three thousand attentive hearers, who did not stir for the space of nearly two hours. At Oeringen, the minister refused the use of the church, so the people took carts, omnibuses, wagons, etc., and drove off to a neighboring village, where we had a meeting, and came back in the evening, and formed an auxiliary in a private house. The opposition acted like oil thrown upon a flame, it made it burn and blaze more. Creglingen was the next place, where the minister, who was an old Rationalist, gave the church, but predicted it would be empty. It was, however, filled with sixteen hundred eager hearers, and we got a good collection, to which many Jews who were present contributed. At Freudenbach, on the borders of Bavaria, many Bavarian ministers came to church. At Elbersheim, a pious minister who feared no good would come out of his flock, was quite encouraged; for his people came and brought their offerings to his house, and an association was formed, who are to meet for reading and prayer every Sunday evening.

"I was last Sunday at Mergentheim, and dined with the Dukes Paul and Adam of Wurtemberg, who promised to become subscribers to the Basle Missionary Society, which they afterwards did. This town contains only four hundred Protestants, so we expected but a small congregation; but the whole population came, not only of the town, but the neighborhood. The church was crammed full; one might have walked on the heads of the people; there must have been fifteen hundred, who listened all the time in breathless silence. Both the Dukes were present; and oh! how these people seemed to rejoice in getting some sound gospel food! Alas! they have been, all their lives long, turned off with the husks of Popish superstition; and God helps me to embrace these fine opportunities of speaking, as He may enable me, to the hearts and consciences of my hearers. Letters have reached Stuttgart, communicating the great and general impression which this visit in the Hohenloe country has produced. May the Lord Jesus water the seed I have been permitted to sow, with the dew of His divine grace! I could see and feel everywhere that *He* was with me. I never witnessed any thing like it before. Many ministers and congregations have been stirred up. Six months instead of fourteen days might well have been spent, for there were numbers of places I could not touch. What a pity it can not be done! The prayers of hundreds followed me in my labors; and I ascribe this wonderful movement chiefly to this. The Roman Catholic Prince of Hohenloe Jaxtberg, who heard me the week before, came to Mergentheim on Sunday to hear me again. He said: 'I felt no rest at home. I was obliged to come and hear you once more.' At Creglingen an old peasant woman, who had followed me from Freudenbach, came to me, and said: 'O sir! I am so glad to see you; my heart was warmed yesterday. I love the Saviour, and want to love Him more: will you pray for me? I have to suffer much ridicule and persecution in my village, for they neither know nor love Jesus. I had an only daughter. She died, and I am left alone. She spun and prepared a piece of flaxen cloth, but could only half finish it. It was worth ten batsen the ell, (about 1s.,) but I can not sell it, because it is the last thing my dear child ever made. Pray accept a part of it, and have a shirt made of it. Wear it when you are among the heathen, and then think of me as you look at it, and pray that I may be faithful to the end, and that my latter end may be peace. I hope I shall meet you in heaven again.' I was almost moved to tears. If any feeling is at present preponderating in my mind, it is this, that the more we are permitted to witness the work of God in sinners, the more will the instruments be abased and humbled in the dust. I trust I have learned a lesson lately, which will remain deeply imprinted on my heart and memory all my life; it is this, to live nearer to God, to believe and realize His promises more in all my undertakings, and to ascribe all the glory more entirely to Him! How little we understand what it means, to spend and be spent for Him! My mind has been much engaged this week, in thinking of the death of our dear brother De Rodt. Is there any thing among us that displeases the Lord, and leads Him to call away from our number those we seem the least able to spare, our most efficient and devoted laborers? Does selfishness, church pride, worldly wisdom, exist among us and those who guide us, and provoke His judgments, and lead Him to withhold the blessing He is so ready to pour out, when it is sought aright? Oh! for a greater measure of devotedness, divine wisdom, and holy love, to furnish us well for our blessed work of missions!

"My lectures commence at Stuttgart on the 1st, and continue to the 8th of December. Government have granted me the garrison church, which holds eighteen hundred people.

I shall spend Christmas in my native town among my dear relatives, holding meetings daily there, and in my brothers' parishes. Our heavenly Father will indemnify us abundantly for this long trial of separation, and all the sacrifices we make for His name's sake and the good of souls. Tell the dear Bridges how grateful I feel to Him, that he has provided, in them, such kind and affectionate friends, who are caring for my wife and little ones when I have to leave them. May He reward them with rich supplies of grace from His own inexhaustible treasury! I feel called upon to pray for them that thus it may be; and when I remember them, it is with the delightful assurance that we are united in the best of bonds; and though I am now at a great distance from dear England, I can realize that fellowship of spirit, that raises us above all sublunary things, and causes distance to cease at once. In my sleeping hours I am often with you, and have a little one upon my knee, and feel so happy."

These records remind us of some of the scenes in the days of Whitefield.

We go on with extracts:

"STUTTGART, *Dec.* 17*th.*

"On Tuesday last, I came to Heilbronn to deliver my lectures. The good people were delighted. I gave the first two in a hall, but it became so crowded that the steam of the breath was overpowering, and the candles would not burn; we therefore adjourned to the church, where the chandeliers are lighted. It is delightful to see the masses of people, and the numbers are increasing every evening. Thank God, I am well and strong. I use neither wine nor beer, but drink a bottle of water every morning.

"24*th.*—On Sunday and Monday evenings many returned home, finding no room in the church. The town was, as it were, in an uproar. During the last lecture many were in tears. While delivering them, I held morning meetings at some neighboring places; so it was all the while double work.

"On Tuesday I left Hielbronn, and held a meeting at the first large town near it, where I met Mr. Burk, who wrote the life of Bengel, and some more dear people of God. On Wednesday Leupolt joined me, and we attended the missionary anniversary at Waiblingen, which was very interesting; we both spoke, and then went on to Pastor Werner's, where Dr. Barth joined us, and we had a happy time together. At brother Frederick's we held a missionary meeting on Christmas-day. On Tuesday, another in Schorndorf, Friday, one at Göppingen, and New-Year's day at Heidenbeim, a most important place. I am healthy and strong, which is a great mercy, considering how I have been working. I have often entreated the Lord for strength according to my day, and how graciously has He answered my prayer! It was a great effort to speak for an hour and a half in that large church at Heilbronn, and to hold meetings besides in the forenoons, but every morning I rose as fresh and as well as I could wish. 'Oh! to grace how great a debtor' am I, even in these blessings! I hope to have finished at Zurich by the 22d January, and to be in England by the end of the month."

"SCHORNDORF, *Dec.* 28*th.*

"The church to-day was very full, and a splendid collection was made. I have had a very nice audience with the Queen since. She was very kind, and wishes to see us again in the summer. I encountered a dreadful storm in crossing the Wurtemberger Alps, so that the coach was nearly blown over, and I caught a severe cold, the first I have had this winter."

"CARLSRUHE, *January* 20, 1844.

"I am now on my way home. In the diligence from Strasburg, I had a long discussion with a young infidel. A

Jew who was sitting by, listened with eager interest. The young caviller said 'that Christ was nothing but a wise *man;* that the Bible was'—what I will not repeat. I first tried to show him that he talked against reason; and then I appealed in the strongest way I could to his conscience, telling him, '*You have no peace.*' He retorted: 'My mother is an English lady, and just such a fanatical person as yourself; she always reads the Bible and talks of prayer.' I replied: 'Sir, the prayers of your mother will be like spears and arrows in your conscience, and you will have no rest till you apply to the same Saviour for mercy in whom she trusts.' He felt exceedingly uneasy, and I left him to his own reflections. The Jew seemed delighted, and related to a friend, with lively interest, how the young infidel had been refuted and silenced, and he really appeared affected by the truth himself. I had a delightful afternoon with the pious Margravine of Carlsruhe; her little girls were so pleased with the missionary anecdotes I told them, that they could not eat their supper for joy. 'No,' said they to their governess, 'we have something much better than food,' and they eagerly returned to me. The Margravine is looking out for an English governess for those three little princesses. She is a very warm-hearted Christian, sister to the Queen of Wurtemberg."

The impressions then made in the Hohenloe country have never passed away; and it was but a few months since that a respectable farmer there related to a missionary that he had actually stood up before an assembly of learned ministers who spoke disparagingly of Mr. W., and declared his conviction that he had never seen a man in whom the power of the Holy Spirit was so abundantly manifested as it was in Missionary Weitbrecht during that period.

In his confidential correspondence we find him saying: "I do most cordially agree with the remarks you made on the peculiar dangers we are exposed to from our present position, and our great need of prayer. We often said at Burdwan that the Lord was probably preparing us, by cutting trials, for greater usefulness and sweeter enjoyments. Such a preparation was indeed necessary to soften and humble the heart. I do feel most deeply, that if we give not the Lord *all the glory*, we must expect a new and severer discipline. May He help us to watch and pray, and be faithful to each other when we observe each other in danger!"

By his brother Lacroix, who had returned to India, and been much cheered by the accounts he had there received of his extraordinary usefulness, he was warmly congratulated. "The news of your great success in Germany," wrote this sympathizing and affectionate brother, "has given me most sincere pleasure. The Lord has been evidently with you, and the recollection of it will be a great solace to you when you are back in your old sphere: I know it by experience! How great cause have both of us, my brother, to bless God for what He has done through us in our native countries: but we want you very much in India. Do not delay to return. Burdwan is now without a missionary, and the Church Missionary Society has not one to send there."

To Mr. Jetter he writes: "My continental tour is finished. I feel truly thankful for the great blessing that has accompanied it. I have reason to believe that souls were converted and many ministers stirred up. After all I have seen of the moral and religious state of Germany, I do believe that, taken as a whole, there is no country in the world like England, and nowhere so much practical religion as among the people and clergy of this country as a body. I do not say learning. Germany wants Whitefields, Wesleys, Henry Venns, and men of this calibre, to inspire the devoted ones among God's servants with courage and zeal, and the disposition to do good upon a more extensive scale. What a shame, for instance, that theatres are open on a Sunday, even at Stuttgart, without a combined effort being made, on the part of pious ministers and laymen, to bear their strong and solemn testimony against such and other profanations, which draw down the wrath of God upon a country, and lead Him to withhold His blessing. I have just been to breakfast with Dr. Wilson of Bombay—a fine, noble-minded man."

On Mr. Weitbrecht's return to England, in February 1844, his engagements recommenced. He was in every county in England except Rutlandshire, and he likewise visited Scotland; in the short periods of freedom that he could command, he translated his lectures and delivered them in several places in this country, and afterwards published them by request.* One lady, who heard them in Gordon Square Church, sent £50 as a thank-offering to the Church Missionary Society.

A missionary brother in India thus describes them, after having read them in Calcutta: "Although very unpretending, they contain a mass of valuable information, rendered interesting by the transparent candor of the writer, and the freshness and simplicity of his style."

The book obtained an extensive circulation both in England and in Germany, where they were subsequently published in their original form, as they had been first prepared for delivery.

He writes to a dear relative: "I have had much enjoyment in my labors in England, though they have been rather exhausting. I had no Brahmuns to abuse me, and call me a vagabond; but numbers of cordial friends, full of hearty love, to cheer and encourage me. The other day at Cowes, I had the *élite* of the nobility before me. I preached to them just the same plain truths I did to the heathen in Bengal. 'Christ and His cross is all our theme.' They were very attentive, and I hope it will do them good. I have attended above two hundred meetings, and preached above one hundred sermons for the Church Missionary Society, besides delivering my lectures, and am going to spend a season of rest with my relatives before embarking for India. God's blessing has accompanied my feeble efforts; and I felt deeply when we had our farewell meeting, and I received my second dismissal. It was a solemn and heart-stirring occasion. The Lord has been very merciful to me in England. My ministry has been acceptably received in every place, and many of my brethren tell me they have been stirred up. To Him alone be the praise, who hears the prayers and sees the tears of His unworthy servants. I shrunk from standing up before large audiences in England, and that text comforted me, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.' It has been literally fulfilled. Then again I have derived great blessing from the men of God with whom I have gone on deputation, particularly from dear Baptist Noel. I never saw a man who lives and moves before God as that man does. He seems to act as in His presence, in all he says and does. His private habits and converse have been most profitable to me; and as to his speeches, I always felt them to be the finishing touch of a meeting; for his sublime, solemn, heart-stirring appeals evidently carried the audience along with him. He has done my soul good.

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* *Protestant Missions in Bengal Illustrated.* By J. J. Weitbrecht, Church Missionary. May be had of J. F. Shaw, Publisher, Southampton Row. Price, 5s.

"No spot in England interested me more than Jane the Young Cottager's grave in Brading churchyard, and that cliff where Legh Richmond saw his negro boy reading the Bible."

CHAPTER XIII.

Second Departure from England—Overland Voyage to India—Arrival at Calcutta—Proceeds to Burdwan—Reception—First Engagements—Prospects—Sale for the Schools—Goes to Krishnaghur to First Missionary Conference.

1844—1845.

At the beginning of October, Mr. Weitbrecht again bade farewell to Europe. "The lovely days of our sojourn in our native countries," he writes, "have passed away like a dream. Our leave is spent, and we return to fight for our Lord, and to suffer as faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ. The hours I have enjoyed in my fatherland have been precious hours. I have seen much, heard much, and gathered food for many days. Three important years now lie behind me, since that November evening, when, with my beloved wife and children, I left Burdwan, a feeble and exhausted laborer, to renew my strength and energy in the bracing air of home. Many an earnest petition ascended to God on that return voyage, and every one has been fully answered, and I can now again advance cheerfully, on another stage of the rough pilgrimage."

"Leave-taking," he continues, "is no easy matter, and we felt it especially painful in reference to our dear children. We left London on the 30th of September, the aged mother of my dear wife, her sister, and several friends, accompanied us to the station. Hosts of farewell notes had been pouring in previously, and many a message was sent and received. At length the train started, dear little F. stretched out his hands once more towards us; and in another moment we were gone. What a mother's and a father's heart feels at such a time is indescribable. I looked up to heaven and said: 'O Lord! do Thou help and bless them, do Thou provide.' We sat silently side by side in the carriage, which, in three hours, brought us to Southampton, from whence we passed over to the Isle of Wight, and spent three days in quietness and retirement, to recover and refresh our spirits, after the deeply affecting partings.

"We went on board on the 3d; the vessel was crowded with passengers and their friends. Many a sigh was heard, and many a tear flowed. As soon as the mail was on board, the anchor was weighed and the signal to start was given. We had one more painful farewell to take, which cost us almost more than the preceding ones, because it seemed to cut the last link of the chain. The faithful nurse of our darling Henry put the little one into my arms, and burst into an agony of bitter tears, which quite overcame us. May the Lord reward the valuable services of this good young woman! The steamer was quickly cleared of all but the passengers, the crowd stood on the shore cheering us as the vessel moved away from the place, and presently we were out of sight and of hearing, afloat upon the mighty waters."

The voyage was, on the whole, a pleasant one, and the overland route being entirely new to Mr. Weitbrecht, proved deeply interesting. On the second day on board, he began his labors among the passengers; he preached, visited an invalid lady in her cabin, and soon found that there were several like-minded friends on board, for one or two came up to him, and introduced themselves after his first sermon. He rejoiced much in this circumstance, and regarded it as a compensation from his Lord, for what He had just called him to relinquish. He writes: "Whilst sailing along the western coast of Europe, my heart often swelled with joyful emotion, as I said with David: 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He leads me.' This blessed frame of mind assuredly arose from the fact, that thousands of God's dear children were following us with intercessory prayer. Thus our sails were filled with a breeze that carried us safely and prosperously onward. Where much prayer is, there must be much blessing."

Mr. Weitbrecht had been appointed to act as chaplain on board the steamer, and a considerable reduction was made in his passage-money on this account. He obtained permission to have morning prayers in the saloon daily, when he was usually joined by a number of persons; and he conducted two full services on Sundays, which were well attended. Besides this, he improved every opportunity that offered for sowing the good seed. One evening he sat on deck, with some of the younger passengers around him, who admired with him the beautiful starry sky, and the moon sinking into the ocean. He called on them to praise God as the Creator of such surpassing beauties. One young man rejoined: "I can not, for I am unconverted, and do not love the Father who has made all this." Mr. Weitbrecht earnestly entreated him not to retire that night, until he had besought the Lord for the blessing of a new creation in his own heart.

The incidents of the journey to Calcutta are passed over, though they were all full of Christian interest. November 24 he reached Calcutta.

After a few days' sojourn among their brethren, during which a most encouraging fact was made known to them,* Mr. and Mrs. Weitbrecht proceeded to Burdwan, where they were received with the greatest joy and delight by the native Christians, on the 18th December. Among those who greeted him at Chinsurah, was an humble friend, Mrs. B. When he entered her dwelling, she stood up and said: "Now the Lord has again answered my poor prayers, dear sir, and brought you back to tell the poor Hindus once more of Jesus' love." She embraced Mrs. Weitbrecht, and added: "I can not tell you how I have entreated the Lord for you, since you have been gone. May He make you both greater blessings than ever!" This dear woman was an Indo-Briton, a devoted child of God, walking closely with Him, and she was highly esteemed and valued by all the missionaries who knew her, who, it can not be doubted, received many a choice blessing in answer to her prayers. She died about three years after, and when she was conscious of being seized with the fatal illness, (cholera,) she came out and prepared breakfast for a Christian friend who resided with her, as the last act of love she could render him on earth, and calmly told him she had received the Master's summons, and would be with Him in glory that evening.

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* The fact above alluded to was so peculiarly cheering to the spirit of Mr. Weitbrecht, coming to his knowledge as it did, just when he was deeply sensible of the wrench which he had again gone through, in leaving his home and so many who were dear to him, and entering afresh upon his arduous duties, that it may be briefly noticed here without impropriety. He went one evening with his wife to hear one of a set of lectures in reference to Roman Catholicism, then being delivered by the Calcutta missionaries in turn. The individual whom they heard greeted them after the service as very dear friends, which he explained by telling them, that it was to a Bible given him by Mrs. Weitbrecht in England, many years before, that he owed his own conversion, (he had been a Roman Catholic,) and that of his mother, and a friend, and that he had finally become a missionary. A new proof of the power of the simple and pure Word of God to convert the heart.

Her only request to the doctor was, not to give her medicine that would stupefy her, as she wanted to say a word for Jesus to her friends, and to tell them to prepare to meet Him. She had "walked with God," and had eminently glorified Him. Heaven had entered into her soul on earth, and thus prepared her to enter the heaven of glory above.

It is not easy to describe the various visits of welcome, which speedily followed Mr. Weitbrecht's arrival at his former station. The Hindu gentlemen of the neighborhood, as well as the humbler classes, not only expressed their congratulations in words, but by the oriental custom of bringing presents; and on the following Christmas-day, which was a week later, called by the Hindus the burra deen, or great day of the Sahib logue, Hindu servants, accompanied by coolies with baskets and trays on their heads, as Pharaoh's baker carried the baked meats for his master, were seen coming in from all sides, with a profusion of native sweetmeats, sugar, fruit, vegetables, flowers, fish, and similar things, so that every table in the house was covered with these friendly offerings; and many were the kind messages and salaams that accompanied them. In some instances the master himself came behind, as is very usual, and quite in accordance with the similar custom alluded to in Scripture.

It will be recollected that Mr. D'Rozario had been placed at Burdwan, when Mr. Weitbrecht left in 1841, to assist Mr. Lincke, but circumstances caused his removal in less than a year after, and Mr. Lincke's health failed so entirely a few months later, that he had to return to Europe, and the mission was in consequence left destitute. An English clergyman, Rev. E. A. Dicken, who was providentially brought to the notice of Archdeacon Dealtry in this emergency, had resided at the station and fulfilled every duty in his power, till the return of Mr. Weitbrecht. This was the best, and, under the circumstances, the only arrangement that seemed possible. The English chapel and English school were placed in Mr. Dicken's charge, and the native congregation, etc., under that of a catechist who had before been at Burdwan, Kali Komar Ghose.

Mr. Weitbrecht writes in his journal: "Mr. Dicken has made various nice little arrangements for our reception, which show a kind and brotherly disposition. He is a very kind, unassuming, amiable man, of pleasing manners, and he is willing to remain some months longer, till Messrs Geidt and Reynolds, the latter of whom has come here for a year to study Bengali, are somewhat prepared to assist me.

"One cause of sorrow to me is that Koilas, whom I loved so tenderly has accepted secular employment during my visit home. I had hoped to find him nearly ready for ordination; whereas he is in a high situation in the Collector's Court. I was gratified to find that he maintains a high moral character, and thus his influence as a Christian will continue to act beneficially upon the native community. The Hindus will certainly receive favorable impressions of Christianity, when they see native Christians placed in situations of considerable responsibility and trust. Koilas has built himself a neat bungalow opposite the mission premises, the inside of which does credit to his pious and active wife Pearee, who is an industrious, good young woman, and the one we left in charge of the domestic affairs of the girls' school."

The young woman to whom reference is here made, had been a particularly helpful and active person before Mr. and Mrs. Weitbrecht left the mission for a season. She was for many years in the orphan school, and acted as a domestic servant in the mission-house after she grew old enough. It was while in service that her conversion occured, after a fit of passion and ill-temper, when she was taken by himself into Mr. Weitbrecht's study, tenderly reasoned with, and then earnestly prayed for. She seemed to have her heart touched from that hour, and manifested in after-life a singular superiority of character. She was, at the period of Mr. Weitbrecht's return, the mother of two children. The sequel of the history of both Koilas and Pearee will be given hereafter.

The first entry in the journal for 1845 is as follows: "After an absence of three years, I am once more placed in this heathen land, and I desire to begin this year in humble reliance on my covenant God and Father in Jesus Christ, who has hitherto crowned my path with His mercies. Oh! that it may please Him to use me as an instrument, unworthy as I feel myself to be, for the conversion of many deluded idolaters in Bengal! Fully persuaded that we can do nothing without His especial blessing, in so holy and arduous an undertaking, I would wait for the fulfillment of His promises, and labor more prayerfully. O Lord! send help from Thy sanctuary; prosper the work of our hands, yea, the work of our hands prosper Thou it."

During February Mr. Weitbrecht, with the newly-arrived brethren, Reynolds and Geidt, proceeded to Krishnaghur to attend a missionary conference, the object of which will be explained on the next page. On reaching the old station of Culna, where he had so often gone to visit the mission, when it was under his superintendence, they found the bungalow formerly occupied by Mr. Alexander in ruins. The station had passed into the hands of the Free Church of Scotland, who had bought the premises from the Church Missionary Society, and now occupied them. Mr. A. had removed to Krishnaghur, where his services were valuable, on the occasion of the large accession to the converts there; and, by a friendly understanding between the two Societies, the good work was now being carried on at Culna, by another section of the Church of Christ. "We were very kindly received," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "by the catechist of the Free Church, Mr. Chill, and breakfasted with him, waiting some hours for palanquin-bearers, before we could cross the river. After we had made good our landing on the other side, we halted again at Dignugger, where there are some splendid tamarind trees; and while we were admiring them, the people gathering round, I addressed them. They seemed pleased at my calling them to think of the true God. We reached Krishnaghur at five P.M., and were welcomed, with gladness, by the Blumhardts and the other brethren, who had arrived before us."

This was the first of a series of conference meetings, which have been continued ever since, and have been productive of much good. Mr. Weitbrecht thus alludes to them in a letter to Mr. Coates, after the second meeting was over, and at a later period in this year; but his remarks may suitably find a place here, as they so well elucidate some of the objects of the conferences, and the benefits arising from them.

"These meetings," he remarks, "are becoming increasingly important to the prosperity of our work. We wanted a cement to unite us; now we have it. We wanted a safety-valve to give vent to our complaints; now we have it: and all our little disturbances will henceforth end in a renewal of peaceful intercourse every few months. We wanted occasionally a time of relaxation and refreshment, to cheer the drooping heart by brotherly converse; this object is now attained. Every one of us is looking forward with pleasure to the next meeting, and feeling it will be beneficial to our bodies, as well as to our souls. I am most deeply deeply concerned for our dear brethren fixed in the out-stations of Krishnaghur, beyond the reach of Christian, almost of civilized society; and that in a climate so depressing to the animal spirits. The strongest man gets so nervous, as to be hardly able to look into a friend's face, when he comes out of his jungles."

While in England, Mr. Weitbrecht had repeatedly discussed the desirableness of some arrangement of this kind, for the Bengal brethren, with the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society in London, who had very kindly and cordially entered into his views, and arranged for the carrying them out on his return to India. He refers rather fully to the working of this plan, in the present year's correspondence with the Society; and frequent reference will be made to these seasons of refreshing, in the subsequent pages of this Memoir. They were certainly productive of that brotherly fellowship, and spirit-stirring communion, which was so peculiarly congenial to the cast of his mind. Friendly, sympathizing intercourse was always delightful to him, and he had the happy tact of giving it a spiritual impress, in the most cheerful and natural way. His own joy on these occasions was uniformly great, and he valued highly the opportunities they afforded him, for manifesting his love to the brethren. He never missed attending these assemblies once, from the opening one now noticed, where he delivered the first address to his brethren from 1 Tim. 6 : 12, to the last that occurred during his life, when, after an interval of seven years, it had again become his turn to exhort, animate, and encourage them to persevere in their great work; on which occasion, from Rev. 2 : 10, he delivered his last words of advice to them, a few days only before he departed to his heavenly home.

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"I went," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "to Belna. On my way I felt quite overwhelmed with sorrow, in recollecting how often I had been in this village in past years, and come home dripping with perspiration, and quite worn out with fatigue; yet what has been the result after fourteen years of patient effort? Five hundred boys at least have been educated in our vernacular school; yet not one lad, that I know of, has been converted to Jesus—not one sinner saved. Oh! this is very trying! When will this fearful system of Hinduism break down? When shall we see our labors crowned with success? Amidst so many, this is doubtless the severest trial of the missionary laborer in Bengal." *

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* From this fact, here so honestly and strongly stated, something may be learned of the value of schools as compared with the preaching of the Gospel. On this point Mr. W.'s views and practice seem to have accorded mainly with those of Dr. Judson.

CHAPTER XIV.

Efforts on Behalf of the Colliers—Baptism and Happy Death of an Aged Convert—Visits the Mines—Occurrences there—Hindu Legend—Sale at Calcutta and Missionary Meeting, and Sale at Chinsurah—The Swinging Festival—Visits the Villages—Opinions of the Brahmuns—Affecting Death of a Pundit—Striking Characteristics—Mr. Dicken leaves—Inundation—Subjects of preaching—Tour—Letter to Mr. Hensman.

1845—1846.

In February 1845, the overseer of the coal-mines visited Burdwan, and related to Mr. Weitbrecht a remarkable fact, on which he based an earnest request for a school to be established in that neighborhood. "Some time since," said he, "an accident, such as mines are subject to, occurred on a Sunday; and as a sad loss of life was the consequence, the poor miners had a painful remembrance of it. A few months subsequently a similar occurrence took place, also on the Sunday, upon which these poor ignorant people declared, that nothing should compel them to work again on that day, which the God their masters worshipped had commanded to be kept holy. They said He was angry at the breaking of His command, and therefore He visited them with His judgments." What a reproof to nominal Christians! It reminded one of the time, when the Philistines feared to retain the ark of God among them, and sent it to its own country, with an offering. "These poor people keep firm to their resolution," said the gentleman; "so Sunday is a day of rest for fourteen hundred colliers." He added: "We would long since have given them the day, but we considered it an injustice to deprive them of the seventh part of their pay." The wisdom of man is often foolishness with God, who has given us an express command on the point, which should leave us in no doubt. The simple colliers of Rannegunge showed, by their own spontaneous act, that *they could* afford to make the sacrifice which their employers doubted. "I recollect," remarks Mr. W., "that I preached to these poor colliers six years ago, on a Sunday evening, as they were coming out of their dark holes, and they then expressed their sorrow that no day of rest was allowed them." He at once took means to avail himself of this new opening, by establishing a school there, and placing one or two Christian families on the spot. When the colliers, who are mostly hill people, and very primitive in their ideas and habits, found that the Christian woman who accompanied her husband could read, write, sew, and knit, (she had been brought up in the orphan school,) they regarded her as a sort of superior being, and paid her a respect, which does not often fall to the lot of Bengali females.

Following the narrative of the journal, we come to a notice of a pleasing, cheering character. "Last Sunday," he writes, "I baptized the widow of Peter Govind, and her father. The old man, who was about eighty years, stood trembling from age, with folded hands, before the baptismal font, and repeated abrupt sentences of the prayers after me, as his ears caught them. In reply to the question, 'Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works?' 'Oh! yes,' he said, 'I do so from my heart.' I was quite affected by the evident feeling of the poor old man, who has only quite lately had his mind awakened to spiritual things, though his elder daughter became a Christian many years ago. His daughter, the widow, gave me much satisfaction by her intelligent perception of Christian truth, and her ready answers to me, when I spoke to her in private before her baptism. She has a clear idea of Christ as the Saviour, and of his offices."

These two individuals formed a part of a large and respectable family of Hindus, who had been brought into the fold of Christ a long time previously. The woman was the younger wife of a man who became a Christian; and the missionaries had felt the difficulty, in this case, of the question that sometimes arises, when a convert has been the husband of two or three wives while in his heathen state. The plan advised by Mr. Weitbrecht to Peter Govind was, to reside in the Christian village with his elder wife, who had several sons, and to show them every kindness; and render every help in his power to the younger one, who should continue to live in their native village. She, however, came in occasionally for a month to see her relatives; and, after the husband's death, she came to reside as domestic servant with one of the native Christian families, where she received much kindness and regular Christian instruction, which led her to desire baptism for herself. Her conversation and that of the elder wife, who was her own sister, had been blessed to the aged father likewise, and the result was the baptism of both, as above related. The old man's death occurred not long after. He departed in peace, his eyes having seen the salvation of the Lord. He expressed to a catechist, who was praying with him a few hours before his dissolution, his desire to depart and be with Christ, saying, "I shall not die, but go to Jesus." He was frequently over-heard chanting a Bengali hymn in his lonely hours, which appeared to give him much comfort. The following is a literal translation of it:

> "When thou shalt reach the river of death,
> Be sure to enter a safe boat;
> If Jesus then the helmsman be,
> Thou wilt reach the happy shore."

The next incident of interest is the mention of the arrival of four German missionaries, who halted a few days at Burdwan on their way to the westward, where they proposed to establish a mission among the Coles in Chota Nagpore. They were sent out from Berlin, and were simple, devoted men of God, with whom it was truly refreshing to hold brotherly intercourse. Dr. Haberlin had accompanied them from Calcutta, and went on with them to Bancoorah, where he introduced them to Christian friends, who gave them a house, and invited them to sojourn among them for some months, until the hot and rainy seasons were over. Dr. Haberlin proceeded to Chota Nagpore, and found how gladly they would be encouraged in their labors, when circumstances permitted them to go forward and settle there; which they did as a favorable season of the year approached. They have continued their self-denying exertions in that locality ever since; and though they have suffered many a trial, and lost many a fellow-laborer by death, they have added fresh ones continually from home; they have enjoyed a rich spiritual blessing, and reaped a harvest far larger in proportion than has been gathered in, by many of higher pretensions and more outward show. What gives this mission a peculiar interest is the fact, that it is the only one to be found anywhere in that direction, and the only one that exists for the benefit of the hill tribes called Coles.

In this, and all efforts made by others for extending the work that lay so near his own heart, Mr. Weitbrecht took a particular interest; he rejoiced to aid it by every means in his power, and to watch its progress and hear of its prosperity.

In the following month, we find him on a tour in the direction of the coal-mines. There are some pleasant notices in his journal of this tour. He met with European travellers in one of the bungalows where he halted; unbelieving men, who contended that the Mohammedan was as much in the right concerning his religion, as the Christian; and that it was uncharitable and selfish in the latter to affirm, when conversing with a Moslem, that his own religion was the only true one. He adds, "I had a serious conversation with this individual." He was singularly faithful and happy, in availing himself of such casual opportunities of speaking a word for the honor of the Master whom he served; and the amount of good arising from these efforts will never be known, till the thoughts of many hearts are revealed. He held an English service, the Sunday following, with the Europeans and Indo-Britons about the place, and he remarks: "This is probably the first time that divine service has been performed in this colliery."

He found the working of the mines going on, in a much more energetic manner than in former years. New shafts had been sunk, and two thousand laborers were employed. These extensive mines yield excellent coal, which is used for supplying the steamers that ply on the Ganges. At that time, and even until now, the great difficulty connected with these works was, the transmission of the valuable mineral to Calcutta, as it could only be taken down in boats which came up the Damudah; a river that is navigable during four months only of the year, its supply of water depending entirely on the fall of rain in the hills to the westward, in Chota Nagpore, from whence it derives its source, so that it rises and falls suddenly. When it is full, it is most rapid and impetuous, and above a mile in width from bank to bank. A railroad is now in process of completion from Calcutta towards this important locality, which will, it is supposed, much enhance the value of these mines.

On Sunday evening he visited the village, and entered into conversation with the leading men of the place, which continued with pleasing signs of encouragement, till a sudden storm broke upon them, and drove them home. The lightning struck the ground close by the place where they stood; for the country is full of ironstone mixed with sulphur, and thunder-storms are frequent and violent in the locality. The following day he descended into the mines, by a staircase of one hundred and twenty-three steps, cut in the soil. In 1831 he had been let down in a coal-bucket, so he felt there was progress even in Bengal.* The stratum of earth near the surface is reddish sandstone, which gradually assumes a grayish color. The next is slate and shingle; and then the bed of coal, eight or nine feet thick. He walked through the galleries, and saw whole families engaged in the various departments, the father cutting with the pick-axe, the mother and children engaged in the lighter work. The men earn about 7s. a month; women and boys, 4s.; labor being wonderfully cheap in these Bengal jungles. Part of the colliers are children of the soil, but the larger number are from the hilly regions, and are called Santals. These latter are a simple, upright people, distinct from the Hindu of the plains in appearance, manners, and religion. In the evening, they drove to the river-side to see the coal ready for transmission. It loses much of its valuable properties by being exposed for so long a time, frequently for nine months, to atmospheric influence. They observed a rude building, intended to represent a temple of Kali, close by the water's edge. When there is little rain, the colliers petition their employers for a few rupees to make poojah to this goddess, "which petition," remarks Mr. Weitbrecht, "is, I fear, occasionally granted."

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* See page 71.

He then describes an outbreak of cholera, and the sad scenes of suffering and death that rapidly ensued, though medicine was freely supplied; and he afterwards details the particulars of an awful catastrophe which happened two years before. Some parts of the mines contain sulphate of iron, which ignites from pressure and damp. Smoke being observed to issue from the lower galleries, the people all removed, and a man reported that the mines had taken fire. The shaft near was immediately filled with rubbish, which was all that could be done; and they waited the result of the subterranean burning. The following day a fearful noise was heard below the ground; and, in the evening, the flame burst forth from another shaft, ascending in the shape of a column one hundred and fifty feet high; while the atmospheric air, rushing in through the other shafts, communicated the fire to the different parts, and caused a general conflagration throughout the mines. It was a magnificent sight, and visible from a great distance; but it was most alarming. The only chance of smothering it was to persevere in filling up the shafts, which which was done by the people approaching with the rubbish from the weather side. What caused the greatest consternation was the sinking down of the surface of the ground several hundred feet in extent, arising from the falling in of the galleries below. This produced a shaking similar to that felt at the time of an earthquake. The overseer's house was split so fearfully, that it was expected to fall, and all the furniture was removed from it.

An intelligent Hindu inquired of Mr. Weitbrecht, if he could account for the origin of coal. He told him that the commonly received opinion was, that the strata of coal had been originally large forests, which some great convulsion of nature had buried in the earth. "Our people," he replied, "ascribe it to quite another cause. They say, these coals are the remains of horses; as many as five hundred thousand of which were frequently sacrificed to the gods, by the kings of ancient times. The tar in the coal arises from the clarified butter, (ghee,) which was poured upon the sacrificial fire. Such is the philosophy of the Hindu Shasters!" Mr. W. suggested a serious objection to this idea, namely, that "in England and other lands, where no kings of Hindustan existed, and no sacrificial rites connected with Hinduism were performed, large beds of coal were found."

The journey home was a trying one, and the heat now rapidly increased, so that the three sermons Mr. Weitbrecht preached on Sundays exhausted him much; but he enjoyed remarkably good health during the first two years after his return to India; and his zeal could not be restrained within the bounds of prudence. He would return from the morning Bengali service, take a slight refreshment standing in the hall, and then proceed at once to the English service. It was, indeed, his meat and drink to do his heavenly Father's will.

We will again condense a few paragraphs from the journal:

"23*d.*—I performed divine service in Bengali; but felt dry and depressed in the morning. I cried much to the Lord, and He heard me, and I received such a manifestation of the glory of Jesus the risen Saviour to my soul, that I felt quite overwhelmed, and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. These words, 'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord,' went to my heart. How great must have been their joy, after the night of sorrow! I too could rejoice as if seeing Him; but what will it be in the great day of revelation, when we shall behold Him in reality! I preached on the subject that occupied my mind, with much openness of heart.

"*April* 1.—The Rajah of Burdwan called this morning. He was at once attracted by the sound of voices, for the children were at morning worship. I took him into the room where the girls were singing the morning hymn. 'This is very nice,' said he, and he continued to listen with attention, while Kripa, the schoolmistress, read the chapter and offered prayer. Oh! that he might catch some spark of light! I inquired after his little girl, now four years old, whose mother had died after her birth, and reminded him of his promise, that he would ask Mrs. W. to procure a governess for her, when she was old enough. He replied: 'The child is with my mother, who will allow no such thing. She comes out very seldom, being already shut up in the Zenanah.' Thus it is with wealthy and influential Hindus.

"4*th*.—My wife is absent in Calcutta, for the purpose of disposing of the articles she brought out for sale. Her journey down was very perilous, being made during a dreadful storm, and I felt anxious till I heard of her safety. It appears she was in a boat on the river, without food or drink, from eight A.M. till night. The heat was intense, and the wind right ahead, so that the boatmen made little progress, even with the tide. She had calculated on reaching Calcutta by two P.M. at latest; but at that hour she was but half-way; and by three, dense clouds had gathered around, and it became quite dark. The boatman told her they were in imminent peril, for a fearful north-wester was about to blow. He proposed to run the boat into a neighboring creek, which would afford a measure of shelter, and, he hoped, of safety. She begged him to do so without delay; and they were scarcely there before the storm burst forth in all its fury. She described it as a most solemn and awful hour, during which the sweet sense of Christ's nearness and power soothed her fears, and sustained her spirit. She sat native fashion, crouched up in the only dry corner of the little cabin, while the poor oarsmen crowded in, shivering with the change from intense heat to quite a cold blast. The lightning was their only illumination; for it was as dark as night while the violence of the storm continued. After it was over, the men went on languidly, and finally proposed to stop and cook themselves a meal on the river bank. As it was useless to resist this, and would really have been cruel, for it was then sunset, she asked them how they would provide for her refreshment. The boatman undertook to introduce her to a European family, occupying a house on the opposite bank, and he went there himself to detail the story. The gentleman of the house came immediately to the boat, and offered every accommodation needed. Tea was provided for the weary traveller by the friendly lady of the mansion, and the offer of a convoy if she would take a bed, and wait till the morning. This she declined; but upon earnest solicitations, she consented to sleep in the house till two A.M., when the boatman engaged to summon her to proceed with the tide. She was told that the thermometer in their verandah had fallen from 100° to 60° during the storm. On reaching Calcutta at six A.M. she could find no palanquins; and fearing her friends, who had expected her the night before, would be very anxious, she undertook to walk under the guidance of the boatman. He, however, led her quite wrong, and at length, when the sun began to shine forth powerfully, her only resource was to stop a gentleman returning from his morning drive, and beg him to assist her. He proved to be a well-known friend, and at once recognized her, to her great relief. He drove her to her destination, where she found her friends in a state of great alarm; several deaths by upsetting of boats having been reported to them, so that they had become painfully apprehensive for her safety. Thus we have again experienced the Lord's preserving mercy. The sale went off very well, and I met my dear wife in safety, on her return, at this place, (Chinsurah,) where I have come at the request of the Calcutta Committee, to preach a missionary sermon in the church on behalf of the Society.

"*7th.*—We collected about 100 rupees yesterday, which being rather a small amount, I followed up the sermon this evening by a missionary meeting, held in the dining-hall of Mr. R., the judge of the station, with whom we are stopping. I spoke for an hour to attentive hearers, and the blessed effect of the little meeting on the minds of some individuals present was manifested in the deep interest expressed by them in our work, and in spiritual subjects generally. This was a great encouragement to me. M. had a sale the next day, of her remaining articles, at the chaplain's house. He and his wife showed us much affection and brotherly kindness. Many more things were disposed of, the impression of the meeting being still lively and warm. I went to Serampore to visit Dr. Haberlin, and was witness to a fearful sight on the river. A boat full of people foundered; three men were standing on the stern, which was still above water, and thus they floated up the stream with the tide. These poor fellows were the owners of the boat, and clung to the wreck to save the boards, being expert swimmers, no doubt.

"*11th.*—We met the horrid swinging festival on our return to Burdwan, and I took Reynolds and Geidt out to witness it; for a missionary should do so for once. I entreated the people to desist from so horrid and unnatural a practice. 'Our forefathers did so,' said they. 'Yes, but God is dishonored thereby,' I replied, 'and you increase your guilt.' As the tree was being raised by the exertions of the people, it slipped from their hold and fell. The bamboo that was tied across it knocked down a little boy, and I thought it must have killed him; but he was only slightly hurt, and went on dancing, My entreaties to them to desist were all in vain, and the tree was raised, and made firm by a wall of clay fixed around its base. The intending performer lay on the ground. One person raised up the skin of the back beneath the shoulder-blade, another thrust the hooks through it, and a few minutes after the poor wretch was seen whirling through the air! The deluded creatures receive a reward from some rich men for their pains. Some means are used for deadening the nervous sensibility of the frame; and those who swing frequently, and get in a manner used to it, say the suffering is not so great as one would imagine."

The next entry in the journal is a very interesting one, in reference to those people who seemed so intent on embracing Christianity.

"17*th.*—Six fathers of families appear to have decided for Christ. They have come in very regularly to service, every Sunday, a distance of eight miles. I wish to become better acquainted with their private characters and circumstances, and went out for a day or two to Berui. The heat is fearful, the wind blowing flames. At sunset we preached, with acceptance, to the heathen. On visiting the dwellings of the inquirers, I ascertained that a knot of families, related to each other, seem all of one mind, and when the sun was down, they assembled before the cottage of one who was a weaver. The moon shone so brightly that my catechist, Boishtom, read a chapter out of the Bengali Gospel by its light. I expounded the words of our Lord, 'I am the door,' etc. Oh! how my heart yearned over these poor people! How I longed to lead them all to so good a Friend as Jesus! As I proceeded, the group around me increased to some twenty persons and a few women, who listened attentively. When I had done, the children closed round me, and I gave them some trifling presents. The candidates are simple peasants, who would encounter less difficulty in giving up caste than their more high-born neighbors. I slept in my palanquin in an open shed. It was swarming with ants, and I was woefully bitten. I was awoke at day-break by the singing of birds, and walked to a neighboring village, where I preached to willing hearers under a well-known banian tree. I could not succeed in obtaining an interview with the head man of the place, whom I wished to see. These Hindu gentlemen occupy two or three hours in the morning, with their accustomed bathing and poojah, and are often too dignified to allow themselves to be disturbed. They take work easily; and if you were to ask a Brahmun in the evening what he had done during the day, he would find it difficult to tell, were it not for his readiness to imagine facts, and to exaggerate the moving of a limb into a serious engagement."

The foregoing extracts are a practical comment on some remarks, made by a friend residing in Mr. Weitbrecht's family this year, which convey an idea of the impression made on the minds of those immediately about him, by his daily labors and conversation.

"I frequently observe," she writes, "not only the hopefulness with which he labors, but the buoyancy and elasticity of his hopefulness. No doubt he often feels depressed at the apparent fruitlessness of his most strenuous efforts, and in his inmost spirit can say:

'Lord, in Thy field I work all day—
I read, I teach, I warn, I pray;
And yet those willful, wandering sheep,
Within Thy fold I can not keep.'

'I journey, yet no step is won.'

But such depression is never apparent; the strong spring of hope not only keeps him up to his work, but he seems to delight in it, even when least apparently successful. No doubt this is partly the result of a fine natural temperament; but this alone could not support him through a life of such unwearied energy and devotedness. The source of it must be mainly sought for, in the simple faith with which he obeys God's commands, and trusts His promises. This makes him ever ready to attend the calls of duty, ready also to leave the result in God's hands, and to be satisfied with that result."

In a letter of April to the Rev. C. I. Yorke, he thus refers to one principal cause of the misery of India: "The Brahmuns fleece the people unmercifully, and what they exact from them, on various pretenses, far exceeds all the sums which they pay in ground-rent, etc. All mental and moral improvement is obstructed by them, and the poor Hindus are groaning under a fearful load of moral and physical misery. When will their year of deliverance come? 'Watchman, what of the night?' I believe there are now nearly two hundred missionaries in this immense empire; but, as a brother-missionary lately said at a meeting, 'We have hardly scratched the surface of the ground yet.' At least, this is the appearance of things before our eyes. Still, I do believe there is a gradual onward movement. I heard the other day that three thousand Hindu youths are receiving instruction in English schools, in a radius of twelve miles round Chinsurah. This must tell among the people at large."

The following anecdote affords a lively illustration of Hindu character: "I went with a fine-looking, sensible, and good-natured Brahmun to visit his taluk, (estate.) One of his tenants made his obeisance to him, and pleaded for mercy, saying: 'Do not crush me. I am lying at your feet.' It appeared he was 60 rupees in arrears, and his landlord insisted on his paying half the sum, well knowing that he had it in his cloth. He took out 12 rupees and offered them, solemnly declaring he had no more, until the talukdar manifested some signs of impatience, when the desired sum was at length produced, actually squeezed out; for such is the covetous nature of a Bengali that he will not pay, until really compelled.

"In the evening I assembled the candidates, and once more exhorted them to be firm, and to look to Jesus the Captain of our salvation. I can but hope, that an extensive work of the Lord has begun among these poor people."

Few Christians will read the affecting little history, contained in the next extract, with hearts untouched:

"25*th.*—Mr. Reynolds went with me to visit Kartik Pundit, an old teacher, who had instructed all the Burdwan missionaries. We found him lying in the verandah of his cottage. He looked emaciated, and his countenance bespoke pain and distress. I said: 'Well, Kartik, have you comfort and peace in your soul?' 'I feel comfort, sir,' replied he, 'in seeing you.' I continued: 'These are serious moments, when sickness overwhelms us, and death approaches. Hinduism will not do now. Shiva can not save you. Kali is of no avail. Look then, oh! look to Jesus! He died for our sins. You may be saved by Him.' He made no attempt to defend his false faith; and when we left he entreated me to pray for him. This was more than I expected, and I saw there was a hard struggle in the mind of the dying Brahmun. He knew the New Testament well, and I have passed many an hour in religious conversation with him. He was intelligent, sensible, amiable, sometimes even tender. He especially admired the writings of St. Paul, his clear elucidation of doctrine, powerful reasoning, and heart-searching descriptions of the depravity of man. He once said to Mr. Lincke, when he was earnest with him to receive the truth, 'Sir, I KNOW YOURS is the true religion, and I KNOW I must perish.' God forbid! yet when light has been so resisted, one hardly dares to hope much. Two days after our visit, his spirit returned to its Maker. He will now see the reality of eternal things, according to the Scripture. His eldest son came to bring me the sad news, and said with faltering voice: 'O sir! my father is gone to another world.' Alas! no prospect of the Father's house, with its many happy mansions, sweetens the saddest bereavement to the deluded Hindu. O Lord! visit these poor people with Thy salvation!"

The following letter contains many interesting references:

"*June* 27, 1845.

"My Dear Friend: Your letter was indeed good news from a far country; and, after perusing it, I said, you certainly shall have some lines from me likewise. How delightful to hear the satisfactory accounts you give us of our dear child! I trust it will greatly strengthen our faith in our Heavenly Father, as it has filled our hearts with gratitude. It is to me such a decided assurance, that He is a prayer-hearing God. O dear friend! we often remember you before the throne of grace, and my mind dwells with peculiar pleasure, on the short but pleasant intercourse we had with each other, during my visit to Clifton last year: I intended to write a letter, to encourage and animate our friends at their anniversary in Victoria Hall, but my time would not allow it. We have been very busy since our return, and we feel that if the Lord were not our sun and shield, our light and salvation—if we could not daily and hourly realize His presence, we should find it a hard task, and sometimes an impossibility to labor in this heathen land; for a heathen land Bengal still is, to this very day, in the broadest sense of the word, notwithstanding its numerous schools, and thousands of converts. But we are laboring in hope, firmly relying on the precious promises of Jesus. I wish you could have seen me this morning, preaching under a large Indian fig-tree in a neighboring market town, and have witnessed the attention of the crowd. You would then have said, this can not be in vain. It is a satisfaction to me to observe that every Hindu is unhappy, and feels the need of something better than he possesses; so that whether our success be little or great, we need not despond; for if we fail to reap a full harvest now, we shall do so hereafter, when 'he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.'

"A little Hindu orphan boy died the other day, and just before his spirit departed, he prayed very earnestly, calling on the Lord Jesus to receive his spirit: another boy, of fourteen, died a few weeks before him, of consumption, who had been a well-behaved and exemplary lad. As I sat by his dying bed, the day before he expired, he expressed his firm faith and reliance on his Saviour; and I have no doubt he is now happy with Him, free from pain, sorrow, and sin. But there are some boys and girls, among those who remain, who cause us much anxiety and trouble. Here, as in England, the best are frequently removed early; and who can regret it?—though we often feel their loss deeply, thinking they might have been useful to their benighted fellow-creatures. Many youthful Hindus, who have learned the truth as it is in Jesus, say they can not give up their idolatry while their parents live, because they love them so very much, and would not like to grieve them. Will some of your dear girls, who love to read the Bible, show you some passages from it to prove, that these poor youths are sadly mistaken?

"A short time after our arrival, a suttee was performed in a village near Burdwan, almost under the eye of our civil authorities, yet the murderers could not be found out; for though the Hindus are hateful, and hating each other, yet in doing wicked and horrid things with great secresy, they will hardly find their equals in this evil world. Pray tell my dear Emily that I love her very much, though absent; and if I hear that she often prays for her papa, and the heathen among whom he labors, it will rejoice my heart. I long to see her given up to her dear Saviour, because she will then be really safe and happy.

"And now, in conclusion, I will shake out of my pocket a goodly quantity of kind regards and loves, and other nice things, such as good wishes, etc., to all dear friends who remember me, and help and love my child. The Lord bless and prosper you, my dear friend.—Yours in sincere affection and gratitude, J. J. Weitbrecht."

The time was now returned for the second assembling of the missionary conference, and eight brethren met at Burdwan. "We look for an abundant blessing from the Lord," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "upon our gathering together in His name." He afterwards adds: "We sat in conference three days, and how shall I express my gratitude for the blessings of union and brotherly fellowship! The Lord was indeed with us. The resolution respecting the Roman Catholic missionaries having entered the Krishnaghur mission was very affecting: it concluded thus: 'That we received this news with the deepest sorrow, and determined to make this sad fact a matter of special and united prayer, and the most vigilant watchfulness over those congregations more immediately in danger of being carried away.'"

The journal alludes to some cheering news, brought by the Calcutta brethren, of the formation of a Temporal Aid Society for relieving distressed native Christians, which had been called into life by the spontaneous efforts of a few young Hindu teachers, belonging to all Protestant denominations. The secretary was an excellent young man connected with the Free Church. Mr. Blumhardt addressed his brethren at the conclusion of the conference, and they united together in celebrating the Lord's Supper. "Soon after this," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "we parted with our amiable friend Mr. Dicken, who was married from our house to Mrs. Weitbrecht's sister, and went to fill an important sphere of usefulness at Agra. Mr. John Marshman of Serampore had made him a most generous offer, to go and fill a sphere there, made vacant by the removal of Mr. Mack, with which his being a clergyman of the English Church would not at all have interfered; but he thought the providence of God pointed to Agra, and I can hardly doubt he will labor with blessing. We shall miss our dear sister very much: she has been of essential service to us all this year."

He goes on to relate a singular anecdote of a shopkeeper, who had come to him from a neighboring town with a tract, to obtain an explanation of several passages. He said he had been reading the tract the night before, and had fallen asleep over it, and saw in his dream a person, who said to him, "Go to the missionary, who will tell you all these things." He accordingly came, and listened most attentively, for more than an hour, to the explanation given. "It reminds me," said Mr. Weitbrecht, "of Acts 10 : 5." The Lord has various ways of bringing people to himself.

The chief event that occurred in August was a terrible inundation. The report of the coming flood was made at twelve, and by five in the evening the whole country around was one sheet of water; and a stream rushed along the high road past the mission premises. All the people were set to work; and preparations were made to secure such things as were liable to be carried off by the flood. The entrances to the compound were closed, by raising embankments of earth across them, and the poor native Christians expressed the utmost gratitude, that Mr. Weitbrecht had been so prompt and diligent on his return, in repairing the strong embankment of earth, which he had erected after the severe flood in 1834, all round the extensive grounds of the mission. "But for this," said they, "all our dwellings would have been washed away; whereas now not a drop of water enters the premises, except such as oozes in from below." The water increased till midnight, rolling across the rice fields, and carrying sad destruction before it. Stories of distress from loss of life, falling of houses, etc., were continually heard, while the favored inhabitants of the mission-compound felt themselves in the happy position of Noah and his family in the ark. This inundation was very extensive; fourteen hundred feet of embankment were destroyed, and the country was much damaged. Some of the Christians were sent to look out for the sufferers; and one particularly nice family were induced to take refuge with those, who had often before, on more spiritual grounds, and on this occasion could well adopt literally the language of the poet:

> 'We are a garden walled around,
> Chosen and made peculiar ground—
> A little spot inclosed by grace
> Out of the world's wide wilderness.' "

The whole of this family, including a father, mother, and four children, were instructed, and in due time baptized, and have ever since continued satisfactory converts. A visitor in the mission-house, referring to what she noticed during this period, says: "The facility with which Mr. W., to use a homely phrase, 'can turn his hand to any thing,' is most remarkable, and seems to me a very valuable quality in the position, which many missionaries occupy in India. English and Bengali schools, itinerating, preaching, translating, attending to the secular concerns of the mission, overlooking the domestic and other arrangements of the native Christians, building, correspondence; his duties are indeed various, yet nothing is neglected. Even the presence of visitors, which from peculiar circumstances is so frequent with you, never interferes with his routine of duty."

It may interest the reader to transcribe a concise sample of two days' running engagements, inserted in the journal of this date: "Henry comes to my bed before six, and, pulling my toes, says: 'Papa, get up; put on your shoes.' His mamma is rather overdone with all the laborious and exciting events of this year, so the little fellow spares her, and gets me to go out and feed him with bread and milk, while I take my early tea. At seven I sowed vegetable seed. Then came in and wrote three letters, bathed and prepared for breakfast. Family prayer. From ten to three in the English school. Very tired. Took accounts till dinner at four. Sent a person round to the residents, to collect in the various subscriptions. Captain A. came at sunset, and helped me to examine the walls and roof of the old mission-house, which is to be repaired. After tea wrote up my journal. Following day sent off a sick widow to Bancoorah, for change of air and medical treatment. Pruned trees. Made up medicines for the sick. Wrote three important public letters. English school, weekly service, and lecture to the native Christians. Sowed seeds in the garden. Took my wife out a little to refresh her. After tea wrote letters to English friends."

"I have been struck with the following remarks of Dr. Carey, given by him to a young missionary: 'My dear brother, remember these three things, first, that it is your duty to preach the Gospel to every creature; second, that God has declared that His Word shall accomplish that for which it is sent; thirdly, that when he pleases, He can as easily remove the present formidable obstacles, as we can move the smallest particle of dust. Be not discouraged, but look to the great recompense of reward.'" The young brother to whom this valuable counsel was given, Mr. Lacey of Cuttack, entered into rest about the same time as Mr. Weitbrecht.

A few days after this, Mr. Weitbrecht set out on a mission tour, and met as usual with many pleasing and painful incidents. At one village which he had often visited in former years, he told the people, after he had addressed them, that while sailing on the deep, as he was returning from Europe, he had often thought of them and prayed for them, desiring to see them turned to the Lord Jesus Christ. "This is indeed wonderful," replied one, "that the Sahib should remember us, when thousands of miles distant. What an interest this shows in us! Surely we shall at last become believers." Another person entreated him to come and see the image of Kali, which was just finished for her approaching poojah. "When I see these horrid idols," he writes, "I could weep all day over this deluded and miserable people, and they meet me wherever I go. The festival will begin at midnight, when the figure is consecrated, and the clay image changed into a divinity. My catechist told me, that if government would take the land belonging to idol temples, as they do other land, Kali would soon fall, and her worship cease. Why should it not be tried? On entering a village, the first sight presenting itself to me was a woman wailing before her cottage. 'O Kali Mother!' said the poor thing, 'what hast thou done? At thy last festival my child appeared before thy image, dressed in new clothes; now he is not! O Kali Mother! what hast thou done?' When I lay down to rest, I felt exceedingly affected by the unbelief of these deluded people, and entreated the Lord for grace to persevere, and never grow weary in my labor for their conversion; and should their day of deliverance not come for me to behold it, that I might, at any rate, be enabled to glorify my precious Saviour among this idolatrous nation." How graciously was this prayer answered!

To an intelligent Hindu gentleman, who expressed his admiration of the beautiful morality of Christianity, Mr. Weitbrecht replied: "You judge the surface, like one who has beheld the residence of the Governor-general from a distance, and admires the handsome building: but could he see the treasures and comforts which it contains within, his wonder and admiration would increase tenfold. I know and have seen the interior of our lovely religion; I have experienced its excellencies. The morality of Christianity is only its outward beauty, as made apparent in the practice of true believers; but this outward beauty is the effect of a holy principle, which is invisible, but which exercises a power on the heart and mind of man, that sanctifies and improves his whole being."

On returning from this tour Mr. Weitbrecht proceeded to Calcutta, to fulfill various public engagements there, and breakfasted, in company with all his brother-missionaries, with Bishop Spencer of Madras, who was acting for Bishop Wilson, and "who gave us," he remarks, "a very suitable address." He took an affectionate leave of dear Reynolds, who was appointed to Krishnaghur, and reached Burdwan again towards Christmas. The following letter to the Rev. John Hensman, of Clifton, details many interesting circumstances that occurred at that period.

"BURDWAN, *Jan.* 3, 1846.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: * * * * Last Sunday, December 28, I had the joy of baptizing not less than twenty girls and boys, mostly orphans, and every one of them nearly as black as pitch, for the laboring classes of the Hindus are very dark. May they all be washed and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb, and may their names be written in the book of Life! These orphan schools are indeed the nursery gardens of our missions, and are already producing the most satisfactory results. The children are kept from a polluted heathenish atmosphere, and grow up with Christian and civilized ideas, principles, and habits. My brother Leupolt at Benares has lately laid out a new Christian village, near the mission premises, which is gradually filling with young men from his orphan school, who have been brought up to various trades. More on this subject you will find in the annual report of our Burdwan Mission, of which I will shortly send you a copy.

"Our Christmas season has been one of peculiar joy and sorrow. On the eve of the festival, I closed the eyes of a pious boy, seven years old, the son of a devoted native preacher. I never attended a death-bed in a Hindu cottage, where the parents manifested such a sweet spirit of pious resignation and confidence in Jesus, as on this occasion. His presence was indeed felt near the dying bed of the dear child, and the peaceful scene was to me, a fresh instance of the blessed effect of the Gospel, among people of every clime and complexion. On Christmas morning, I attended the death-bed of another boy twelve years old. He had been a great sufferer for fifteen months past; but his trials were as the refiner's fire, the blessed means of his sanctification, and preparation for a better world. Kartick (or Peter) was a general favorite with us all, intelligent, sensible, and of pleasing manners, and he spoke English very nicely. Having received his first training in our infant-school, he was more than commonly lively and alert. I was at Calcutta lately, attending the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, and preaching the annual sermon. During my absence Kartick became worse, and he longed to see me. His conscience troubled him; he wished to see his path clear, and felt not quite sure whether he were in a state of pardon and reconciliation with God; the very feelings which a faithful minister delights to perceive in young people. After my return I sat down at his bedside, explaining to him the mediatorial character of Christ, the greatness and fullness of the ransom paid for sinners, and assured him of His infinite love to all who, with true and heartfelt repentance, turn unto Him. I told him how welcome the weakest and most unworthy are, when coming in humble faith to Him. Kartick had often heard those precious truths before; but I believe he had not felt them so powerfully as he did now, in this time of need. My conversation came home to its proper place. He listened with eager interest; he repeated several passages from the Psalms and New Testament after me, showing by the expression of his countenance, that they were as manna to his hungry soul; he truly derived solid comfort from the Word of Life. He then became peaceful and happy; he told me the following day he felt quite comfortable, and feared no evil; he spoke of his approaching end with composure, and told his friends, that on Christmas-day he should die and go to heaven. Early on that blessed morning his elder brother, who used to read the Bible to him at his bedside, came and told me Kartick was dying. I hastened to the humble cottage, which is situated on the western bank of a fine sheet of water in the mission-premises. The sun was just rising in all the brightness of an eastern sky, casting his rays over the solemn scene. I commended the soul of the dear boy into the hands of his Saviour. I believe it was a blessed moment, which his young companions will not easily forget. Angels sung the Saviour's birth, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men;' doubtless, thought I, some of these ministering spirits are present, ready to convey the soul of our dear brother to the heavenly regions. An hour afterwards, as I was meditating on this sublime text for my morning sermon in English, he expired. His death was indeed a spiritual birth-day; delivered from sin, sorrow, and pain, this dear boy was permitted to celebrate a new Christmas-day with saints and angels in paradise. I like to relate such a death-bed scene in a heathen land; because, to my mind, nothing proves more strikingly the excellency and divine glory of the Gospel! What a contrast it forms to the miserable death of an idolater on the banks of the Ganges! Such a first-fruits gathered into the garner is, to me, a rich reward for all my toils and trials in this mission-field. We need occasionally such a mark of the Lord's approbation; for missionary labor among the Hindus in general has lost little of its trying features, during my absence in Europe. My hopes brightened at a distance, and I often indulged in the delightful thought, that I would not rest, until I saw numbers gathered into the fold of Christ. Now, being on the spot again, I sometimes feel as one who is running with the head against the wall: it will not *yield.* I have preached many a sermon, since my return, in bazaars and villages; I cry aloud and spare not; my knowledge of Bengali enables me, freely and fully, to declare to the teeming population of this district the free mercy of God in Christ. Perhaps the mass of the people is less opposed to our preaching; many willingly hear and approve of it; but there is a want of reflection, and an utter want of sincerity. Hinduism, like dry rot, has ruined this people: they appear to me as tow, and as callous and dead as ever.

"And 'Young Bengal,' the Anglicized, educated portion, is running deeper into infidelity and licentious profligacy, in the same proportion as those interesting youths are shaking off the old trammels of idolatry. Some clever, would-be philosophers are now writing tracts against Christianity, which are sold at the bazaars of Calcutta, a penny apiece. They are made up of scraps from Tom Paine and others; and the young authors have the assurance to retail the stolen articles to their contemporaries, as their own productions. On the other hand it must be allowed, that thousands of Hindus deeply feel and deplore their physical misery; and we also frequently meet with those who are aware of their mentally and spiritually depressed condition; but the Brahmuns do all in their power to prejudice the minds of the population against Christianity. 'We are like the silkworm,' said an intelligent Hindu to me the other day, 'which spins itself a prison, to perish in it. We have spun ourselves a network of superstition and error from which there is no getting out, and thus we die.' I pointed out to him the process of the cocoon; how in time, by the warmth of the sun, it is changed into a butterfly, which breaks through its prison and soars aloft. 'Do take your refuge in Jesus,' said I, 'and you will receive power to burst your net-work of Brahmunism and rise to a new life in God.' 'You are right; very true,' was the reply.

"I have, in the course of this year, had a considerable number of inquirers from some neighboring villages, who come from a considerable distance to attend church every Sunday morning, and to receive instruction. Three heads of families I baptized, besides three adults from other quarters; the rest are not yet decided enough. The laboring classes are exceedingly ignorant and poor. The idea of becoming Christians is too often joined with a second thought, that of bettering their circumstances in life. Hence we frequently discover, that secular views have some influence, in prompting them to ask for Christian instruction and baptism. This is not seldom the case with people who are otherwise sincere, and ready to renounce caste and idolatry. Well, we must still go on laboring in hope, as the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth. One thing is evident, the time for very extensive conversion is not yet come in Bengal, though there is a great stir and commotion in many quarters; but come it will; there can be no doubt on this point. I found great comfort at our family devotions this morning, in reflecting on Isa. 2 : 17, 18, 'And the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day,' etc.

"Native education has lately received a fresh impulse, by the government of Bengal directing the establishment of an English college at Krishnaghur, with three branch schools, one of which has just now been opened at Burdwan, and I hear no less than two hundred Hindu boys have applied for admission here. Employments in lucrative government offices are held out to the most advanced scholars; and, in the college, some dozen of comfortable scholarships. There is no doubt that idolatry will gradually decrease in consequence of these efforts, as the native mind is raised from its low, grovelling condition. But one radical evil still remains. Religion is not only left out of sight in these scholastic arrangements, but they go to the opposite extreme, acting in a spirit little short of hostility towards Christianity. In the government plan of education, every thing having reference to our religion is most carefully excluded. The teacher and books must not contain a religious spark in them. . . . . . Another teacher is decidedly immoral. And these are the men chosen by government, to form the mind of the rising generation. It is for this reason chiefly, that those government schools in Bengal have produced such fearful crops of infidelity. In the present state of Hindu society, such men, occupying such an influential position, do more harm than bigoted Brahmuns, by imbuing the minds of their pupils with fine poetry and skeptical notions, and prejudicing them against Christianity. Thus education is turned into a curse, and the stream of knowledge, which was to convey a blessing, is poisoned; and it is this government itself which will eventually be the sufferer, and reap its withering effect. I have been told by men of influence, that nothing will be done in Calcutta to mend the evil; they tell me, that the battle must be fought in *Exeter Hall.* Christian England must agitate the question, and compel the government of Bengal to adopt a system of education, which is more likely to improve the moral character of the Hindus. It is true, we can not expect Christianity to be taught in government schools; but England has a right to demand, that the system of education should, at least, not be repulsive to her holy religion. So, my dear friend, here is a hint which I trust will not be lost sight of in proper quarters. Our friend, Archdeacon Dealtry, has lately made an effort which does him great honor. He strongly recommended to the Board of Education at Calcutta, the following propositions for their adoption:

"1. That a library be established in every government college and English school, composed of the best theological, philosophical, and scientific works.

"2. That lectures be delivered on history, and other useful branches of literature, with a reference to Christianity.

"3. That only such men be appointed as superintendents and teachers, as bear an unblemished character, and are decidedly influenced by Christian principles.

"These propositions were at once negatived by the Board of Education.

"Another piece of gross injustice is, the establishment of government English schools, at places where the Church Missionary Society has hitherto carried on that interesting branch of labor. The consequence is, that scholars are drawn away, and our schools are seriously injured. We have lost half of our best boys at Burdwan. This is the more to be regretted, as there are many important places in Bengal, where the ground is quite unoccupied, and where nothing has been done. Two systems of education being pursued at the same place, the one on Christian and the other on anti-christian principles, the natives have actually got the impression that the government are opposed to

Christianity, and *prefer* infidel and heathen men in their offices to Christians; and thus Christianity is rendered additionally despicable and odious.

"Again, the Jesuits are now really in earnest about Krishnaghur. They seem to find it more convenient to steal converts from Protestant missions, than to get new ones by their own efforts. They have lately bought ground at the station to raise an establishment; they are making collections in Calcutta. Thus our most prosperous mission in Bengal is assailed by three terrific foes; Pope, Pagan, and Tom Paine are at it; but the Lord reigns, and will triumph over all His enemies. I am not afraid for the result, but it only shows that this is a time to be up and doing. We want more men, more united efforts, and more prayerful hearts here and at home.—With sincere respect, affection, and esteem, believe me, my dear Mr. Hensman, your faithful brother in Christ, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

CHAPTER XV.

Interesting Incidents on Tour—Arrival of Brethren—Letter to Mrs. Ramsay—Illness of Mr. Reynolds—Letter to his Child—Excursion to Chota Nagpore—Conference—Presentation to Christ's Hospital—Anecdote of Roman Catholic Missions.

1846—1847.

Mr. Weitbrecht thus commences his journal of 1846: "*January* 1*st.*—'Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.' With such an assurance, and such a promise as my staff and support, I would begin this new year. O Lord! help; give now prosperity.

"4*th.*—I preached in Bengali on Heb. 13 : 20, 'The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep,' etc. Precious words! they gave me sweet comfort on the first Sabbath of a new year, and my mind had been brought into a delightful frame by the sacrament, which we had celebrated in the English service in the morning."

The next day he set off on one of his itinerating tours, with two of the catechists. "We went," he writes, "partly on foot and occasionally on horseback." He notices, on the 6th, the Feast of the Epiphany, and his desires arose afresh that Christ might be manifested indeed to the poor Hindus, in the glory of His truth and salvation. Having no tent with him, and no palanquin, he had to make various contrivances for his accommodation at night. "In one place," he says, "I fixed upon an open shed where a native patshala (boys' school) was held. I hung up curtains as a screen, but the numerous Hindu boys, who gathered round the place to gaze upon me, proved rather troublesome; some took the liberty of opening my curtains and peeping through; some even entered my little sanctuary. About twenty boys were writing on their palm leaves in the morning, and this was all the instruction imparted in this place of learning. The schoolmaster was a man afflicted with leprosy of the worst species. His fingers and toes were nearly eaten away; and his lips and tongue were so affected, that his pronunciation was very indistinct. He was indeed a loathsome spectacle, a true picture of the effects of heathenism. The appointment of such a man to scholastic duties shows, that education has as low a place in the estimation of these Hindus, as it had in that of the inhabitants of the Steinthal; where Pastor Oberlin found an old superannuated swineherd similarly employed." The particulars of many preaching scenes and discussions follow, but as these necessarily bear a close affinity with those that occurred on other tours, we pass them over. One day, he met with a party of officers hastening up the country to join the army of the Punjaub. One of the fearful battles that brought that country under English government and influence had just been fought; and they detailed the particulars to him. "I felt quite excited," he writes, "and could not but express my great thankfulness to God; for if He had not crowned the British arms with success, it is frightful to contemplate the scenes that would have ensued." At another place, he entered the court-yard of a native gentleman's house, and found a party of twelve young men playing at cards. They respectfully rose, and addressed him in English, which they all knew; and finding he was a missionary, they expressed a desire for an English New Testament, which he gave them. One of them, a peculiarly pleasing youth, conducted him to his father's house, where he told him he would find a large assembly who would be glad to hear the Gospel. On entering, this youth said: "Sir, you see a numerous assembly before you; they all want to hear you; they know you are the Padre Sahib of Burdwan, and that you speak fine and elegant Bengali." He spoke from Acts 18; St. Paul's address to the Athenians, and was heard with deep attention. On leaving, he presented the kind-hearted master of the house with the four Gospels in Bengali, which gave him much pleasure. The son told him, that he was in the habit of giving lectures on various interesting subjects, and that the common people heard him gladly. "These youths," remarks Mr. Weitbrecht, "will eventually turn the public mind; the old generation will pass away, and they will people the land. What a contrast between this amiable youth and the bitter old Brahmun! When I left him, he said: 'O sir! when will you come again? I want some reverend gentleman to guide me.'

"In the evening, when preaching in the bazaar, these young men attended; and afterwards begged me to take a walk in the fields with them, and continue our conversation on divine subjects." How such circumstances as these remind one of our blessed Saviour's experience, when He dwelt among us, and when, as the first missionary of His own message of love to men, He exhorted the multitudes, and guided and gently led His own little selected band of disciples. *They* were sometimes as carnal in their ideas, and as dull in spiritual things, as the Hindus, though they were from among God's chosen people.

On arriving at Chinsurah, Mr. Weitbrecht heard of the final defeat of the Sikhs; and preached on Sunday morning, at the request of the chaplain, in the English Church. It was a solemn service; and a general and heartfelt thanksgiving was offered to God for the late victories. This was done throughout India, by order of the bishop. He met a dear friend just arrived from England, who returned with him to Burdwan, where he found all well, and the repairs of the mission-house advancing fast.

On the 27th he left for a tour in another direction. "At one village," he says, "I was told by a man, that he would take me to a place where I could obtain a congregation. I followed him to a spot, where four hundred respectable people were sitting on the ground, with leaves stitched together, placed before them as plates, and four servitors waiting on them; first, a heap of rice was poured out on each plate, then vegetable curry, milk, and rice followed, and all enjoyed the feast, being rather pleased than disturbed by my presence. The occasion was that of a shradha, or funeral feast. A Boshtom had died, and these men were all brother Boshtoms. At intervals one gave out a prayer, to which all responded. It was merely a repetition of the name of the deceased individual, and an invocation similar to 'Peace be to him.' When dinner was over, each individual hastily took up parts of the fragments remaining, to convey to their relatives and other disciples of the Boshtom, as every one who tastes of the residue of the shradha, will become exempt from the evil of being born again into the body of an inferior animal. We addressed them on John 14: 'Jesus the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' and the comforts and joys of His heaven of bliss."

At another spot, he witnessed a new scene. The grandson of the Gossein of the place had gained a heavy lawsuit, in which the whole property of this great zemindar was contested. "Such joy and wild uproar I never before beheld," said he. A party, armed with swords and sticks, ran off to thrash the witnesses, who had given false evidence against their master. In this way, wealthy Hindu gentlemen constantly take the law into their own hands.

On this tour he notices the singular custom the Hindus have, of worshipping every tool and implement with which they perform their daily labors, on the occasion of the festival held in honor of the goddess, Shareswathi. "I observed," he remarks, "several images of the goddess, and before each, heaps of paper account-books, pens, inkstands, palm-leaves, hammers, and other articles too numerous to detail. On this day, every individual offers divine adoration to that particular instrument, by the aid of which he gets his daily bread. Thus the Hindu Pantheon is swelled, by their own account, to the vast number of one hundred and thirty three millions of gods." Just after passing the image, the fearful shrieks of a woman attracted his attention. A young man was passing into eternity, and his mother was frantic with grief. The brothers and sisters sat around in sullen misery. He entreated the poor mother not to increase the dying agonies of her son by her fearful noise, but to pray to the Almighty to sustain her. He could not but draw the contrast between this sad scene, and that of the dying beds he was sometimes privileged to witness, among those Hindus who believed in Jesus. On again visiting the newly-baptized converts, he found no reason to continue to indulge his hopes of more extended conversions in their villages, and he adds: "Well the Lord knows how earnestly and prayerfully I endeavored to bring them to Christ, and I am clear of their blood."

Feb. 1.—He mentions a favorable answer, which he received from the Secretary to the Government Council of Education, to whom he had applied for the grant of certain privileges to the boys brought up in the Mission English school. "Our pupils will," he says, "if found as well fitted, be as eligible for government appointments, as those who are educated in their own schools."

The following extract from letters of this date gives us some of Mr. Weitbrecht's lively descriptions of little passing occurrences of the day:

"Our new organ has arrived from England, and it has been nicely set up by our dear brethren, who have taken the utmost pains with it. But for their kind aid, I should have been entirely at a loss, and should have had to get up a professional person from Calcutta, at a great expense, who would not have done the business half so well. When it is played, the natives assemble in crowds on the road-side; for such an instrument has never been heard in these quarters before, and many probably regard it as a new incarnation of Vishnu.

"My wife arranged a little concert, to take place at the time ladies go out for their evening drive; and she had several tables covered with a variety of tempting articles, which she had received from England for sale. The orphan girls were allowed to come, dressed in clean white garments, and several of the native Christians were present. The whole scene was really pretty. In this sunny climate, it is not so difficult as it might seem to you to get up such an affair; and, you know, ladies are never at a loss, where a little management will effect some good end. So it turned out well. The people all came. They said the organ was beautiful, and the performers were highly applauded. Certainly our dear brethren did play some nice German pieces much to my taste; and while they were doing so, the fine tables were nearly emptied. The Rajah bought up the entire contents of the one presided over by Miss Ladame; and some necessary rupees were realized for our orphan boys and girls. My wife, I must tell you, patronizes both sexes. She is now gone to Calcutta on a similar errand, and writes me that she has succeeded beyond expectation, and sold for seven hundred rupees. She had to take the dear babe with her, and the increasing heat kept me in some anxiety till their safe return. The day following it, dear Krauss was married. It was a very happy wedding party.

"I am preparing all the materials for our new church. It shall have a spire pointing to heaven. Burdwan is filled with Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques, and we are sometimes asked why we have no building worthy of the God we worship. It will stand on the road-side, and be seen by the innumerable travellers that pass daily. Up to this time, there is not a single Christian church visible the whole way from Chinsurah to Benares, nearly four hundred miles. Your affectionate friend,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

The journal of this date refers to sickness, and family trials and mercies. He was concerned for the great fatigue resting on his wife during his frequent absences, on account of the building of the second story on the mission-house, and other heavy cares; but his faith sustained him, and it is remarkable how graciously God honored it; for not one instance is remembered, of serious consequences being permitted to arise at home, from his continued absences on duty, which might have been averted by his presence; though alarming events did sometimes occur, and on one or two occasions, he had to be summoned home by special messengers. A very dreadful case of this kind happened at this period, and the following extracts from a letter to a friend with whom one of his children was placed, manifest how, in the midst of these trials, divine comforts did indeed delight his soul:

"*April* 6.

"MY DEAR MRS. RAMSAY: Many thanks for your kind letter of January. You may imagine what consolation and joy it gives us, when we hear such satisfactory and cheering accounts of our dear children. The Lord is indeed repaying us in kind, and for what we have left behind for His name's sake, he restores to us a hundred-fold. We have had some great and severe trials lately, arising principally from the wickedness of the heathen around us, and the malice of a relapsed and unprincipled native Christian; but what else can we expect in our position? The Lord is very gracious in giving us strength to endure. The Apostle told his beloved Timothy, 'Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' This seems, to this day, the missionary's motto. So long as Satan is loose, he will rage and pour out his fury against the servants of Jesus. All we can do, when the dark waves roll along, is to be still and wait on Him. We have never been disappointed of His help.

"Nothing would give me greater delight than to see my dear boy becoming a missionary; but you know what is necessary for such an arduous work; a heart entirely consecrated to the Saviour, pride and self-will subdued, and a mind sanctified by the Spirit of the Lord. This preparation comes from above; tell F. to pray for it. If an opening should present itself for his being admitted into Christ's Hospital,* we shall accept it as coming from the Lord's hand, and trust to His kind guidance and providence. * * *

"The cholera is thinning the population around us in a fearful way; a few days ago I heard that one half of the inhabitants of Culna had died; this would be ten thousand souls; if only one fourth part, it is awful enough. My dear wife wanted to write, but she has more devolving on her than she can bear. May the Lord abundantly bless you for your kindness to our dear boy! Our united kind love. Ever believe me, my dear friend, yours, in the best of bonds,

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* A Free School in London.

"J. J. Weitbrecht."

"29*th.*—Through Divine mercy, I have been permitted to celebrate my forty-fifth birthday. Oh! that I may, by God's grace, become riper for heaven, as I am approaching nearer the confines of eternity, and may I still be helped on to do something more for my Saviour, in this heathen land! I received a letter the other day, in which it was affirmed to me, that I had been elected Canon of the new cathedral. Should such a thing be, I hope it will not draw me aside from my mission work; for I am determined, by God's grace, to stand to my colors, as long as life and health are granted.

"*May* 4*th.*—We moved into our new house to-day. May the Lord Jesus dwell with us here! The fatigue of finishing it off and moving in was killing work; and a few days since I thought I should have sunk under it, but God restored me from the attack it brought on. My wife is thoroughly exhausted, but our Saviour is for little trials as well as great ones; He knows how to speak a word in season to one who is weary. It was a matter of necessity for us to move in; our brethren really needed the accommodation of the other house, since Geidt has returned."

"*May.*

"My Dear Friend: * * * * Your news of Gobat's having been invited to accept the Bishopric of Jerusalem has caused us as much surprise as joy. * * * * Now for some good news on our side. Bion at Doyapore, near Dacca, baptized twelve natives in one day, and many more desire baptism. These humble brethren scarcely begin their labors, when they gather in a number of converts. Geidt has just returned from the Krishnaghur district, he is quite in raptures with Lipp's beautiful Christian village. Here you see Bengali Christians living in their own natural simplicity, in neat and comfortable cottages, each of the more respectable containing two or three rooms, with nice verandahs in front. To every cottage some ground is attached, which the people cultivate, raising therein fruit, vegetables, and other useful productions, which in some cases provide support for the families, and in others considerably aid thereto. Bright-colored and pretty flowers, such as grow spontaneously in Bengal, enliven the garden, especially that part of it near the cottage; then the people are seen sitting at their work in the verandah, the women spinning, the men perhaps reading a book aloud, and the children playing around; while the chickens and other live stock, but especially the cows, feeding somewhere near, give you the idea of comfort and plenty. If you enter the cottage, the first thing that strikes you, is a humble little library of suitable books; and the appearance of other trifling accommodations, such as a wooden desk, or a chair, at once reminds you that you are in a Christian's dwelling, for no heathen of that rank in society would possess such articles. Most of these people are ryots, (cultivators;) and our brother has shown much discretion in keeping them, as to position in society, exactly as he found them, only teaching them to live more comfortably; and they can do so, being free from debt, an incumbrance which always hangs on every poor ryot in Bengal, while he is in the hands of the talookdar, (the man employed by the zemindar or land-holder to let out ground to the actual cultivators of the soil.) Thus these poor people find that godliness, or Christianity, has promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come; new dwellings are continually erecting, and the catechists and readers, who dwell promiscuously among the others, exercise a good influence in various ways. Lipp is a wise man, and lays his foundation strong and well. A few years ago the entire spot was wild jungle. I was with our good brother, when we marked out the site for a house and measured the ground.* Now the wilderness and solitary place have literally become glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. Your affectionate

"J. J. W."

On the 26th, as soon as matters were a little settled in the new dwelling, Mr. Weitbrecht left for Krishnaghur, to attend the missionary conference, and preached on Whit-Sunday at Kapasdanga, where Mr. Krauss and his bride received him with affectionate joy. He never thought this mission looked more inviting; the Boirob, on the banks of which the mission-house stands, so much resembles an English river. Its green banks presented at this time a lovely scene, with herds of cows and goats grazing upon them, and no palm-trees near to destroy the pleasing illusion, of fancying one's self in Europe. "But the church," he adds, "is far too small; it is crowded to suffocation; and though the verandahs are filled, not nearly all the people can get in; yet Krauss has occupied no room by a pulpit, but stands behind the communion-rail to preach. I observed an aged man in tears during service, and the deep attention of the people was beautiful. Krauss told me, an old man who brings water for household use would not consent to be paid, saying he had all his wants supplied. This might be thought nothing remarkable in England, but in Bengal it is little short of miraculous. Another old man, a laborer, begged for leave on Wednesdays to attend the weekly lecture; 'for,' said he, 'I have but a short time to live, and I like to go to the house of God and prepare for eternity.'"

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* See page 239.

The following letter from Mr. Krauss himself, though out of date, contains such a graphic little notice of Bishop Spencer's visit, that it will be read with interest in this place, especially when it is remembered that the writer of it could say with St. John, (Rev. 1 : 9,) "I also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ;" and that both these devoted brethren are now together, in the immediate presence of Him "who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore."

"KAPASDANGA, *Feb.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . The Bishop of Madras, his chaplain, Archdeacon Dealtry, and Blumhardt, Lipp, and Reynolds, all arrived on Thursday morning. The three former gentlemen were on horseback, and the Christian boys and girls of the schools met them in procession; on their entering the compound, these children formed into lines on each side the road, the boys being opposite to the girls. The gong struck seven from the church-tower at that moment; the morning sun was just risen in his eastern brightness, and the numerous birds which tenant the large banian-trees, that you admired so much in my compound, were warbling forth their praises to their Maker. It was a lovely sight, and was agreeable to us all. The visitors stopped their horses for a while to admire it; and while they were doing so, the school children marched off in order to the front of the church and school, where they struck up the morning hymn, and sung it through, taking up the parts very naturally and perfectly. The bishop begged for its repetition more than once; and he said he never beheld a more lovely sight, than that of these poor Hindu children, who were dressed, in their clean white Christmas clothing. We dressed, breakfasted, and then received an address from the bishop, who afterwards administered the rite of confirmation to one hundred and two persons. On Friday morning they left; and the bishop expressed to me his great regret, that the advanced state of the season would prevent him from proceeding to Burdwan to visit your mission. I told him he lost much; and he said, that if he had been aware of all the interest connected with your station, and had understood it as fully when he left Calcutta as he now did, nothing should have prevented him from so arranging his tour as to take Burdwan in the circle. . . . . —Your very affectionate brother, "C. Krauss."

"I have had a severe attack of influenza, which is prevailing here. We are now in the damp, sultry, unhealthy season; the fields full of water and frogs, and the air full of musquitoes and other vermin; the loaded state of the atmosphere producing in many people an effect, somewhat similar to what paralysis does in England, namely, a deranged system, excessive anxiety, irritation, and despondency, and, with the best-constituted mind, it requires no small effort to be cheerful."

In August Mr. Weitbrecht heard of the serious illness of Mr. Reynolds, which caused him shortly after to leave India. The sad news was conveyed in a letter from the poor sufferer himself, written almost illegibly, and apparently as by one struggling with death: "I am dying of dysentery, my brother, and I fear I may perish; oh! pray for me!" He retired immediately with his wife, and as they knelt together, pleaded earnestly with the Lord to spare his beloved brother; and then wrote at once to tell him this, and to encourage him to believe that the Lord would raise him up; which He graciously did, as he was soon after informed by the poor sufferer himself, who writes: "The Lord has heard your prayers, my dear kind friend. I am *alive.* For four nights the doctor never left me. Every mercy has been given me; above all, *praying friends.* I trusted in your prayers;

thanks, thanks for your love, for your kind letter. I had not the slightest hope, and committed my soul as a wretched sinner lost, polluted, and undone, to the Lord Jesus. The doctor thought I must have gone; the spirit hung by a thread. I felt myself getting cold, and a strong man died just by of the same complaint. I can not think much yet. Remember me kindly to your dear wife. Your affectionate and most unworthy brother, E. REYNOLDS."

Thus did he by prayer, not only refresh his own soul, but communicate strength and refreshment to the souls of his brethren. Yet none mourned more over failures in this respect, for we find in a letter of this date to his friend Mr. Bridges the following paragraph: "As a body of missionaries we want more spirituality of mind, more deep-toned devotedness, more prayer. Oh! how often I long for a new Pentecost upon our souls, and upon our missions!"

"28*th.*—One evening, as we were going out, a blacksmith whom we employed rushed out of his cottage as we passed, and prostrated himself before us, crying, 'He is gone, he is gone; now has he departed.' We found his only son, a youth of fifteen, had just died, and the poor man was in utter despair. This is heathenism. The Gospel of Jesus would say to him, 'Weep not, thy child is not dead but sleepeth;' but heathens are without hope, because they are without God. Poor Kali goes bowed down, and sighing heavily, and listens with eagerness to all I tell him, while his heart is softened by his affliction. He has received a deep wound, but whether he will allow it to be healed by the balm of Gilead, I know not."

Such a scene, as that just described, called out those compassionate feelings which Mr. Weitbrecht possessed in so high a degree. The following beautiful letter to one of his children exhibits another trait in his character, for which he was no less remarkable, namely, firmness and decision, combined with meekness of wisdom; for as one of his brethren observed of him, he illustrated 2 Tim. 1 : 7 remarkably:

"*August* 2.— O my dear child! you do not know how much we desire and pray that you may become good and pious; and that our hearts may be rejoiced by hearing good accounts of you. I am glad you seem to feel, in some degree, that you are not always as you should be, but this is not enough; you must be in earnest, and sincerely endeavor to lay aside what is wrong in you. When we heard that you had been giving anxiety to your kind governess, we walked about in the verandah, and talked together about you. We then went in and kneeled down and prayed most earnestly that God's Holy Spirit might reveal to you the evil of sin, and change your heart by His power. Afterwards we felt that the Lord had allowed us to hear of your careless conduct to humble us, and to lead us to pray more earnestly and continually for you and your dear brother, and we said to each other, what an easy thing it would be to the Lord to make you a new creature. Now, dear child, I have told you what your papa and mamma did; more we can not do, except to write with paternal affection and authority, and I hope you will receive this letter as a proof of our tender love, and think over the following important questions:

"1. Did you ever seriously think of *sin*, what it is, and that those who commit it (or who sin wilfully) must go into everlasting perdition?

"2. Can you be happy while you feel you are a great sinner, or do you not fear that you may go at last to that awful place—hell? Can a disobedient child be happy?

"3. Do you know that Jesus, the Son of God, came from heaven, became a poor man, died like a malefactor, and shed His precious blood for YOU, to make you free from sin, and deliver you from condemnation? As He has so loved you, what should you do in return? How can you show your love to Him?

"4. Do you believe that those children who *feel* sorrow for their great and many sins, and come to Him with *faith* and *prayer*, will receive forgiveness and peace in their hearts? Why do you not go and ask Him for that precious gift? Do you think you are too young to pray, or too good to want a Saviour?

"5. Have you ever seriously considered that there will be a day of judgment, at which you and all men will have to appear? when all your thoughts will be laid open, and every one will receive the reward which is due to his works?

"Think of these questions, dear child, and pray over them. We pray for you every day, but you must pray for yourself. You are the child of a missionary. Your dear parents have devoted their lives to the blessed work of the propagation of the Gospel. What is expected of the child of parents so employed? Surely that she should love God's cause, and give as much as she can, and pray for its prosperity.

"May the Lord Jesus help you in all this, and bless you! Your affectionate father,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

On the 19th of September Mr. Weitbrecht again left home for a long journey, taking Bancoorah in his way, and eventually passing on to the table-land of Chota Nagpore. It was like one of his usual missionary excursions, though he had several special objects in view in going so far. The following extracts from letters to his wife give some particulars of parts of the journey:

"The road up here is dreadful beyond any thing I ever saw before. Six times the bearers threw my palanquin down in the mud; and I am only surprised it was not broken. I was a whole hour in crossing the river, which was full from bank to bank. I can not write much, my head is so tired, and I must prepare for preaching. * * * * The country towards Burkaghur is very superior to any thing I have ever seen in Bengal; the very atmosphere you breathe makes you feel that you are in an elevated position. And then the beautiful hills around! But the road through some of the jungles is very trying; and how the poor bearers got over those stones, up and down the creeks and ravines, was to me quite surprising. I crossed two large rivers on hollow trees. At eleven A.M. we had divine service, and shall have it again in the evening. Most of the Europeans were present, and the German missionaries joined us at the communion.* I hope you have much of the Lord's gracious presence, beloved wife. Kiss my darling children for their absent father."

He describes some parts of the journey more particularly in his journal: "At Jelda the scenery begins to be exceedingly beautiful. The road leads through a valley, between a range of hills which vary much in shape and height. In one pretty place where we stopped, we were surrounded by wooded hills; and here Col. O. has erected a bungalow for the accommodation of travellers. I observed in it several skins of an enormous size—one was above sixteen feet long. They belonged to an animal of the *Bos* genus, which lives wild in the thick jungles hereabouts. It is in shape like the bison of America. We ascended about two thousand five hundred feet to reach Ranchee. On Tuesday we mounted a lovely hill of about four hundred feet near our dwelling: the view from the top is quite a panorama. We also mounted another called 'The Rocks,' from the broken character of the soil of which it is composed. Oh! for such a hill near our mission-house! The eternal sameness of the plains is wearying to the eye and depressing to the spirits."

He further describes a garden which seems to have resembled Eden in some of its features, for it abounded in trees that were "pleasant to the sight and good for food." The tea and coffee plants were peculiarly healthy, and fine walnut trees grew beside them, together with plants of many other species; while on a little island in the midst of a pretty lake with which the grounds were adorned, were raspberry-bushes, black currants, and other English trees. The dahlias were in perfect flower, and the effect of the whole scene was quite enchanting."

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* Referred to in a former chapter, p. 300.

He records many of his usual engagements on such occasions, and then proceeds to describe a fine forest of timber which particularly attracted his attention on his way back. "I walked along," he writes, "for two hours. How I enjoyed it! I measured some of the trees and found them about seven feet in circumference near the base. Such a forest would be valuable property if there were any roads to convey the timber away; but as it is, the people told me, 'you may have a tree for one shilling.' What a pity it seems that the rich resources of this vast land are so little developed!"

"*December 4th.*—The weather is delightful. Our garden is full of English flowers, and the perfume of mignonette enters at every open door. A friend says, 'You live in a little earthly paradise. How graciously does the Lord temper our trials with mercies, and cause roses to blossom though He surrounds them with thorns! A letter from our kind friend, the Rev. Mr. Preston of Cheshunt, announces that the presentation to Christ's Hospital is secured for our boy. Thus the Lord is merciful as well as gracious, and provides not only for us, but for our seed after us.

"I have been visiting two native gentlemen, and found one of them exceedingly intelligent. He told me he had read the Bible to discover its faults; but that the result was, he admired Christianity. 'Your religion,' said he, 'courts investigation, and speaks with a winning voice. Its precepts are unexceptionable, and it has made its way through all kinds of opposition. It is not the creed of a class, or monopolized by a priesthood like Hinduism, but it is a common good for all.' After this beautiful testimony to our holy faith, he began to speak of some difficulties he had to solve with regard to it. 'I have,' said he, 'discovered a great deal of confusion in the prophets; and some strange contradictions in that mysterious book of John, called Revelation.' 'You have begun at the wrong end,' replied I, 'in endeavoring to understand prophecies which are not yet fulfilled. If you place a book of geometry before a peasant, he is not likely to comprehend the diagrams; nor could you comprehend the working of a steam-engine at the first glance. Prophecy must, of necessity, have a mysterious character, and can only be understood in its fulfillment.' He agreed to this, and I proceeded, 'If you see such excellency in the moral part of the Bible, does that not prove its author to be God and not man?' He thought some very excellent men might have written it; and he then regretted that our native Christians generally were not acute logicians, or clever in sustaining metaphysical arguments. 'It would recommend your religion much,' said he, 'if they could do this.' 'The holiness, consistency, and purity of a Christian's life,' said I, 'form the most powerful argument in favor of the excellence of Christian doctrine; and it is indebted for its success to this cause, far more than it is to the logical arguments, produced in its favor by highly gifted and intellectual persons.' To this he agreed, but was still unable to understand, how a person could change his religion, without first thoroughly understanding the Bible, and making a searching comparison between it and Hinduism. 'If,' said I, 'you wish to buy a house, you would not break it down to examine every brick and timber it contained, and see if all were perfect. The first sight of it, and the aspect of the rooms you enter, will convince you as to its being a suitable habitation. So, if I know from facts, that Brahmuns are liars, and kept up Hinduism for their private interest; if I have ascertained that the Shasters contain absurdities and countenance vice; whereas Christianity changes and improves the heart, and teaches us to address a holy God as our Father, then there is sufficient inducement at the very outset to forsake the one and embrace the other.'

"My friend expressed himself highly pleased with my visit, and our conversation. He returned it very soon, and as we were at dinner when he was announced, we invited him to join us at table, which he did, and enjoyed our repast thoroughly."

The particulars of this conversation are introduced, to give some idea of a class of Hindus, who are frequently met with by missionaries in Bengal.

Mr. Weitbrecht was in the habit of visiting regiments, when they encamped at Burdwan for a day or two, and his notes of these occasions are sometimes particularly interesting.

December 24th.—He writes, "I went to see the soldiers encamped on the parade ground, and distributed a good many tracts, which were gladly received. The corps had but lately arrived from Ireland, and Mr. Cuthbert, who was with me, spoke a word of exhortation to many. After sunset, some twenty gathered round me, and I addressed them for half an hour. A young Scotchman opened his heart to me, and told me with tears, that after having led a pious life in his earlier days, he had relapsed, and he feared he was a reprobate. The intense feeling with which he spoke, drove the perspiration out on his brow. I spoke kindly to him, and directed him to the Saviour, who was ready to receive him in mercy.

"*29th*—Another regiment encamped. I visited all the sick, and distributed tracts and Testaments. I had many encouraging scenes; some seemed to feel the truth very much, and I found, to my great joy, a few pious men among the soldiers.

"As our sale answered so well before, we repeated it, and were equally successful. The Rajah purchased 300 rupees' worth of articles, and the other friends in proportion."

The anecdote in the next extract will interest many in this day of Roman Catholic perversion: "30*th.*—Our dear brother Haberlin has cheered us by a visit; his wife is gone to Europe with her children, and he feels lonely. He related some singular anecdotes which threw some light on Roman Catholic missions. There are some in the Dacca district, where Haberlin is now at work; they are sent out by the Lyons Society, and receive twenty-five rupees per month! Of course they must make money by every possible means, and the following story illustrates some of those they adopt. A priest came to a village, where many Roman Catholic families of native Christians reside. He told them that their baptism had not been properly performed, and that to insure their salvation, it must be done over again. Having convinced them of this fact, he bargained with them about the fee, for which they kept him in treaty all day long. But the terms were finally settled, and the money of course taken in advance, which is certainly the only safe way in dealing with Bengalis, and the one always adopted by Brahmuns and native physicians. The next step was, to invalidate their marriage ceremonies, which took rather longer to agree about, but at last was satisfactorily adjusted, and the priest departed from the village with a large sum of money. Alas! for Christianity under the influence of such screw-propellers! Our dear brother left us much encouraged by his visit."

We have purposely omitted in this chapter much detail of missionary itinerancies. We conclude it by a few sentences from the Annual Report:

"We are still called on to labor in hope, and in patience to possess our souls. The missionary, above all other people, is daily made aware of his helplessness, in his arduous struggles with the hostile elements he has to encounter." He then alludes to the fact, that of the catechists and readers whom he found on his first arrival at Burdwan, not one survived. "Some eighty persons have been committed to the silent grave, since the commencement of this mission. Precious seed-corn, which will rise to be gathered into the Lord's garner, on His great day. Our catechists are very practical, useful, and devoted preachers, and are a great comfort to me; and many of our people do indeed walk in the fear of the Lord, though we long to see them more zealous unto good works. We have introduced some scholarships into our English schools; and one of our boys lately told me, that all Hindus allow, that every lad who receives an education in these schools becomes a better man morally. Mr. Geidt has taken charge of the vernacular schools, and devotes his whole time to them, and there is every hope of their thus being very effective. Two adults and thirty-five children have been baptized; and nearly £300 have been collected for missionary purposes."

CHAPTER XVI.

Decides on Building a Church—Lays the Foundation-stone—Letters—Encouraging Conversions—Death of Mr. MacDonald—Other Incidents—Death of Mrs. Hill—Much Sickness—Chamberlain's Reflections—Letters to his Children—Hindu Legend—Receives a Family into his House—Extracts from Annual Report.

1847—1848.

Mr. Weitbrecht had long felt a desire to erect a substantial church on the mission premises, which was required for the use of the European and native congregations. An ugly thatched bungalow was the only place of worship for the latter; and a small chapel, at a considerable distance from the mission-house, for the former. Both these buildings were old and nearly past repair, and continual inconvenience was suffered in consequence. He therefore set seriously to work to prepare materials for a new church. He spared no pains and trouble in effecting his object; and gave the profits of his little work on Bengal Missions, as the commencement of a fund for it. God blessed his efforts, and he succeeded in raising money as the building was in course of erection, to cover the outlay as it proceeded. Every little sum that could be spared from other claims he devoted to this object. When he began to build, he supposed £700 would cover all expenses; but £1000 were found to be necessary, before the completion of the building; for supplying every required item, including the pulpit and all the internal furniture. This was a large sum for an individual, situated as he was, to bring together for one specific purpose; but he got a grant of £150 from the bishop's Church Building Fund, and he often received presents from Europeans, for whom he performed ministerial services. Besides this, his own gentle but persuasive and persevering appeals drew repeated donations from the people at the station, both natives and Europeans; and at length the desired object was fully effected. A little Gothic church now stands on the roadside, "greeting the eye of the passing traveller, whose simple and unpretending beauty is as appropriate a local monument of himself, as could have been devised, had it been planned for such a purpose."

Various opinions have been expressed by friends of missions in England, in reference to the propriety of building a church with an attractive exterior. Some reflections, very painful to Mr. Weitbrecht's feelings, were made upon him for doing it; but in India, where splendid temples and mosques appear in every direction, and where the importance of a substantial erection is so well understood, but one opinion prevailed among the people who understood the country and the character of its inhabitants. He had often heard Christians reproached by the Brahmuns on this very point. It was said, that while rich Hindus did not hesitate to expend thousands of rupees on temples and mosques, Christians were content to worship in a place, which was scarcely decent in its outward appearance, and from which the congregation was sometimes driven in the middle of the service, during the periodical rains, from the unsound state of the roof. As the building belonged to government, no private effort could be made to put it in repair; and indeed, it was in so unsound a state, as to be unworthy of the necessary outlay to do this.

It must be borne in mind, that in a country where society is constituted as it is in India, where the taste of the people is for outward show and display, and their respect for the character of our religion is much increased by observing that which we manifest towards it, which they judge of chiefly by externals—it is not out of place to raise a building for the worship of the God of heaven, which is outwardly pleasing to the eye. It is true, that it is no part of the duty of a missionary society to expend their funds in this way; but the money contributed by rich natives and others towards this church, was not withdrawn from any more important object by being appropriated to this; and the cost was not greater than was requisite to erect a strong and durable edifice, without reference to architectural beauty. If, as was really the case, this could be had without additional expense, it was thought desirable, that beauty and gracefulness should be added to its more essential qualities. The climate of Bengal soon destroys that which is not solid in its structure; and part of a church which was built in the Krishnaghur district in 1841, fell down a few years after, and finally the whole had to be taken down and reërected, because, in the wish to build a cheap edifice, (it cost about £400,) durability was lost sight of. These remarks are simply made to render it apparent to those friends, who might be disposed to question the propriety of the erection of the Burdwan church, that this, like many other subjects, assumes a new light, when viewed from a point diverse to that in which it first struck the mind of the observer. Mr. Weitbrecht refers to the commencement of this undertaking, in the following paragraph of his journal:

"*March 5th.*—In the evening, we had the solemnity of laying the foundation-stone of the proposed new church. Our three brethren, the European residents, and the native Christians, were all present, and after singing a hymn, led by Mr. Schurr, beginning—

'Thou whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light'—

I delivered a suitable address. We then let down the stone, depositing a writing on parchment in the north-eastern corner, descriptive of the ceremony. We also deposited a bottle with coins. The singing was touching and beautiful. We gave the name of Christ Church to our intended edifice."

To Mrs. Muir.

"BURDWAN, 27*th May*, 1847.

"A fortnight ago I was at Calcutta, to join my brethren at our conference, when I paid a visit, one afternoon, to your excellent missionaries, Messrs. Herdman and Ogilvie. They had just finished their daily labor in the schools; it was one of those hot days, when the thermometer is 110° in the shade, and both these dear brethren appeared to be much exhausted. It is hard work indeed, to be engaged for three hours and upwards among from seven to eight hundred boys, in such an atmosphere. I was struck by the change in Mr. Herdman. When I saw him after his arrival in Calcutta, he was in all the freshness and vigor of youth; now he looks so pale, and thin, and worn out, that I entertained some fear of his being able to stand this climate for any length of time. But I recollected that exactly such was my appearance, after laboring a year or two in Bengal. When Europeans are once fairly acclimated, they recover their lost flesh, and assume a healthy appearance, though the freshness and bloom of youth may return no more. . . . Mrs. Weitbrecht has forty-one girls in her orphan school, and many of them give her joy. Her English class consists of six superior girls, who promise to become effective teachers. These classes are chiefly taught by females thus brought up. I have six youths in our boarding-school, who will, I hope, all become teachers and catechists. Rabee continues to carry on her infant school of fifty children, to our great satisfaction. It is of vital importance to our mission, to train up a band of native catechists and teachers. I therefore spend, every morning, from three to four hours among our young people. Had our venerable brethren in the last century, who labored so successfully in the south of India, bestowed more attention on this object, their missions would not have fallen off so lamentably. They seem to have trusted too much to half-converted and half-educated persons, who kept up all the distinctions of caste.

"Your affectionate note called to remembrance our visit to Edinburgh in all its freshness. It is now three years since we passed those happy hours with you. So we hasten onward to our eternal home. I sometimes wish ardently to pay you a visit again; but the Lord willeth otherwise, and the Christian's true happiness is to be where He has sent us, and to fulfill the work He has given us to do. May we, each in his own post, be faithful stewards! With affectionate remembrances to Dr. Muir, I am, your cordial friend,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

After the setting in of the rains, Mr. Weitbrecht proceeded on one of his usual excursions, and took one of his children with him to Bancoorah, to visit some little friends. They halted on the road, where the residence of Europeans permitted, and we observe in his journal a characteristic remark on a peculiar kind of rice, which was shown him by a gentleman, at whose house he slept one night: "Mr. A. showed me some rice which, when growing, always keeps its head above the water, let it rise ever so high. A good lesson this for tried missionaries in a heathen land." His happy, buoyant spirit enabled him to take encouragement from every trifling incident in his daily course; the rice was a true emblem of himself.

The following remarks, on a very important subject, occur in a letter of this date. His opinions on the point alluded to were very decided:

"*June*, 1847.—One of our missionary societies has cut down the salary of their missionaries to £5 a month; but they will find out their mistake ere long. A missionary in India can not live for that. Our friends sometimes run away with the idea, that saving rupees upon their laborers is economy. If it is so, it is an economy that costs more in the long run. I have seen this repeatedly in my missionary life in India."

In the journal of July, he makes some remarks on the death of a young man, to whom and to whose wife, intercourse with the mission family had proved very useful. The wife had been in a Sunday-school before her marriage, conducted by Mrs. Weitbrecht, and, a few years later, was aroused to a deep sense of her sinful state, in the little chapel at Burdwan, under a sermon delivered by Mr. Greenwood. She was afterwards led to Christ as her Saviour, and lived a quiet, consistent life, training her children in the right way. Her eldest girl died at the age of seven, a bright example of early piety. Her childlike expressions of faith and love to Jesus, during her illness, affected all who heard them, even the native doctor who attended her, though a bigoted Brahmun. The death of this little girl was greatly sanctified to the mother, drawing her heart nearer to God and to heaven. The father too became very tender in spirit, and, after reading Cecil's "Visit to the House of Mourning," which had been given to him in his affliction, the Divine Comforter so wrought upon his heart, that he also believed to the saving of his soul. The wife ripened apace for a better world, and followed her child to glory in less than a year. This work of grace was a great encouragement to Mr. Weitbrecht, and a remarkable illustration of the indirect effect of missionary influence and labor. He refers to the death of the father, which took place a few years later, in the following extract from his journal:

"Poor Mr. R. died at Chinsurah of heart complaint; his last days were spent in severe bodily agony, but he prayed much in his sickness, and evidently clung to Jesus while heart and flesh were failing. Poor fellow! he often expressed a wish to have us by his bedside, but no doubt the Saviour himself was present with His sinking servant."

August.—This month we find another delightful record: "I have lately received some very encouraging letters from my fatherland. Two of my nieces tell me, that my visit to S. in 1843 was made instrumental to their conversion. Their letters show, that there is a real work of grace going on in their hearts. Praise the Lord, O my soul! These are cheering dew-drops in this spiritual wilderness."

These young women, daughters of two of Mr. Weitbrecht's elder brothers, are now settled in life, mothers and heads of families, and continue in the faith grounded and settled. The circumstance was a matter of peculiarly thankful remembrance with him to his last day; for his love to the various members of his own family was remarkably tender and fervent. He adds: "I heard of the riots at Stuttgart; these are new features of the times, showing that a dark spirit of the deep, hitherto unknown, is abroad among the people. The contagion has evidently spread from the Communists and Socialists in Switzerland."

"The last night in August, that holy-minded man of God, our brother Macdonald, passed from earth to heaven. He died of fever, which caused congestion of the brain; he became unconscious before knowing he was seriously ill, and awoke in glory without seeing death. He was eminently ready, and for him to die was gain; but it is a severe bereavement for the widow and seven children, as well as an irreparable loss for the Hindus. During that night my dear wife too was in agonizing pain, caused by the forming of an abscess. It distressed me exceedingly to see her sufferings, and after making many attempts to relieve her, I turned to the Lord and cried earnestly to Him, reminding Him that He was a Physician for both body and soul. While thus wrestling in prayer, like the Canaanitish woman, I looked around, and the poor sufferer had fallen asleep. So does Jesus help in our extremity. May this new experience be treasured up as a memento of His great goodness to me! A distressing weakness followed the lancing of the abscess, and I have been so unwell myself, that I have had many a serious thought of what may be at hand, and feel I can only repose my soul on Christ, and fix my hope on Him as an all-sufficient Saviour. May I receive the childlike spirit to rest in His arms!"

The following paragraph is from a letter of this date to Mr. Venn: "A few weeks ago I baptized a married couple, and we entreat the Lord for more ere long. A few direct conversions from the preached Word would encourage me exceedingly. When well, I feel cheerful, confident, and happy; but when the tabernacle of clay is quivering and weak, the mind involuntarily sympathizes with it, and every trial appears heavy; especially our great trial, the hope deferred of the conversion of the Hindus. Oh! how often have I poured out my heart before Him who seeth in secret, in the stillness of the night, when the little ones are asleep! Surely He will hear and answer, and this mission, which has been sanctified by so many prayers and tears, will bear much fruit.

"We are now reading in the evening Corrie's Life; it is delightful to us who knew that man of God. . . . . . Writing the life of such a man resembles the sketching of a beautiful rivulet in a fertile valley; the picture, with its charming scenery, should be painted by one who walked with him along the banks, and traced its fertilizing effects as it passed on its onward course, with a heart to feel and a taste to enjoy the beauty."

In the middle of September, Mr. Weitbrecht left home to speak, as he says, "a word of my Saviour's love to the natives." He met with a Brahmun on the road, in the act of eating parched rice. He recognized the face, and found, on entering into conversation, that the man had been, as a little boy, in his mission-school, when first he settled at Burdwan. "And now," said he, "you have gray hair, and you look careworn." "Yes," replied the man, with a forced smile, "I am getting old, and the world is full of care." "Do you not know where care can be exchanged for peace, contentment, and joy?" "Where?" "With Him who said, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" The man recollected these as the words of Jesus. "Well," said the missionary, "He has now met you once more in mercy, with the gracious offers of His Gospel." "But," replied he, "are *your* people free from trouble and sorrow?" "His heart seemed hardened; and the wretched, hopeless, abject condition of these Bengali Brahmuns engaged my mind for hours. I read Henry Martyn's Life, which corresponded with my innermost feelings, and gave me much comfort. We will continue to sow in hope, imitating the husbandman, who has long patience until he receive the early and the latter rain."

During the month of October there was much sickness in the congregation. All the most useful and valuable people were laid up with a trying fever ; and Mr. Weitbrecht felt concerned for the very great fatigue and anxiety which devolved on his wife during his continual excursions. Circumstances like these try the faith of the true-hearted missionary, more perhaps than any other. On one hand, he feels that he must be about his Master's business; on the other, that his presence at home seems almost indispensable. His clear perception of duty, and wise discernment of the path in which it lay, was remarkably apparent at such times. He committed those most dear to him to the care of the ever-faithful Shepherd, and pursued his own straightforward course, much as it sometimes crossed his natural inclinations. Very tenderly did he fulfill the domestic relations in which he stood ; but he dared not forget his high and holy vocation. He entered into the view expressed by the apostolic Chamberlain, "the prince of preaching missionaries in Bengal," who, when going forth on a tour, oppressed with a heavy weight of domestic afflictions, said : "I am so fully satisfied with my situation that I would not change it for that of the greatest emperor in the world ; nay, I sometimes think not even for that of an angel in heaven. Oh ! what a prospect ! —a preacher of the Gospel—not to hundreds or to thousands but to myriads of immortal souls now covered with the grossest darkness ! I may not live to see the work of conversion greatly prosper, but I am firmly persuaded that it will do so ; and to be able only to begin a work which shall finally succeed, and issue in the everlasting salvation of an innumerable multitude of souls, fills me with inexpressible joy."

In November he records the birth of a little boy, who, he prays, "may become a lamb of Christ's flock." The event took place under very trying circumstances, no proper attendance being procurable; and the season of suffering was a protracted one. But it was on occasions of this kind that his unwavering faith in divine power to help stood out so prominently, and sustained not only his own mind, but that of her who leaned on him for support.

Towards the end of the month, he hailed, with his usual spirit of thankful joy, a new instance of the loving kindness of the Lord—a valuable maid-servant arriving from England, sent out by Mrs. Weitbrecht's sister to take charge of his children, who proved a singular comfort in the mission family for three years. Before her arrival he had himself nursed his little girl through a trying illness, besides attending to his daily duties.

A short letter of this date, to one of his children, follows:

"*Nov.* 4, 1847.

"MY DEAR BOY: We remembered you on your birthday, and mamma and I prayed for you. You must know that we earnestly desire you may become a pious little boy, like Samuel and Timothy, who loved the Lord in their childhood, and afterwards became holy men and devoted their whole lives to His service. Your brother and sister often look at your picture and repeat your name with delight. If Mary were permitted, she would kiss the portrait many times every day. Rabee is very sick; but all her fear of death is taken away, because she has been cleansed from sin by the blood of Jesus. What a blessing it is, my dear boy, to believe in Jesus! I hope you will give your heart to Him.

"Last week I caught a poisonous snake with a frog in its mouth, whose hind feet were still hanging out. The snake was in a helpless condition, so I could easily slip it into a bottle filled with spirits of wine, to join a large scorpion which I caught with twenty young ones it was carrying on its back.

"Now, my dear boy, I will conclude. Do not forget or neglect to kneel down sometimes alone, and pray for us; and open your heart to Jesus, for he is the best friend of children, and loves to hear them pray. It was Jesus who said: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Your affectionate papa, J. J. Weitbrecht."

On this journey he was again attacked in his tent as he had been in January, but less severely; "so that," he says, "I have every reason to consider each new day of my life as a new gift of divine mercy, to enable me to prepare for heaven." A few days later he suffered again from a similar seizure, and speaks of praying most earnestly for the Lord's presence, for the restlessness and oppression were very distressing. God graciously heard him, and delivered him out of this trouble also. (Ps. 34 : 17.)

While still feeling languid from the effects of these repeated indispositions, he was summoned home on account of the serious illness of his babe. As he was on his journey, he felt sad and sorrowful, and besought the Lord for an assurance from Himself of His nearness, and he prayed much for his loved ones. The beautiful text was given him: "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she shall not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget; yet will I never forget *thee*." "It was like a refreshing shower to the parched ground," he adds, "and my heart was comforted."

He refers to this and other points of interest to him in the extracts from various letters which follow:

"Last week, when I was about one hundred miles distant from home on a missionary tour, our infant was taken alarmingly ill. My wife sent out several messengers in the hope of finding me, but she did not know exactly where I was most likely to be. It was a trying position to her, for she was without a medical friend, and in weak health herself. It was three days before I was found. One of our servants had walked about one hundred miles in the direction he thought I was, and did not succeed. I found the babe alive, but he is still suffering, and I have suffered also. Last Monday I was called up at midnight, to a poor woman laboring under a dreadful attack of cholera. She was lying in a filthy sheep-stable, and her spasms were most severe. The vitiated air immediately affected me, and I felt approaching symptoms of the disorder. The use of efficient remedies was blessed, but I became very weak, and still feel the effect in every limb; the poor woman also recovered. What a mercy to know that our times are in the Lord's hands, and that not a moment earlier than He has decreed, shall I be called away from the scene of my missionary labors! The Hindus have lately held a meeting to devise means for putting down all missionary exertions, but they will not succeed, and their impotent efforts will only expose their feebleness. Our good brother Smith is on his way from Benares, and will shortly embark for England. He has labored on without fainting, and deserves to be held in high esteem and honor, for the number of those who do this is comparatively very small.

"The general impression among all classes of Hindus is, that their old creed will, ere long, be superseded by Christianity. Even the simple peasants entertain this idea. I found it so among the villages in the western jungles, where I have lately been, as well as in our densely-peopled lowlands. It reminds me of the feelings of the Canaanites, when the Israelites were approaching the borders of their land, and doubtless it is produced by the same power. They see that the Lord is on our side. May the glorious conquest soon be made! We, like the Israelites, have been long wandering in the wilderness, waiting for the Lord's command to take possession of the land. I believe future years are pregnant with blessings for India, and the Lord will ripen the seed now sowing into an abundant harvest, but we must have grace to watch and to wait—*yet to persevere.* If I am permitted to labor five or six years more, I shall be content to be put into a glass case, feeling content with the share I have been allowed to take in the glorious conflict.

"Give my very kind regards to E.; tell her to 'beware of blooming idols in white frocks.' A rough wind sometimes arises and quickly blasts the lovely form. It requires much grace to love a child, and yet not to cling to the creature unduly. My own little girl is a most winning child, and so fond of her papa, that she will hardly eat her meals if she can not sit by my side.

"Farewell! Our babe's illness continues very serious. So comes wave upon wave, till the last will convey our fragile bark safe to Canaan's shore."

It was during 1847, that Mr. Weitbrecht, in the true spirit of a missionary brother, received into his house a German school-master, with his wife and child. These good people had been sent out by those who had certainly more zeal than discretion, to fill a sphere not properly defined, and found themselves, on their arrival in India, without resources and without a home. They were brought to his notice, and thankfully accepted his invitation to reside in his family, till they could be united with a society. They were excellent and devoted people, who are now filling a sphere of usefulness in Bengal, and connected with the Church Missionary Society. They resided in the mission-house for many months, and retain to this day, a most lively and grateful impression of the Christian kindness and love, which prompted him to take them in, and to supply all their wants. "Surely," wrote they, when they heard of his removal, "the Lord will put another jewel into his crown, for all he did for us in the day of our distress."

The following simple record of this Christian act, from their own pen, was sent by them to Mrs. Weitbrecht:

"We came as strangers and pilgrims into Mr. Weitbrecht's house nearly six years ago, and we shall never forget our meeting. He welcomed us in such a heart-winning tone, that he gained our confidence at once. He knew we had no home, no money, and no friends, and he at once invited us to stay in his house, saying, 'You are unacquainted with this country, and will have much trouble; remain with us, we will consider you as our friends, and will do for you all we can.' This we hesitated to do at once, but he never forgot his promise, and, some time after, we accepted his offer, with much praise to the Lord, that He had providentially made us known to this good and generous friend. We lived as part of his family for six months; he cared for all our wants, and did more than we expected. He was always the same to us, and it was beautiful to see him in his family. While we were with him, a little son was born, and we witnessed his praises and thanksgivings to his heavenly Father for the precious gift. He loved his children tenderly, and prayed with them daily; they were indeed his treasures. He also instructed them; and when we were all assembled as one family on the Sabbath evening he never seemed tired, although he had been preaching twice, but sung with them, and read and explained the Scripture, and then prayed. He did the same every other evening after tea. He often encouraged our faith, when he saw us cast down, and tried to make us feel that he felt us no burden, and that the Lord would help us, and bring us through all our trials. When his dear child was so ill, that he had to take him away, and soon after to lay him in his grave, he did not forget us who were left in sorrow at Burdwan, but spoke to many kind friends, and got so much help for us, that when he came back he set us up in a house of our own, where we remained till our ungrateful hearts made us wish to leave, though he entreated us, and prayed with us, and counselled us not to be impatient. Even after we were gone he continued his kind and generous help, and was our best friend to the end of his life. Who can say what we felt when we heard he was gone! The pen can not record the recollections that fill our minds of this holy and devoted man of God, who was in every thing a Christian, and in every thing a missionary. All his kind acts towards us remind us of a chain ever lengthening; he was continually adding new links to it, and now that he is gone, it seems to reach to heaven. If we meet him there, we shall see it added to his crown, and making him shine like the stars for ever and ever."

The following are extracts from his Report of the Mission: "Several children have died during the year, all under ten years. One of these was brought to us in January by a poor woman, who said she was a Sikh, and was going to Benares. The child was not her own, but her mother had died. She was going to take her to a rich Mussulman; but the child said, 'Take me to a Christian lady.' She then inquired for a Padre Sahib, and was directed to the mission-house. On the child being asked, if she would like to stop with us, she said, 'With you? Oh! yes.' The woman then kissed her, lifted up her voice and wept, and went on her way. The poor child was diseased, but by much care was kept alive for two months, and displayed a very intelligent disposition. When we began to speak to her of Jesus and His love to children, her heart seemed at once drawn to Him, and the bright smile on her face, when any one sat down to talk with her of heavenly things, was beautiful. She learned the Lord's prayer, and prayed sweetly in her own words. One day, when several other children were baptized, we took her to church, and she was baptized also by the name of Mary, as one rejoicing to sit at Jesus' feet and hear his words. When she was dying, she asked Mrs. Weitbrecht to sit beside her. She told her she would soon be free from pains and see the Saviour whom she loved. One of the Christian women said to her, 'Take fast hold on Jesus, my child; He will carry you to heaven.' 'I do mother,' she replied. Soon after, her little life closed.

"A poor man was presented to our notice, one Sabbath evening, lying at the entrance of a miserable hut. He told us he was very ill and poor, and listened to a few sentences of Christian instruction with interest. One of our catechists visited him to afford him temporal relief and spiritual instruction. Some time after, I inquired, 'Are you uneasy about your sins?' He replied, 'No, sir. Since I have heard from N. there is such a Saviour as Jesus who can pardon them, I am not afraid. I pray to Him.' He affirmed to the last that Jesus was his only trust, and it seemed to me 'there was hope in his end.'

"The infant school is attended by forty children. Rabee, the teacher, has been ill since July. Her place has been supplied by another good girl, but she is not equal to Rabee in efficiency; her English education had raised her principles, and given her tastes, dignity, and moral consistency such as are rarely found. She was much beloved, and exercised a remarkable influence both on the girls and Christian women. Her sweet voice tuned the hearts as well as lips of her little scholars, so that the remark was several times made to us, that our infant school was not inferior to one in England. Rabee is suffering from lingering disease; but she is happy and peaceful in the prospect of her approaching end. Her faith has reality. She knows the good Shepherd, and is known of Him. To such a believer death has lost its bitterness. Her cheerful demeanor and pious exhortations to the children, and those who visit her, make her still useful in her sphere. A young Christian preaching by patient endurance of suffering and meek piety, is a precious witness for Jesus in a heathen land, and in a native Christian congregation, where the tendency constantly is to spiritual stagnation."

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of his Infant Son—Increasing Sanctification—Interesting Incidents during Itineracy—Death of the Ranee—Letters—Trip to Bhagulpore—Severe Illness—Goes to the Sandheads—Inundation—River Trip—Visit to Purneah—Baptism—Bhagulpore—Mr. Hurter's Death—Report.

1848—1849.

"*Jan.* 1*st.*—May the blessing of our covenant God in Jesus Christ be our portion and support this new year! It commenced in our family with trials and comforts. The comfort was a precious one, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God.' It came home with divine consolation to my inmost soul." Then follows a little tale of trials, "such," says Mr. W., "as are common to us poor pilgrims, especially us missionaries in a heathen land." The narrative is from the journal, with extracts from letters interspersed.

"4*th.*—Our dear babe continues ill, and is reduced to a state of great weakness. This morning we thought him near his end, and I baptized him Edmund Hambleton, adding him in faith to the host of those who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ."

"17*th.*—We proceeded to Chinsurah to procure medical advice. The journey wore out the little sufferer, but the doctor thought favorably of the case, and hoped the babe might rally. On Friday evening he enjoyed such a sweet and placid sleep, that his mamma observing a heavenly smile playing on his pale face, reminded me of an idea of Hindu nurses, that he must be entertained by angels. The Christian sympathy and affection of our friends, and the kindness of the doctor, were comforting to us; but the little sufferer's pulse became more feeble, and on Saturday night he could only find ease in an erect position. On Sabbath morning he was worn out and sinking; a feeble attempt to cry, while he was in my arms, was the last effort of expiring nature, and his tender mother felt that all her care and love could do no more for him. I read a psalm to her to comfort her, and then knelt down to pray with her, and while raising my heart to heaven, imploring the gracious presence of our risen Saviour to sustain us in our sorrow, the nurse called me to look at the babe, and while I pronounced the blessing over him, his breath ceased. Thus early has our little Edmund finished his short course through this vale of tears, in which he had passed but ten weeks, and five of these weeks of severe suffering, during which his mamma had not had one night's entire rest. What a solemn Sabbath morning to us! As he died, I looked out of my window and saw the Ganges before me, slowly and majestically rolling down its waters. A speaking emblem, thought I, of life's short course; soon, perhaps, mine may close too. May it finish well, in the fullness of faith and hope of glory!

"In the evening, we deposited the precious dust in a lovely spot, near the bodies of some eminent saints and missionaries who there rest in hope. Among them the two Mrs. Mundys and Mr. Forsyth, one of the first missionaries in India, and a band of little children. I afterwards preached in the church of Chinsurah on the words, 'He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' There was breathless attention in the audience."

This was the same text he was, four years later, led to choose for the last sermon he preached before his own death; and it is evident that from this time his mind was particularly impressed with the nearness of eternal things; and his character, which had always been lovely and of good report, seemed henceforward to attain a rapid maturity. The alarming attacks of illness he had experienced in the jungle had greatly solemnized his feelings, and he had related them to his wife, with much particularity and seriousness. The lengthened illness and subsequent death of his babe had deepened these impressions, and some other peculiarly trying experiences which followed contributed to produce that chastened state of mind, which the Apostle describes as "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," in those who have been exercised by great and severe affliction. The prayer recorded in his journal, in reference to the finishing of his own work, was remarkably fulfilled. He had been five times called to suffer the pang connected with resigning beloved little ones to the grave; this was the final trial. Perhaps somewhat of a consciousness of coming deliverance was, from that moment, permitted to occupy his mind, and add brightness to his prospects heavenward. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples," (John 15 : 8,) were some of our Saviour's last words, to those he was about to leave alone for a season. These words were applicable to Mr. Weitbrecht at this stage of his journey. It has been well said, that "as the ears of corn ripen for the harvest, they bow their heads nearer to the ground." So it is often observed to be with believers; they then see more of their own imperfections, and often express their sense of it; yet they repose with a growing confidence on the love of God in Christ Jesus. The nearer they advance to their heavenly rest the more humble they become, though not the less active and useful. They feel increasingly desirous of improving every talent they possess to the glory of God; knowing, seeming to have an inward conviction, that their time is short. Thus it was most strikingly with the subject of this memoir.

"On the 12th of February we again reached Burdwan," he writes. "Watts' beautiful verse,

'Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!'

was a sweet subject of meditation to us on the journey, in the remembrance of the babe we had carried with us in going down, to return with him to our earthly home no more."

The Easter festival was always a time of peculiar enjoyment to Mr. Weitbrecht. It will be remembered, that it was on Good Friday he considered himself really brought home into the fold of Christ, and Passion Week was a season of precious remembrance to him, and hallowed communion with God. This year it was rendered additionally interesting by the presence of a Hindu lady, who had come to Burdwan under peculiar circumstances, to receive instruction from him preparatory to her baptism. She was pleasing and sensible. The following extracts from letters refer to this and some other matters, and will continue the narrative:

"*April* 27, 1848.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . Sometimes of an evening, we much long to visit one of our old friends, and enjoy the sweet privilege of Christian intercourse. We are indeed in a dry and thirsty land; but the great thing is to rest our souls in Jesus, and cultivate that fellowship with our risen

Lord which supports and nourishes our inward life. Then we are peaceful and happy though the whole world around us should be in turmoil and darkness.

"I have just now an unusual candidate for baptism, a Hindu lady. She has lived, for some years, under the protection of an English gentleman, who read the Bible with her. By degrees both became uneasy; and the lady said, that if the Holy Book were true, they were doing wrong. I was requested by a mutual friend, to receive this interesting woman, who had become really anxious to be thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. She came to us about three weeks ago, with her little girl, a very sweet, lively child. I hope my poor efforts for her are not without a blessing. Last week on reading the history of our Saviour's passion, she was deeply affected, and frequently stopped, the tears gushing from her eyes. I believe divine grace is really at work in her heart, for I never saw such deep feeling in a Hindu female. She will shortly be baptized, and afterwards married. She is a sensible, intelligent woman, about twenty-four years of age; and if she had the opportunity of moving in English society, she would soon become suited for the station she is to occupy. She has come from a station about one hundred and fifty miles distant.

"I have just now another interesting inquirer, a man of considerable property, who speaks English well, and comes to our English service on Sundays with two other equally promising young men. Our brethren at Calcutta have lately had some very pleasing fruits of their labors, in the baptism of several young men. Thus you see we are progressing slowly; but it is a joyful fact, every day brings us nearer to that blessed period when

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run:'

when every single convert shall be multiplied, as it were, into a host; for it is written, 'A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. I, the Lord, will hasten it in His time.' Who knows, dear friend, what may happen even in one year? The heart beats with quickened speed in looking forward. Surely the Lord is at hand, and believers should be on their watch-tower. Let us be patient and persevering, for our 'redemption draweth nigh.' * * *

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

It has been before remarked, that Mr. Weitbrecht's character was now fast maturing. We have traced him through the spring and summer of his Christian experience; we now come to the autumnal season. It was first the blade, then the ear; now it is the full corn in the ear. It could now be emphatically said of him, that his conversation was in heaven, from whence also he was continually looking for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. His loins were girded about, and his light burning, and he himself like unto one waiting for his Lord; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearance of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; and abiding in Him, so that when He should appear he might have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming. It was most gracious experience, which his Master was thus vouchsafing to His faithful servant; and it carried him above trials, now occurring, of an order highly distressing to a man of his generous and affectionate disposition. His dignified bearing, under circumstances of extreme provocation, is still fresh in the memory of some who then saw him very near. On one occasion, when he was asked what he must do with some individuals who had distressed him in a high degree, he replied, "I must bear with them, as God bears with me. He has put me in His place to those persons: they have no other friend who can help them if I cast them aside; I must therefore be merciful and long-suffering, even as my Father who is in heaven is so." And he never swerved from this line of conduct, though the provocation continued for months.

We will again carry on the narrative by extracts from letters which will further elucidate the foregoing remarks:

To Rev. J. A. Jetter.

"*May* 27*th.*

"MY VERY DEAR BHAI: * * * * People here talk of nothing but revolutions, and the awful state of Europe. * * * * I trust the real Church will unite more closely, and particularly that all will lay aside minor points of difference, which hinder the fine flow of Christian love; this will be an immense gain. Only let the people of God present a united body, and He will fight for them. I baptized a family yesterday, so you see if we can not get one hundred and fifty large fish in one net, we catch at least one now and then with the hook; but you can enter into my feelings, when I tell you, that I sometimes feel quite overwhelmed at our little apparent success. It often makes me weep and cry before the Lord. Some of our brethren can take these things easily, and say the time is not come; but my conviction is, that if Christians in India were what they should be, it would be different. I have now been eighteen years in the field, and see no village around me entirely converted. How humiliating! Passive obedience is a harder lesson than active performance, as you say. May the Lord give us every needful grace to persevere to the end!—Your very affectionate brother, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To Rev. M. M. Preston, Cheshunt.

"BURDWAN, 25*th May*, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR: We heard some days ago from friends in London, that the presentation for our son to Christ's

Hospital was ready for their disposal. We are most thankful to you for this valuable gift. Our dear boy being thus provided for, we are relieved from considerable anxiety. I hope and pray, that this providential opening may be for his temporal and eternal welfare.

"I wish I could write of increasing success in our labors of love, but the Lord seems to say, 'My time is not yet come, and you must be contented to wait a little longer.' The fire was, for years, smouldering under the ashes in France and Germany, and how suddenly has it burst forth! The same process, only reversed from worse to better, is gradually advancing among the population of Bengal, and perhaps, ere long, God in His gracious providence may bring about events in such a striking manner, as to create an entire change in the minds of the Hindus. It requires moral courage and energy, which only divine grace can impart, to press onward and persevere without fainting. Still, it would be wrong not to acknowledge the hand of the Lord; for while the mass of the population continue dead in sin, we all feel there is a progress; there is a ground-swell, as the Rev. Krishna Mohun Bannerjea called it, at a late clerical meeting. The new generation (Young Bengal) can not remain without religion; and as we see, even now, here and there one educated Hindu and another coming forward and embracing Christianity, there is every human probability that greater numbers will cast in their lot with us hereafter.

"I am just now preparing a young man of this description for baptism. He was educated in our English school, and is one of those sensible, intelligent lads of the Kaystho caste, who are so well calculated for useful helpers in our schools. He lived at home for a year, and 'felt sickened' at the absurdities of Hinduism, and the utter want of intellectual society. These are his own words. He has lately instructed his young wife, reading with her in the Bengali New Testament I gave him, and he told me yesterday, with great satisfaction, that she is quite willing to leave all, and join him in following Christ.

"Last Friday, when preaching in the bazaar of Burdwan, on the words, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink,' I felt a peculiar opening to bear testimony to the love and power of Jesus, with much freedom. I saw some of my hearers, poor fellows of the laboring classes, groaning and sighing; and, in the middle of the street, the crowd was as attentive and silent as any congregation in a church; I went home greatly encouraged, and remembered and pondered the words in my heart, 'My word shall not return unto me void, saith the Lord; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.'

"Our dear bishop is well for his advanced age. He preached a series of Lent lectures, and began delivering them in the new cathredral, but the space was found too small, and at the third lecture, they adjourned to the largest church in Calcutta, St. John's. The subject of the lectures was the temptation of Christ. I was told they were most excellent, and calculated to be very useful to the Calcutta public. It is very remarkable how this venerated man keeps up his energy of mind in such a trying climate. Mr. Pratt is quite well, and very diligent in his Master's service.

"Yours, most truly, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

Soon after the setting in of the rains, Mr. Weitbrecht took cold, which settled in his throat and chest; and these organs being weakened by many years of continual preaching and speaking, the attack became very obstinate, and the cause of much anxiety. It was at length ascertained, by correspondence with his kind friend, Dr. Webb, that he was suffering from bronchitis and pleurisy. The distressing cough broke his rest, and an inundation which came on just at the time aggravated his symptoms; but he could not be induced to yield to his indisposition, or to cease entirely from his loved employ. On the 27th of August he writes: "I applied a blister to my chest after preaching in English, but no means we used seemed to relieve me effectually." At length he became so alarmingly weak, that he was persuaded to consent to be removed, and he was conveyed to Calcutta, to the house of Dr. Webb. He was so prostrated on his arrival, as to be unable to walk up-stairs. Dr. W. lost no time in trying to rally him, in which, by the blessing of God, he succeeded; but he said that had his removal been three days delayed, it would have been too late, as the system was sinking fast. He was soon so far better, as to be able to proceed to the Sandheads for the benefit of the sea air; and there, in the small pilot vessel, he still tried to do something for his Master, under all his weakness and depression; and he made good and useful impressions, speaking to the sick and dying, and even venturing to preach a little to the pilots on Sundays, who heard him gladly. A sentence which occurs in a letter he wrote to his wife, during his absence, is most characteristic of his grateful disposition: "I desired to tell you, my dearly beloved M., how grateful I feel to you for your unremitting and affectionate attention to me, and care of me during this illness. Surely if a good, tender, and faithful wife is a treasure under any circumstances, she is so, in a far higher degree, in the hour of sickness. May it please the Lord to bring us together again, and to bless this time of separation and retirement for my full recovery!" The change was useful to him; but being deprived of the society of those he loved, for his wife had been obliged to hasten to her duties at home, after seeing him on board, was so painful to him that he did not derive the benefit the doctor had hoped, and he was finally recommended to take a river trip, in which he could be accompanied by his family. He alludes to this indisposition in his correspondence and journals. We find the following entry upon hearing that his recovery would be tedious:

"Well, the Lord has been pleased to lay me aside. It is no ordinary exercise of faith. Oh! what is man?—a poor sinful creature. I long sometimes to be delivered from this body of death, and to be with the Lord. Perhaps my work may soon be done!"

To Rev. H. Venn.

"BHAGULPORE, *Dec.* 28, 1848.

"MY DEAR MR. VENN: It is a long while since I wrote to you last, and time has hastened apace. I feel I must not allow the declining year to come to its close without sending you a few lines, to show you that I am still alive. I am sitting at this pretty place, with a good, pious family, and reading the Memoir of Simeon, which is delightful, and has been refreshing to my soul. My health has sustained a severe shock, which has disabled me for public duty; but the medical men assure me, the coming warm weather will entirely remove my ailings. I was struck to find that dear man of God, Mr. Simeon, was laid aside for a year or more, by a similar indisposition, exactly at the same time of life, and arising from similar causes.

"I look upon this visitation as sent by the Lord in much mercy to my soul, affording me leisure to be still, and commune with my own heart; and I believe I have not been a loser but a gainer by it. While I felt weak and languid in body, the Lord saw good to make me poor in spirit. I was, as it were, stripped naked, so that I was distressed and almost overwhelmed at my great sinfulness. What could I do, but cast myself upon the free mercy of our blessed Saviour?—and I do now taste something of the sweet and peaceable fruits of righteousness, after this chastening in love. To hate sin more, to abhor ourselves, and to feel Jesus more precious, and His promises increasingly delightful, shows a step nearer heavenward; and therefore I can say, from the fullness of my heart, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' etc.

"Brother Geidt is doing all he can at Burdwan, and is, I hear, getting on very nicely. I was so sorry I could not take an active part in celebrating the jubilee festival; but I was delighted to hear it was a blessed season in our mission-stations; and our friends at Calcutta hope to raise £1000 for the jubilee fund. How the Lord has honored our Society! I was much impressed by it when I read in Simeon's Life, the first and protracted struggles of its birth and infancy.

"Our friends at this station have now £400 in hand, and are anxious to see a mission begun. The hill tribes have no caste, no idols, no Shasters, and are therefore much better prepared for embracing Christianity than the Hindus. The residents entreat me to mention this subject to you; but I believe Mr. Cuthbert has written to the Parent Committee. What a year this has been to my poor fatherland! I have been reading Elliott's 'Horæ Apocalypticæ' during my illness, with much interest. With kindest Christian regards, believe me yours very sincerely,

"J. J. Weitbrecht."

A short abstract of the "Report" for this year will close its history: "Mr. Geidt and myself are conducting the mission, with the assistance of our native helpers. The Lord has graciously strengthened us, to continue casting abroad the precious seed of the Word, in hope. We cheerfully rely on His promises, firmly believing that He, who is the faithful and true Witness, will at length vouchsafe the long-desired and prayed-for blessing.

"The means of grace have been administered, as usual, on Sundays and week-days. The hungry could gather manna and the thirsty refresh their souls at the Fountain of life. We could wish, regarding a part of our native Christians, that they more fully appreciated their privileges; and we sometimes feel deeply concerned at their want of spiritual life and energy. But this is what we can not give; and long experience has convinced me that, in the present state of progress, we must be contented with the day of small things. One hundred and eighty persons now compose our congregation. Our monthly missionary prayer-meetings have often proved blessed seasons of refreshment; and the fervent petitions offered by some of our native brethren have cheered my heart. Three adults have been added to us by baptism: one a widow, who is a widow indeed, and, I believe, truly influenced by religion. She is from the village close by our dwelling; and her heart was first touched by affliction. Ten little ones have also been introduced into the Church by baptism. I have much hope of some other converts shortly—intelligent young men.

"The Christian and Infant Schools are in a satisfactory state of progress. Of the girls, two have been married; and we have several now in school, who are the daughters of those formerly brought up in it. The present generation is much more advanced then the former. Our onward progress is evident. About 1000 rupees have been subscribed for these Christian schools.

"The church is nearly finished, and will be opened for service next year."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Goes out in Tents—Robbery—Returns Home through the Sunderbuns—Letters—Constant Reference to the Eternal World—Itinerating—Death of Mr. Krauss' Child—Native Testimony to the East-India Company's Government—Tour—Missionary Faithfulness—Last Visit to Beerbhoom—Severe Illness—Death of Koilas—Death of Mr. Krauss—Conference—Death of Dr. Haberlin—Mr. Davis—His Visit to Burdwan—Mr. Merk's Recollections of Mr. Weitbrecht.

1849—1850.

On New Year's day 1849, Mr. Weitbrecht wrote: "*Jan.* 1.—May the Lord Jesus Christ, in all His divine love, and grace, and glory, be more fully revealed to my soul this year! This is the happiness, the riches, the peace I desire. Nothing without Jesus! All *in* and *with* Him! I preached twice yesterday, administered the sacrament, and had a burial. I entreated the Lord not to allow me to suffer in body, in consequence of these labors of love for His name's sake; which I feared, in my still delicate state, I might. He heard me, and fulfilled my humble request, and I feel none the worse. One dear friend presented me with 200 rupees, another with 30 rupees, for our church. The Lord bless the givers!"

On the 2d, he accompanied his kind host and hostess to an excursion into the district, which was likely to prove invigorating to his weakened frame. They travelled with tents, merely proceeding a few miles in the early morning, in a palanquin or on horseback, and then coming up to the place where the tents were pitched before the sun was hot; for even in the cold season an Indian sun is trying to a European. The beautiful dry weather, and the constant change from place to place, are considered peculiarly bracing and beneficial to those suffering from chronic illness. It was therefore an especial blessing for Mr. Weitbrecht to have the opportunity, thus providentially afforded him, of making such an excursion, and he describes in his journal some of the scenes through which they passed. "I find," he writes, "that marching about, breathing the free air of heaven, and encamping in mango groves, is very useful to me. I am now nearly free from weakness in the lungs, so that I can but praise the Lord." While out on this excursion, a thief one night entered his tent and stole his tin box from under his bed. This box contained all his valuables, and money in bank-notes and silver to a considerable amount, the chief part of which had been given him for various objects in connection with his work, so that it did not belong to himself. "I felt much distressed," he writes "on awaking, to discover my loss. My private papers, and other treasures I valued much, all gone, and I took my departure with Mrs. A. with a heavy heart." The friend to whom he alludes said afterwards, that she had never been taught so beautiful a lesson, as his behavior gave her under this severe trial. "He did not," said she, "utter one word approaching to anger or impatience; his usual smile of cheerfulness was on his face as he gave me his arm, and though I could see he felt it deeply, I could not perceive from his conversation, that he had one thought of discontent in his heart. It was evident he regarded it as a discipline permitted by God." A few hours later, the box and papers were all found, and restored to him; but 140 rupees in silver, which had been taken away, he never recovered. After some weeks of this kind of travelling he at length returned home by a river-steamer, and had a pleasant voyage, holding daily prayer on board, at which all the passengers, as well as the captain and his wife, attended; and he records conversations with them also, and his hope that the Lord might give His blessing to these humble efforts. The Sunday on board was peculiarly interesting. "I never had expected," writes he, "to find such lovely scenery, such noble rivers in the far-famed wilds of the Sunderbuns. The banks of the streams are studded with trees, and vareigated foliage of every hue. The scene changes every few minutes, and some new creek or river comes in sight; the birds are singing, the woodcutter is busy felling timber, with which natives are loading their boats for the Calcutta market. The land is very low, and the water appears higher than the banks; this has a peculiar effect to the eye of the stranger. The greater part of the day it was perfectly calm and quiet, no busy sounds around us, nothing but the engines of the steamer propelling her on her way. Nature is indeed celebrating a Sabbath here, among soft waters and solitary woods, and under a clear sky; it seemed like a beautiful temple prepared for man to worship his Creator. Here and there alligators were seen basking in the rays of that sun, which shines so genially on all God's creatures. I performed divine service on deck; even the engine-boy was in attendance. My heart was tuned to solemnity from the early dawn, and I spent a peaceful, happy Sabbath in this wild region in communion with my Saviour. My text was, 'And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.' My hearers manifested much serious attention, and my mind was drawn out in prayer for the spread of the Gospel in this heathen land."

How truly do the above short extracts display the mind and character of one of Christ's servants and His own faithfulness in standing by him, and sustaining and comforting him under all circumstances; whether those of active missionary effort, or those connected with sickness, and interruption of the usual and dearly-loved labor! Wherever he went, he was at home in his Master's service, and found abundant opportunity to recommend Him, and to plead for Him with his fellow-men.

On reaching home in February, after seven months' absence, he found all in good order; and shortly after, twelve brethren assembled at his house for their usual conference. Mr. Blumhardt afterwards wrote thus to him: "I hope the blessing and encouragement I have found at Burdwan will carry me through the hot and rainy season for six months, till we meet again in autumn." He was also cheered by a most kind, affectionate letter from the friends at Bhagulpore, to whom he owed so much. Mrs. A. detailed the particulars of a very successful sale they had been holding in the botanical garden of the station. "We owe this," said she, "entirely to your visit, and to your account of the ladies' sale at Purneah; for it was this that encouraged us to make the attempt; and now we can at once begin to build our hospital, which is so much needed for poor sick natives. It has been delayed hitherto for want of funds, which the adoption of your plan has now placed in our hands."

Some extracts from a letter to Miss Millard refer to the state of his own mind, and to the death of Rabee, which had occurred during his absence:

"*March* 3*d.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND: It is desirable sometimes that we should be convinced practically, that the Lord can easily spare us, and does not at all require our poor services. Oh! may we ever be able to say, It is well; and honor our dear Redeemer by a passive submission to His will when trials come on, as well as by a life of activity! Dear Rabee was permitted to enter into the joy of her Lord while we were away. Her faith remained steadily fixed on Christ to the last, and we feel comforted in the certain conviction that she is now in His presence; He having purchased her with His precious blood. I sometimes conversed with her, and knelt down at her bedside, when I felt much gratified to witness her childlike and firm reliance on the good Shepherd.* Considering what this world is, and especially this heathen world around us, there is something truly consoling in seeing a soul converted and washed in the blood of the Lamb gathered to the host of the redeemed. I sometimes rejoice to think that after eighteen years of missionary labor, I am now much nearer to the Father's house. Our eventful times declare, with a trumpet voice, that the Lord will soon come. Let us pray, my dear friend, that our loins may be girded, and our lamps burning brightly. We shall never regret in eternity, having devoted these poor bodies and souls to the service of Jesus. We pray much for you, and for our dear child, that the Lord Jesus may pour a large measure of grace into her youthful heart. We have comfort in the certain hope that a prayer-hearing God will, in His own good time, answer us.

"Our future times are in the Lord's hands: we desire to be directed by Him, and to labor in His vineyard as long as strength is given; but I feel my years increasing. * * * You recollect when the Israelites were past fifty, they had no longer to go on warfare, and it was a wise and kind ordinance. If the Lord should spare my life so long, I may also think myself entitled to look out for quiet retirement. May the Lord Jesus be with your spirit, and ever give you a sweet sense of His gracious presence, and a sweet enjoyment of His precious promises! M. joins me in kindest Christian regards and affection; she intended to write, but is prevented by indisposition. My best Christian remembrances to all who are kind to my child. I inclose a word for her. Believe me, my dear friend, your affectionate brother in Christ, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

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* A short memoir of Rabee has been published, entitled, *An Indian Blossom.* Price, 4d.

"MY DEAR EMILY: From the year 1849 I hope you will not begin every letter with these words, 'I hope you are quite well,' because I like variety, and there are so many ways of beginning a letter, if you take pains and exercise your mind a little. I am, however, much pleased that you write nicely, and with scarcely any mistakes.

"I wish I could see you again after so many years' separation. I often think of the time when this may be possible. I hope in two years you will have the happiness of seeing your dear mamma. How delighted you will be to embrace and kiss her again! Henry is growing a fine boy and sensible; but real beauty is that which shines within the heart where grace reigns. Sometimes he is naughty, and I have to punish him, and then he is very sorry. How clearly it can be seen in children, that man is a fallen being, and under the influence of sin! O dear child! do pray often for the Holy Spirit to renew your heart, and make you a new creature altogether. If you do not begin in good earnest, sin, like a poisonous plant, will grow in you, and become very powerful. Hitherto, you have been a child, but ere long you will enter upon your twelfth year, and we all hope and expect, that you will then, by the grace of God, become a decided Christian. This would be to me the best news. Half-and-half is not at all satisfactory; you will not be happy till you give your whole heart to Him who shed His precious blood for you. Pray often for grace to overcome your besetting sins. Perhaps one of your enemies is a tendency to be haughty and self-willed I will tell you an excellent remedy for this evil. Do sometimes read and think of the example of Jesus Christ, how humble, and obedient, and meek He was when on earth; and then remember He can make you like Him if you ask Him in faith to do so.—Believe me your very affectionate father, J. J. Weitbrecht."

Mr. Weitbrecht often referred, as he has done in the preceding letter, to the age of fifty as that period in his life, when his term of active service would be likely to terminate. It was not manifest to those in intimate communion with him, that he looked forward to the close of his earthly pilgrimage at this period, but to a season of comparative rest and retirement. He often alluded to the subject in conversation with his wife, and seemed at times to realize the idea very vividly, of being withdrawn from his sphere at that age. Just after his return from Europe he expressed to her his earnest hope, that he might be permitted to labor for God among the poor Hindus at least seven years longer. It is believed that he made this an especial subject of prayer in private, and his prayer was graciously answered; for he attained the desired age within a few weeks, and was in active service to the very end. As the months and years passed on, however, his perception of the nearness of the Father's house became wonderfully distinct, and was noted by his friends as something remarkable. "I have seldom seen any one," writes Mr. Lacroix, "whose soul seemed to be so absorbed in the realities of eternity, or who made them so frequent a subject of his own meditations, and of conversation with his friends. When out together on preaching tours, the eternal world, its employments and its enjoyments, was the topic to which he would often and often revert. Frequently a very late hour at night found us in our solitary tent, engaged in conversation on this deeply interesting subject; and this was evidently done on his part, with a view of becoming more fully prepared for it, when it should be his Lord's pleasure to call him home."

Surely Christians lose many precious enjoyments, by not cultivating more familiarity with their heavenly *home*, and by not more constantly keeping it in view. Can we doubt, that it was this cherished tendency of Mr. W.'s mind, this constant abiding in the ante-chamber through faith, which contributed to render his own passage from the "earthly house of this tabernacle" to the royal presence-chamber of "the King in his beauty," so calm and easy? He felt an abiding conviction that here we are in a world that is daily passing away, a world where we are ever learning the bitterness of creature disappointments, and the drying up of creature streams of happiness, and he perceived how well it was, that his "heart should surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found."

His affections were centred supremely on Him, whom none need fear to love too ardently, and in whose love he met with a response that made his own love to Him seem as nothing, by reason of the love that excelleth. "He knew and believed," as the apostle says, "the love that God hath to us," and his one great aim, in his Christian life, was to cultivate free intercourse and constant communion with his precious Saviour, to seek for "joy in Him, that his joy might be fulfilled in himself," (John 17 : 13.) This he pursued till the day broke, and the shadows of earth disappeared for ever.

To this disposition we may trace much of the untiring zeal that animated him in his arduous labors; and much of the sweet spirit of patient endurance that enabled him to "bear all things." The Holy Spirit had worked in him and produced its own fruit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. (Gal. 5 : 22, 23.) A friend, alluding to him after his decease, remarked, that "he was not wanting in the exemplication of any one of these graces, but manifested them all in his life and conversation. He was indeed one whom the apostle would have described as complete in Him, having attained to the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus."

The following short extract from a letter from one of those who had known him on his first arrival at Burdwan, and derived spiritual profit from him, manifests the affectionate esteem in which he continued to be held by such:

"At the time I received your letter, I was in a state of very deep anxiety about the success of the Punjab war, and have frequently intended writing, to beg you to unite in prayer with me for a favorable issue. The Lord in His goodness has sent it, and unto Him be the praise. I wish you were here, my dear friend, to lead us in the expression of our heart-felt thanksgivings, but I hope they will be universal, for indeed we have much to be thankful for. I feel that the Lord has wrought, 'not for our righteousness,' but for His own glorious name's sake, and for the truth of His promise, that he will 'scatter the people that delight in war.' This verse was brought to my mind, with a deep assurance of comfort, one day after the battle of Chillianwallah, when accounts from the north-west were discouraging, and forebodings still more gloomy. We have now, nationally and individually, a fresh cause of thankfulness connected with this country.

"And now, dear friend, let me revert to your most kind letter and its precious exhortations. I keep it by me as an occasional refreshment. How often have I wished you were here! May your valuable life and health be spared for many added years of usefulness; and may your dear wife, to whom I send my kindest regards, enjoy the same, and every blessing in her family! We have a large one, and it is a source of pleasure and of pain. The happiest of all our children is he whose mortal remains you committed to the earth sixteen years ago!

"Dear friend, let us continue to have a place in your thoughts in your best moments. Our pilgrimages are perhaps nearer their close than we think. Oh! that *I could feel as you do, prepared and ready to meet the summons!*

"*In that readiness is summed up the whole of what is called happiness. There is no other.*"

Mr. Weitbrecht, with his partially-recovered health, renewed his itinerant labors, and we find him again in this month among the villagers.

March 14.—"We set out on a preaching tour, as soon as the brethren had left us. Mr. Keane accompanied us. His catechist Jadob is a Brahmun from this neighborhood, and a very zealous man. We preached a good deal; and in one place, where Jadob was recognized, the Brahmuns treated him very roughly, accusing him of forsaking his religion. He replied: 'In the golden age, all Hindus worshipped one God; I have only returned to the old faith.' The wicked fellows, however, dispersed our congregation, and when we moved to another spot they tried the same trick, but were less successful. I told them that in the present war in the Punjab, the Sirdars, after rebelling against the Company's Government, had some fierce struggles, but were obliged to lay down their arms and sue for mercy. If Christ, I added, is the King of heaven and earth, who are you, poor creatures, that you can venture to rebel against and oppose so great a person? Jadob was pleased with the attention shown by our congregations, and said, 'Sir, this is a good place, these will be believers.' 'God grant it,' said I, 'in His infinite mercy. Oh! that the Lord may at last raise life from the dead! I am ready to watch the least spark that appears to be kindling;' and as some good feeling does manifest itself hereabouts, we have decided on building a bungalow at Barui, for our native helpers to come and reside in for awhile, from time to time, and in which divine service might be performed. We hope to station two readers here, to visit the spots where the signs of life appear.

"On Friday we moved forward to the place where our first converts had been made. I related to the villagers their various histories, their peaceful lives and happy deaths, and then appealed to my audience, saying, 'I recognize many among you, whom I knew as boys when I first came here, now gray, worn-out, and hastening to the grave. You all know the Gospel is the word of mercy from God, and sent for the salvation of men.' I then dwelt on the sin of unbelief, and added, 'No Hindu as he is, is fit for heaven; the pure in heart alone can see God; and Christianity is the only religion that can make man pure and holy. Do accept it then, even now, in the eleventh hour.' Geidt also spoke warmly to another group on the love of God, and told them of our earnest desire, to see the people accept His invitation to the great wedding. I felt ill in the evening; and as cholera is abroad and the weather is getting very hot, I moved forward next morning in the direction of Burdwan. Mr. Keane, who came out with us, had returned to give the English residents a Sunday service, and Geidt remained out alone for a few days longer.

"Mr. A. of Bhagulpore has sent me a beautiful letter, detailing the particulars of dear brother Hurter's death. All the Europeans in the place attended his funeral, and manifested much grief. A day or two later, Mr. Hurter's catechist Bondhu arrived with a letter from him, dated January. He spoke to us of this man as a very excellent Christian, when we were at Bhagulpore, and asked my wife to inquire of one of our widows if she were disposed to re-marry, as Bondhu is a widower, and is anxious to marry a widow, to show a good example to Hindu Christians, many of whom retain

BURDWAN MISSION CHURCH.

their heathen prejudices against marrying a widow. Mrs. Weitbrecht had communicated with Lukhy, who is young, nice-looking, and has two pretty children, and she appeared quite willing to enter on the match. We believe both parties to be sincere Christians. Our good catechists entertained Bondhu very kindly, and he and Lukhy seemed mutually pleased on meeting. These simple people have each made their union a subject of prayer, and Bondhu told me he was so happy to find Lukhy had two children, as he had none. He stopped with our people some days. I confess I admire this point in the Hindu Christians. They 'use hospitality one to another without grudging.' I married this couple with real pleasure, and another good girl, Elizabeth, was married at the same time to an equally good man, though not a catechist. It is always a satisfaction to us to see our orphan girls settling respectably, and becoming the heads of Christian families. In this way 'the little one may become a thousand.' Bondhu has to return to Monghir, above two hundred miles; he is living there since the death of Mr. Hurter."

Mr. Weitbrecht was subsequently informed of the truly satisfactory conduct of these good people, and he always continued to feel a peculiar interest in them. It is indeed cause for joy when the poor, weak native converts run well, without being hindered; and such an assurance imparts to the mind of the missionary, that kind of encouragement which he can not derive from other sources.

"12*th*.—I was conversing with a Pundit to-day, and asked him what he thought of the present government, compared with that of the Mohammedans. His answer was remarkable. It is a government of mercy; every body gets right and justice. The Mussulman government was oppressive and bad. If a man ventured to build himself a brick house, he was imprisoned and robbed of every thing, and often otherwise maltreated, unless he paid a price, or gave a present, far exceeding the value of the house. If one even wore a good dress, or reposed on a round pillow, he was soon noticed, and had to suffer for it; whereas now, if a man has sense and spirit, he can get rich by trade, make himself comfortable, and no body can annoy him."

This opinion was no doubt given in all sincerity. A similar one was not unfrequently expressed to Mr. Weitbrecht in his intercourse with intelligent natives; and he often said that, however much the Company's Government failed in its duty in some respects, and however much he longed to see many things ordered otherwise, he had the impression, from his intimate knowledge of the poorer classes of the people, that it was really and essentially a kind and paternal government.*

To the Rev. M. M. Preston.

"BURDWAN, *April* 4, 1849.

"MY DEAR SIR: . . . . Dear brother Wilkinson has been called to his reward, and I am now one of the seniors in Northern India. I am going to preach a jubilee sermon on Easter-day, a very suitable season for such a commemoration. . . . . The sweet spirit of union and love now happily prevailing among our missionary circles in these parts, is very encouraging, and is, I hope, a sign that the Lord has great blessings in store for us. Our half-yearly conferences tend much to produce harmony and mutual fellowship.

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* A Brahmun of the old school was conversing with an English gentleman, and expressed his satisfaction that Moolraj and Shere Sing had been made prisoners of war. "Why are you so pleased?" inquired the gentleman. The old man replied: "This government is remarkable for justice. True, it has taken our rent-free lands, but I do not think it will touch the little left. Our Mussulman rulers were *tyrants*, and we know nothing of the Sikhs. Yes, the English government is very just; and as for its power, *why it can make the ox and the tiger drink out of the same tank.* In your courts the *rajah and the peasant stand side by side.*" Who will, after this, venture to uphold the physical-force doctrine, and to say that the British government in India is not founded *on opinion?*"

"Our dear venerated bishop has lately returned to Calcutta from his metropolitan visitation; it appears his labors have been very much blessed; his charges and exhortations to the clergy were rich effusions of heavenly wisdom and grace.

"Mrs. Weitbrecht has just been reading to me a part of his reply to the address of the clergy of Madras. I am sure you will be delighted with the following paragraph, breathing as it does a sweet apostolic spirit of love: 'Let me remind you, that however desirable and excellent the order of the Church of England is, we are not to regard it as essential; as if it were laid down in Scripture. We hold that it is not contrary to Scripture, but that is very different to making it binding on men, as if it were all positively enjoined. Each Church has a right to its own order, so that it be not contrary to the Word of God. God forbid that I should unchristianize other churches, because they do not adopt the same form and discipline! Nay, I do not hesitate to say, that many a poor dissenting minister, who is living near to God, preaching Christ crucified, and laying out his energies for the benefit of his fellow-men, may be more acceptable in the sight of God than an archbishop.' This is sound solid food for the morbid and fanciful appetite of some of our exclusive pharisaical clergy, who are bitten by Tractarian notions. Perhaps you have not heard, that the good bishop met with an accident on board the brig, which might have proved serious. While walking on deck, he fell down the main hatchway, but escaped with a few bruises. May the Lord spare his precious life, for some years to come! Never shall I forget his tender affection to me, when ill in October last. I spent an evening with him. He comforted me like an affectionate brother, and prayed for me so as to do my heart good.

"We are now rejoicing in India, and offering up public and private thanksgiving for the signal victory at Gujerat, and the approaching termination of the dreadful war with the Sikhs. What a merciful deliverance after those fearful battles, when it seemed as if the Lord were about to inflict yet severer chastisement on us for unfaithfulness! The Punjab will now become a British province. A number of commissioners and civil officers have already been appointed. . . . . Yours, with much esteem and affection,

"J. J. Weitbrecht."

Some remarks that occur in a letter of this date are worth transcribing, as they touch on a subject which often engaged Mr. Weitbrecht's attention:

"*May*, 1849.—Our good brother Krauss is ill; and since the death of his eldest child he has been brought very low. His wife is also suffering. The fact is, that after ten years' labor, *most* missionaries in this climate want a renewing, or they will droop and die. I wish some of our English brethren who have left the field of late years, had been able to show as good reasons for directing their faces to England, as poor Krauss would have; but not all have grace to stand the fiery trial of patient, persevering, faithful labor, and pressing onward for the crown, *the missionary's crown!* I liked your remarks on this subject in a late letter. The facility with which a retired missionary can get a curacy, is certainly a temptation to one, to exchange the jungles of Bengal for the pleasant green fields and gardens of our fatherland; but, if heaven is our *home*, then let 'Be thou faithful unto death' be our motto. Leupolt says, 'No real missionary will ever leave his work;' and I believe he is correct. A real missionary will rather die at his post than retire, as any brave soldier would do. Dear Krauss, in a letter I have just received from him, makes this very remark: 'I would rather die among my flock,' he writes, 'if this were the will of God, than seek for health in Europe, and leave the poor people neglected.' These remarks by no means apply to a return for recruiting one's health for a season; or to those who are spared so long that they become really unequal to continue. Not many instances of the latter occur, however."

27*th*.—The journal of this date alludes to the death of a native Christian youth, who had been hopeful as a child, but had afterwards led a wicked and profligate life, and having sown to the flesh, had of the flesh reaped corruption. Mr. Weitbrecht's description of him, and of his visits to him in his illness, are very affecting, and would, if written out, form a striking tract. He used every possible means to do him good, but the poor wretched man cried out at last, "I can not repent; I can not believe!" "Awful truth!" adds he, "showing us, that a death-bed is not the time for grace and life to be obtained, when light and instruction have been resisted in health."

The attacks to which Mr. Weitbrecht was so often subject, when from home, could not but cause much anxiety to his wife during his frequent absences. She sometimes ventured to remonstrate with him on the subject, and to suggest the desirableness of a thorough change of climate, offering to remain in charge of her portion of the work, if he would consent to take a year's leave. His uniform reply was: "I can not perceive that the way is clear for me to go, unless our Society could send a brother to perform part of my duty. If it be right that I should retire for a season, I am sure the Lord will show it me so plainly that I can not mistake it." There was no sin he was more jealous of committing, than that of missionary unfaithfulness, of being found guilty of putting his hand to the plough, and turning back. He was doubtless right; and though the event has proved, that his wife's fears were not unfounded, it can not be supposed that his life would have been prolonged beyond the appointed time, had he even withdrawn from his sphere on account of health. If not a sparrow falls to the ground without divine permission, we may rest confident, that not one of God's dear servants can do so, for the lives of His saints are as precious in His sight as their death is. Though unbelief, therefore, may sometimes tempt us to regret that a different course was not followed, we may reply, in Cowper's beautiful lines:

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain."

"In the great mirror of eternity, all the events of this checkered scene will be reflected; the darkest of them will then be seen to be bright with mercy."

Shortly afterwards, the painful intelligence of the sudden death of his beloved convert Koilas reached him. He rose in health, breakfasted, and prepared for his usual employment. Hæmorrhage came on as he was leaving his house, and in six hours he was a corpse. "No one spoke to him of eternity," adds Mr. Weitbrecht, "and I fear that his desire to become rich had estranged his heart from God, so that I have not the comfortable assurance regarding him, that would have removed the sting of the sad news. His poor wife Pearee had died a few months before of lock-jaw, caused by an accident, and she wished her little girl to be made over to M., but we can not get the child given up to us.

"My chest is affected again as the rainy season advances, and this prevents my preaching in the open air; which is to me a great trial of faith and patience, I do so delight to be in my Master's work, as long as I am in this heathen land; but the Lord, doubtless, knows what is good for me and for

His own cause. Oh! may I receive grace, to bow cheerfully to His will in trials and in joy!"

The next paragraph records another instance of an answer to earnest prayer:

"The Lord has heard my prayer, and sent deliverance from Zion. My chest is gradually getting better, and the cough disappearing. I can walk freely, without my breath being affected. Bless the Lord, O my soul! This is a mercy indeed, and it occurs just at the most unfavorable season, when I had reason to apprehend a return of the complaint. Now I look forward to preaching in the bazaar again. The Lord bringeth low and raiseth up. He woundeth, and His hands make whole. I have met with Simeon's Life and read it with very great enjoyment; it did my heart good."

"*October* 16.—This morning a note arrived, with the sad news of dear brother Krauss's removal. Alas! my brother. He fell asleep in the Lord on Sabbath morning; and just as his spirit had taken its flight, I was engaged preaching from Mark 8 : 34–36. Little did I imagine, I was preaching as it were his funeral sermon. Thus one dear friend after another departs to his eternal rest. May the Lord comfort our sorrowing sister in her deep distress!

"The circumstances connected with his death are trying to the faith, for it appears to have arisen from indisposition, that has long hung about him and was neglected. Humanly speaking, he ought to have left India months ago, when Mr. Pratt and ourselves strongly advised him to do so; but he yielded to other influence, and we know well that our times are in God's hands. He died at Chinsurah, where he had come for medical aid, but he arrived too late for the help of man to avail. He was there but two days, and effusion on the brain having caused delirium, he spoke incoherently, and often sung German hymns. Sometimes he preached in

Bengali, but one of his last expressions was in English, 'Work while it is called to-day, the night cometh.' When his poor wife inquired of him, during a lucid interval, if he felt prepared should it be the Lord's pleasure to call him home, he replied, 'Quite prepared,' and repeated the words twice. The dear brother had never quite rallied after the loss of his child."

The letter which follows was written to Mrs. Krauss, upon hearing the painful news:

To Mrs. Krauss.

"BURDWAN, *October* 17, 1849.

"MY DEAR AFFLICTED FRIEND: Little did I imagine, when I penned my letter to you last Monday, that your beloved husband was then no more in the land of the living. The stroke is so unexpected, when my dear wife read Miss Hebron's letter, the news went like a dart through my heart. I looked for the pleasure of seeing you both once more, a few days hence. Alas! my brother. Need I say, how cordially we feel and sorrow with you. I am sure the Lord will hear our prayers for you, and give you such a measure of grace, as shall bear you up amidst the stormy wind and billows. Who would have thought that the manly frame would so soon sink into the dust, and wither as the flower of the field!—yea, as a fine fruit bearing tree has he been cut down. But it is not desirable to dwell much upon the event. Let us look up, my dear sister. The Lord reigneth; Jesus is not dead, but liveth for evermore. I trust, therefore, you do not sorrow as those who have no hope. You know better; you know God's providential dealings are calculated altogether for preparing us for a happy eternity, and not so much with a view to our present span of life. Try to realize the comfortable thought, that

Jesus Christ, who shed His precious blood for you, remembers you in unspeakable love, especially *now*, when you feel deprived of your main support, and are cast entirely upon Him. He is our sure refuge and hiding-place. (Isaiah 32 : 2.) 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' (Isaiah 26 : 3, 4.) This is an eternal truth, dearest friend; hold fast by it, and you will be safe." * * *

The journal goes on to record various engagements in connection with the conference; but the death of Mr. Krauss cast a feeling of sadness over the meeting. It is remarkable, that he had just finished the translation of the burial service into the Bengali. "I wrote," remarks Mr. W., "a letter to the poor widow in the name of the brethren, and sent her the resolution we drew up, which expressed our deepest sympathy, both with her and the bereaved mission, as well as our personal sorrow for the loss of our esteemed and valued brother."

Another entry in November, after his return to Burdwan, refers to the death of Dr. Haberlin, who was struck down by sickness a few weeks before, and left Dacca in a boat, with his enfeebled partner, to proceed to Calcutta, and embark for Europe. Just as they had reached the entrance to the Sunderbuns, in those wild regions where the silence is at times broken by the tiger's roar, poor Dr. Haberlin breathed his last, on a Sabbath morning. They were happily near a station; and when the distressing circumstance was made known through the servants, who were the only individuals left with the bereaved widow, kind and sympathizing friends hastened to her relief, and took her to their house, where she lay for nearly a week so ill as not to be expected to survive her husband. Her condition was indeed one of unutterable sorrow; but the Lord spared her and raised her up, and so strengthened her, both in body and in spirit, that she was enabled to remain in India, and continue her invaluable labors in the cause of native female education. "She bears her cross with sweet resignation, as a true Christian," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, who felt this event deeply; and on a subsequent mission tour, he drew up an affectionate memorial of his departed brother. He also interested himself for the poor brethren, who were left unprovided for at Dacca by this sad event; and he invited two of them to Burdwan, till their future way should be made clear.

"Never shall I forget," observes one of these brethren, "my first meeting him in his house. He received us with the utmost kindness, though we were personally unknown to him before; and we felt that his welcome came from a heart full of love to his Saviour and his fellow-men. His brotherly affection could never be mistaken for mere politeness, it was so cordial, so hearty, though at the same time so dignified and gentle. I shall ever regard my acquaintance and intercourse with him, as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to me on entering the mission field. Nothing can be more encouraging for a young man, just joining the band of the messengers of peace in a heathen country, than to be thus welcomed by an old, experienced, and devoted laborer. The very first evening of our stay he had a prayer-meeting with us, in which he poured out his heart in supplications and thanksgivings on our behalf, as was his wont. I felt at once what a privilege it would be for me, could I be stationed near this gifted and devoted servant of his Lord, for his character was a most harmonious combination of many fine qualities. It was not only his sound and solid piety which so endeared him to me, but his cheerful, amiable disposition, which led him to enter warmly at once into the circumstances and interests of others, and to win their hearts; while his firmness, decision, and clear, sound judgment secured as quickly their esteem."

A few more remarks from the same pen refer to Mr. Weitbrecht's diligence, which was the chief secret of his great usefulness. To the apostolic injunction respecting "redeeming the time," he conscientiously adhered; and to know well how he did it, one must have lived with him for some time. "He allowed himself little interval for recreation, which seemed to come to him by change of employment. From early in the morning till late in the evening, he was occupied in preaching, translating, composing, superintending schools, and correspondence. The latter he carried on with a regularity, which is not often seen in men doing the same amount of active labor. He was prompt and punctual, and went with spirit and alacrity, through every thing he undertook: and this, I believe, gave him leisure to converse with his absent friends. A day is coming that will reveal the great good he effected in this way; for in all his letters this was his grand object." Though his numerous correspondents were scattered nearly all over the world, yet he entered warmly into their concerns, temporal and spiritual, and encouraged them to faithfulness and activity in the Lord's service, as well as warned them against the peculiar dangers besetting their paths, and cheered them under their trials and difficulties. And more especially did he maintain Christian fellowship by stirring up, both in himself and others, zeal and love towards their common Lord. This surely was the kind of correspondence which, as the sainted Bickersteth remarked, he would have "counted it a pleasure to read even in heaven." He was a strong opponent of the mere extension of the outward Church, under the idea that religious ordinances would change the heart of the nominal convert; and he assured me that he had rejected numbers because, although they would have added to the relative importance of his own mission, he believed their acceptance would have retarded the general establishment of the Gospel in the country.

"In his preaching to the heathen, he rather avoided controversial subjects. On one occasion, after he had addressed a large assembly, who listened with great attention, he was followed by one of his catechists, who spoke in a more polemical strain, and the consequence was a complete uproar among the crowd, which put an end to the preaching for that day. He told me this was usually the effect of direct controversy; so he preferred, as a general rule, the simple exposition of the Gospel. I observed, however, that before going to preach, he invariably sat down with pen and paper, and spent some time in preparation for his address; and there was in consequence a wonderful freshness and variety about his sermons, which those who preach extemporaneously, without previous thought, never attain.

"On our return to Burdwan, I heard him preach in English several times, and never listened to a more interesting and winning preacher. He read his English sermons, but with so much heartfelt earnestness, that it was impossible not to attend to every word that fell from his lips; and for the *happy combination of force and simplicity*, his sermons struck me more than *any I ever heard.* The attention manifested by a small but educated congregation, was edifying to witness; and I shall never forget the fixed and reverential look of one young man, who was, alas! engaged in the gayeties and follies of the world, but who spoke to me afterwards with such deep affection for his pastor, that I could but hope, he might eventually receive in their power the truths which he taught.

"His new church was opened during my visit, and I was delighted to observe the respect which the heathen prince, who was present, evidently entertained for the holy missionary, and his great personal kindness towards him. I left Burdwan a wiser, and I hope a better man, for my visit. . . . I saw my brother for the last time in his coffin; his features bearing the rigid stamp of death; but a calm and peaceful look betokened it to have been the blessed death of those who sleep in Jesus; and I had the melancholy gratification of helping to carry his loved remains to that grave, where they await the morning of the resurrection."

To a sister he writes: "Christmas-day was a great and happy day with us. I wish you could have witnessed the beautiful scene. I had given notice beforehand that the new church would be opened for divine service, and my expectations were more than realized. The building was quite filled. Every European in the station was present, and various shades of color could be observed among the congregation. Of course the larger number were Hindus, of whom there were between three and four hundred; the chief of them were, alas! heathen and Mohammedans. The Rajah of Burdwan was dressed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, and looked very handsome. His suite was also present, and their behavior was remarkably decorous. The Rajah followed the service in the prayer-book, as Mr. Geidt read the prayers, and listened with much apparent devotion while I preached from Isaiah 40 : 9, 'O Zion, that bringest good tidings,' etc. I truly believe the Lord Jesus was in the midst of us. The school children were in the gallery, and sung a beautiful Christmas hymn. A collection was made, the result of which was most gratifying. Surely the Lord will hear the prayers that have been offered up on this solemn occasion, and set up His Zion at this place, and make Himself a glorious name among the heathen by the conversion of great numbers, through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel.

"In the afternoon, Mr. Geidt preached in Bengali, and at sunset we invited the native Christians to an ample dinner, which was served under a large pepul-tree near the church. One hundred and seventy-five persons sat down, and truly it might be said, 'All the men of Israel rejoiced greatly.' Some Christian friends witnessed the pleasing scene, with whom we afterwards dined ourselves, and concluded our day with social prayer. Such a Christmas-day I have never seen in India.

DIGEST OF THE REPORT OF THE BURDWAN MISSION.

"In its general aspect no striking change has occurred, and the numerical increase of our Christian flock has been but small, but there has been internal growth and advancement. Our number is one hundred and eighty, and among our native helpers many pleasing instances of true faithfulness and zeal have been apparent. Some of these men have now been tried by long and faithful service, and their sweet spirit of piety has often cheered our hearts. The progress of vital religion in a native Christian congregation resembles the slow, quiet growth of the oak, or the gentle flowing of a retired rivulet. In tracing its onward progress we take courage, in confident expectation that the divine promise, in Isaiah 35 : 1, will at length be realized in Bengal.

"Our schools for Christian and orphan boys and girls, and our infant and Sabbath-schools, all bear a hopeful character. Five nice youths, trained in the former, now act as assistant teachers in the various Bengali and English schools of our mission, but during their leisure hours they continue to study. Several of the elder girls take an active part in teaching the younger, and bid fair to become superior teachers. The open frankness and cheerful disposition of the girls show, that their training has had a happy effect, and some pleasing signs of true piety are manifest amongst them. The instruction of both boys and girls is carried on in the lower apartments of the mission-house, in separate rooms. Mr. Geidt gives them singing lessons. We long to see the day when these Christian schools, upon which such particular care is bestowed, shall be filled with double their present number. These three schools cost us about 1000 Rs. per annum. The vernacular schools under Mr. Geidt are in an efficient state, and in the English school we have a good attendance.

"Our preaching to the heathen still resembles prophesying to dry bones; but God's great and gracious purposes will be accomplished in due time. To temper zeal with patience and steadfast perseverance, is a needful lesson for the missionary in India to learn and practise. A zealous clergyman at home gets at any rate his church filled with attentive hearers: but we have to act upon a senseless, apathetic race, who are often captious and even scurrilous.

"Our new mission church has been finished and opened. It has cost about 10,000 Rs. The Governor of Bengal has granted the old chapel, for the use of the Church Missionary Society.

"During the year I have collected, or had presented voluntarily to us about 3339 Rs., which have been expended for the objects of the mission. This sum includes the donations for the church and the Calcutta Bible Society."*

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* The information relative to the amount of money collected was annexed to the Report, in compliance with the wish of the Secretary of the Calcutta Corresponding Committee, to enable him to make a calculation of the entire sum annually raised in India itself for missionary purposes. A considerable part of that presented to Mr. Weitbrecht was for ministerial offices, performed for Europeans and others.

CHAPTER XIX.

Incidents on Tour—Hospitality of Hindus—Visit to Krishnaghur—Letter to his Son—Happy Deaths—Hurricane—Letter to Mr. Venn—Death of his Brother—Baptism of two Hindu Youths—Deaths of Elizabeth and Kripa—Letter to a Missionary Student—Departure of his Wife and Children for Europe—Incidents.

1850—1851.

The beginning of January, 1850, found Mr. Weitbrecht on a tour with his wife and children. We give some extracts from his journal:

* * * Some men asked him, why he did not visit them oftener than once a year, if he desired to gather them into the fold of Christ? "Let me but see in you," said he, "a willingness to hear, and you shall see me often." As he was returning home, he overtook the young schoolmaster and a friend, who were arguing together in English as they walked along. One took the part of an atheist, and reasoned away, in grand style, on the eternity of matter, "which," said he, "produces the results we witness in creation, by its own inherent organic laws." "But who made these laws?" inquired his companion. This pertinent question produced a pause in the debate, and Mr. W. interposed. "I will give you," said he, "a subject for discussion which has engaged the deepest research of philosophers, and which the genius

of Christianity alone can solve. The question is this—'*How can a man become righteous before God?*'" He then proposed the following points for their consideration: "1. Man is a sinner, having transgressed God's moral law. 2. Man is, therefore, in a state of guilt. 3. By the divine law, the guilty must suffer punishment. 4. By a few good actions, or expressions of sorrow, the sentence of the law can not be reversed. 5. Christ, the incarnate Son of God, suffered the penalty of the law in man's place. 6. Believe in this divine Mediator, and you will receive His justifying righteousness."

The lads seemed quite arrested, and cheerfully promised to search the Scriptures, and give these important points their serious attention.

"I could not but remark the change that has taken place," said he, "in the Hindu youth. How different was it in this neighborhood eighteen years ago, when I first visited it!"

There can be no doubt that a change, and a most wonderful one, is coming over the face of society in India. Mr. Weitbrecht's views on this point are those of all who know the country intimately. He was in a position to judge of this, from his extensive itinerancies, and his habit of marking the distinguishing features of all he observed, or that came under his notice. He saw every thing with the eye of a missionary.

During this year Mr. Weitbrecht occupied all his spare moments in the preparation of Bengali hymns, and with the aid of Mr. Lipp added above seventy to those previously existing. They wanted to make up the number in the church hymn-books to four hundred, and succeeded in their desire. The missionary brethren in conference spoke much on this subject, and agreed that for people in the state of religious progress of the converts, good, sound, evangelical hymns were some of the most useful helps they could have.

The two brethren, who had an ear for metre, therefore undertook to devote as much of their leisure to these compositions as possible. The brethren also united in revising the Bengali prayer-book, each taking part. He adds on leaving Rottenpore: "I have never seen a finer specimen of a rural Christian village in Bengal. All the implements and industrious proceedings of Bengali husbandry can be witnessed here. There were some twenty cows and bullocks before one cottage; before another a large harvest of tumeric. In another quarter they were winnowing, and the bullocks were treading out the oil seeds. What would our farmers say in Europe, if they saw their people throwing away the stalk of the linseed plant, the very part which he deems most valuable? While from home, Charlotte, one of our orphan girls, thirteen years old, died. I remember her well as one of the most promising, who had been with us from infancy. Mr. Bost went with M. to visit her, and was much affected by her childlike expressions of faith. She evidently loved good things, and was prepared to enjoy them above. My wife rejoices in the midst of her sorrow. This girl was a great favorite of dear Rabee. Bost felt so much when he officiated at her funeral, that he could hardly proceed, but he gave the other children a very nice and suitable address."

Mr. Weitbrecht was at Burdwan again during the latter part of March, and writes in Passion-week: "I enjoyed the remembrance of our Saviour's sufferings and death very much, and composed several Bengali hymns on the blessed subject."

The following letter to his son was written at this time:

"*April* 4.

"MY DEAR BOY: I don't know whether you like to receive letters. I do, and should be very glad if you wrote to us more frequently. Mamma, Henry, and Mary are rejoicing in the prospect of seeing you next Christmas-day, but I can not hope for that pleasure, so I must give you a word of fatherly counsel on paper. You will be eleven years old this year; a period when many boys become more decided in character, and understand and feel the importance of diligence and industrious habits, and get up their lessons most readily and carefully, while others, who indulge in indolence, learn only what they are compelled. The consequence is, that while the former are loved and receive a '*Bene*' or '*Optime*,' the others are sitting on the lowest bench, honored with the title of 'idle fellows.' Now, my dear boy, I hope you will do well, your best; and let every body see that you are in earnest. When I was your age, I could read Ovid and Virgil, and could speak Latin rather fluently with my brothers. Pray for God's good Spirit, that you may be blessed in your studies, and as you are called a Christian child, that you may act as one, and adorn the name. I do not mean you should not be lively and cheerful; to love our Saviour promotes real cheerfulness, even in boys; and when a lad is truly pious, he has a chastened, meek, and gentle demeanor which endears him to every body. Have you read of Moses, whose face shone when he came down from the mountain, because he had been with God? So there is something in true Christians which shines. This is *divine grace*, and I want this heavenly grace to shine in your character. If you pray in secret, and seek the presence of Jesus, you will obtain it. A dear little boy here, named Samuel, died a few months ago, after being ill a long time; he was only eight years old, and while he was sick he went through a severe struggle in his mind because of his sins. He prayed much, and so did his pious parents, and God heard them and shined into Samuel's heart with His heavenly light, and he then found peace through the blood of Jesus. His father was out with me preaching, when this dear boy was drawing near to his last hour, and he longed to see him once more, so mamma sent a messenger and a note to me to ask me to send him. I said : ‘Nodiachand, you must go home without delay, your dear boy is going, and he wants to see you once more.’ You can imagine how deeply I felt for this poor father, when he said: ‘O sir! pray for me that I may be enabled to bear this affliction with a submissive mind, and that I may resign my son with the same faith as Abraham did his Isaac.’ When he reached his dwelling Samuel was glad; he spoke sweetly of his hopes, told his weeping mother to rejoice for him, joined in the prayer his father offered at his bedside, to commend his departing spirit to Jesus, and in the morning he left that bed of suffering, to go to repose in his Saviour's bosom. He was born on Christmas-day nine years before, when you were a little fellow, and his parents called him Samuel, because they had asked him from the Lord. The day after he died, his mother had a little girl given in his place, whom she named after mamma. His eldest sister is a very pious girl, so you see Hindu children are pressing into the kingdom of God before some English ones. Susannah, a little cousin of Samuel's, died a few weeks before him. She was ill but a short time, and was unable to pray or seek God during that time, because the fever had affected her head, but she had loved Him while in health, and she, too, had light in her sickness, and said, in her delirium, that she could see angels.

"These stories will show you, that my word of exhortation to you is founded on fact.

"Now, good bye, my dearest boy. . . . .—Your affectionate father, J. J. Weitbrecht."

The next letter details the particulars of a dreadful hurricane that took place during April, which filled Mr. Weitbrecht's hands with work of the kind he so much disliked. It often astonished others to observe, that though he had so much secular business in connection with the mission, and did it so well; though he built a church and converted the mission-house from a most unhealthy to a most desirable dwelling; though school-houses were erected, embankments raised, a tank dug out on the most economical plan, and all was symmetry and order in the compound; and though, through this accumulation of duties, the constant process of chafing the mind, so inseparable from dealing with cunning Bengalis, was thus continually going on, yet his simplicity of purpose, his devotedness of heart, his constant habit of turning to God, and seeking His glory, in the smallest concerns connected with his daily studies and trials, never seemed to be affected by this.

We may well apply to him the following beautiful paragraph: "He possessed what St. John describes as an 'unction from the Holy One,' that spirit which is predicted by the prophets as the glory of the Gospel times, the spirit of intercourse with God, of friendship, freedom, lifting up of heart; that state of mind which rises above the world, that it may inhale from the pure atmosphere into which it soars all the wisdom, energy, and courage which may enable it to act most effectually with and for that world; that spirit which is fruitful in all holy cogitations and majestic purposes, which views all things round us with security and hopefulness, because it views them in God, and which works on all things round us with patience and efficiency, because it works by God; that far-seeing glance into futurity, that calm anticipation of success, that quiet consciousness of heavenly strength, which made him ever earnest, but never anxious; ever diligent, but never bustling; ever vigorous, but never violent." * This spirit was the source of the peace and joy in God, which he so uniformly tasted.

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* *The Spiritual Life*, by Rev. F. Griffith, pp. 36, 37.

To Rev. J. A. Jetter.

"Old Burdwan, *May* 1, 1850.

"My Dear Bhai: I hear you have become a rector. I hope and pray that in your new sphere of labor, the Lord may shine with the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace, and much comfort, and abundant blessing in your work. I have just returned from the bazaar, where I preached on Matthew 7—the wise man and the foolish, the rocky and the sandy foundation, the pelting storm and the water floods. A very good text both for Hindus and Christians, and the Lord gave us a commentary upon it last Saturday. I have lived to see many a storm but none that produced such awful effects in our quarters. It commenced raining at daybreak, with a breeze springing up, but no dark forebodings of a storm appeared, though M., observing from her class-room the gradual lowering, came to me repeatedly and expressed her fears, and the desirableness of securing every thing we could. She certainly had the spirit of prophecy, but I was so engaged in my study, that I did not heed her advice, and while we were at dinner the wind gained strength every moment, so we began to be in earnest; but it was then too late to warn the Christians; for by five it became perfectly furious, and my wife, attempting to go out, was thrown down by the force of the wind. We secured the thatched roof on the east side of our house with ropes, and supplied the catechists with some to do the same, and thus their dwellings were saved; but the girls' school, which M. had so nicely repaired during my absence, that I might not be teased, and almost the whole Christian village, became as it were a heap of ruins, and Geidt's house has suffered too. Toward six the scene became awfully grand. The large trees in the avenue groaned under the blast, and the most beautiful one was nearly destroyed. Large arms of these, of the size of a very respectable tree, detached themselves in succession from the noble parent trunk; and we stood in the verandah perfectly helpless and awe-struck, beholding the desolation. At this critical time the alarm of fire was given, but it was providentially extinguished at once, water being at hand. The doors in our own strong house were forced open, and the impotence of bolts and bars was seen. We placed heavy boxes against some, and nailed others to the door-posts. It was dangerous to go out, but it was necessary, as some of the high windows of the church had been forced and had to be secured. Geidt and Bost were with me, and one of the turrets fell just by us, but we all escaped with a sprinkling of dust. As we turned off, another came prostrate before us. The vane shook, and we expected to see the steeple give way; but the Lord heard our prayers and staid the desolation. Our horses and conveyances could no longer remain in the stables; and as the darkness came on, one messenger after another approached with doleful tidings, but towards eight P.M. the hurricane began to abate, and by eleven it had gradually subsided. We opened our houses to the poor people, and both Geidt and ourselves had numerous guests. I suppose we divided two hundred between us; of course they slept on the matted floors. In the morning the mission-compound presented a scene which saddened my heart to the utmost. Sixteen trees uprooted, others broken off in the middle, and the strongest fearfully injured. Still the Lord remembered us in much mercy. Not one of our people suffered bodily injury, though numbers were killed around us; and it is believed that this awful gale has purified the atmosphere, and removed the small-pox and fevers which have so long been raging. At divine service, we returned public thanks for our merciful preservation; and after my sermon, I appealed to the benevolence of my hearers for help for the poor sufferers. Within an hour or two I had some handsome do nations in hand. One humble individual sent 50 Rs. I must now set to work to repair damages. Alas! I have to begin building afresh, but the Lord has done it, and it is for us to be still and give Him glory. All looks as if it had been singed by fire. Mr. Moore, a chaplain who was travelling up the country, and had arranged to spend Sunday here, had been exposed to this furious storm. He and his wife were blown into a ditch with their carriage, and when they took refuge under a wall it immediately fell. They were announced about noon. Our friend was compelled to proceed on his journey, but his poor wife remained with us for some days, to recover the effects of her fright and exposure; and then her brother, Mr. Driberg, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, came and took her away to Calcutta. . . . . . I am busy putting some of our beautiful German hymns into a Bengali dress. I can now sing aloud with the saints, and preach aloud. My time is very short. Adieu, my dear old fellow-soldier. Let us keep by the standard of our Captain. . . . . . —Your affectionate, etc.,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"I have of late," writes Mr. W., "been much engaged with the translation of hymns and the Prayer-book; and I have also undertaken to put Richmond's 'Young Cottager' into a Bengali dress. The Calcutta Tract and Book Society are making earnest efforts to increase our Christian literature in Bengali, and have invited missionaries and other friends to take certain books in hand. Mrs. Haberlin is rendering her valuable help, and other friends."

The following lines, written on his birth-day, to the beloved friend who had charge of one of Mr. Weitbrecht's children, manifest the same turning of the needle towards the point on which his affections centred, which is perceived in all he wrote:

"Our time is passing away, and unless we take it by the forelock, it is sure to slip out of our hands. I have finished forty-eight years of my pilgrimage to heaven, and am this day entering upon my forty-ninth. The best of these have been spent in Bengal, in the service of my blessed Saviour; and I do not regret having entered upon this service; for, with all its trials and wearing scenes, it is nevertheless a happy life, and I am ready to stand at my post, so long as health and strength permit. We are surrounded by mercies; enjoy comfort and peace in our labors of love, and here and there a sweet token of our Master's approbation.

"We feel truly and most warmly grateful to you, my dear friend, for your kind and persevering care, and unwearied attention to our dear Emily. When the evening comes, and the Householder, the Lord of the vineyard, shall say unto his steward, 'Call the laborers, and give them their hire,' this your labor of love will be remembered by Him; and 'forasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren,' He will say unto you, dear friend, 'ye have done it unto me.'

"May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, my dearest friend and sister!"

To his Sister in Germany.

"*May*, 1850.

(*Translation*)—"We are well, dear sister, as far as can be expected in this fearful heat; but when evening comes, one feels as if every bone in the body were about to separate from its fellows. I rejoice amidst this trying languor in the prospect of the promised rest; a sweet one in India, where the burden and heat of the day are not a figure of speech, but a reality. The strength of my prime is gone, and I feel I am becoming an old man. One grows older here in twenty years, than in Wurtemberg in a much longer time; but the faithful Lord will help us through to the end. We will only be careful to abide in Him, that when He shall appear we may be like Him."

A pious member of Mr. Weitbrecht's little flock, who had been well known to him for several years, departed during this month, (May.) He visited her frequently during her illness, and often called in to speak a word of comfort to her, as he returned from preaching in the bazaar. "On the 13th," he writes, "I was sent for, as she appeared to be dying, and I went with M. immediately. I read and prayed with her, and then we sung, 'There is a land of pure delight,' and 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!' At the line, 'Land me safe on Canaan's side,' she appeared to be breathing her last, and I commended her to the Lord on whom she believed. She, however, revived a little afterwards, but consciousness did not return. I buried her the following day, scarcely a year after she had assisted M. in performing the last offices of friendship and love for good Mrs. B., when she died in our house. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Oh! that I could feel as much hope respecting all I commit to the grave, as I have of these two humble friends!"

"BURDWAN, *June* 22.

"MY DEAR MR. VENN: The report of our Society's annual meeting, which I have read in the 'Record' this evening, has warmed my affections, and brought back to my lively recollection the scenes of bygone days, during our short sojourn in England. My dear friend Dr. Barth's speech, and his allusion to the little town of *Schorndorf*, awakened grateful feelings in my breast; for, from the time I left that beloved native place of mine, a goodly band of missionaries has issued from it; and I feel persuaded, that the fire then kindled will continue to burn brightly for years to come. It is very pleasant and encouraging to cast a retrospective glance, and to meditate on all the gracious dealings of God with us in the way He has led us. Such a remembrance fills my mind with hope that by the same grace I shall be enabled to persevere, faithful till the last conflict is past and the victory won. The death of the beloved Bickersteth has called forth my lively sympathy. For several months I assisted him, as a young man, in Wheler Chapel, and his sweet Christian spirit and simple evangelical preaching left an indelible impression upom my youthful mind.* Now I am getting old myself, and feel that the greatest portion of my race is run. My humble prayer is, that the last portion of earth's pilgrimage may be the best, and that my path may be indeed as the shining light, shining brighther and brighter unto the perfect day. * * *

"I preached," writes Mr. W., "at Kunchanagger, and had a long conversation with some tradesmen. A Brahmun from the country asked me, if I had a wife and children; and when I told him I had, he said, 'You English can do what none of us dare venture upon. When you visit a friend, you walk with his wife in the garden, or take a drive with her in the carriage, without prejudice to your character. Such a thing would not be permitted with us; but you have a higher character, and a purer nature.' I replied: 'The Christian religion produces this high tone of feeling; but heathenism must of necessity debase man, for the very sight of an idol pollutes the mind. Men become vain in their imagination, and their foolish heart is darkened thereby.' He allowed it; but the shopkeeper assured me, that there were holy men among Hindus too. 'Yes,' said I, 'the holiness of the ascetic.'"

About this time, Mr. Weitbrecht was much affected by hearing of the death of one of the most pleasing and hopeful Hindu youths of his acquaintance. He was a pupil, and afterwards a monitor, in the English school; and frequently attended the English services in the church. He was a constant visitor at the mission-house, and was regularly supplied with useful books, and had a well-stored mind. "I recollect," says Mr. W., "observing him at church last Easter-day, deeply affected while I was preaching on the words, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' and only a few weeks since, he stated to me his entire conviction of the truth of Christianity. Often have I entreated him to act up to the light he possessed, and seek his soul's welfare above every thing. His parents were the chief obstacle; and when I last pleaded with him the untenableness of this excuse, he left me with a heavy heart, and I saw him no more! A low fever seized upon his vitals, and his friends took him home, where he died five days after his arrival. I trust he was enabled, in the hour of sickness and death, to look to that Redeemer, whose power to save had again and again been commended to him. Our boys in the school were much moved by this solemn event, for he was loved and respected by them all. I spoke to several of them, and earnestly entreated them to improve it for their own benefit."

When one reads such incidents as the above, the mind is filled with concern, and we can well sympathize with the man of God who was so often called upon to sow in tears; but no doubt can be felt, that those who are permitted, in the providence of God, to carry on his labors in the field which he so assiduously cultivated, will reap in joy, and in the great day both he that soweth and he that reapeth will rejoice together. It was always a delightful encouragement to him to recollect, that God rewards not the successful, but the faithful laborer, and this he preëminently was.

During the absence of his wife with the little invalid, Mr. Weitbrecht received letters from home, containing the afflicting news of his eldest brother's death. He had been much attached to him, and had kept up a regular and most affectionate correspondence with him and all his relatives, so that the blow was a heavy one. He refers to it in letters to his wife, from which extracts are subjoined:

"*Aug.* 2.—So my dear brother Conrad is gone; a sad gap in our family circle, so sweetly united before. I bow in sorrow and deep humiliation under this stroke, but the Lord will heal and raise up, I feel assured. What is the death of a little child (referring to the probable issue of Mary's illness) compared with the removal of the father of a numerous family? I was just preparing to go to the bazaar to preach, when I received the sad news; but now I must stop at home, and humble myself under the mighty hand of God. Let us earnestly pray that this sad breach may be blessed and sanctified to my brothers and their children, and all who remain behind. What gives me most concern is the fear, that my poor brother was perhaps not prepared to meet his God; but it is a comfort to me that I did sometimes write very faithfully to him. May the Lord receive the poor widow and children under His own protection and guidance! The sad event will make a void that can not be filled. One head is gone to whom we all looked up in love and respect. The news arrived just as I had remembered that it was the anniversary of my farewell meeting with my brothers at Caunstadt. I will say with Hezekiah, 'I will go softly all my days;' think more, and live more for eternity. I believe the Lord was preparing me for this bitter draught, for I had enjoyed so much peace for five days previously, and such a comfortable assurance that all His ways with us are faithfulness and love."

He thus wrote to the bereaved:

(*Translation.*)—"MY DEAR SISTER AND CHILDREN: The mournful news of my poor brother's death, fell on me like a thunder-clap out of the clear sky, and quite overwhelmed me with distress and anguish of heart. I have passed through many trials, but such intense suffering of soul I have never experienced, and it continues to weigh on me most heavily. But enough; I will not reöpen the wound, but will rather try and speak a word of comfort and brotherly sympathy to your smitten spirits. My whole heart bled for you, dear sister, and your children; and often have I longed to be able to spend an hour with you, to kneel down and pray with you, and to raise your crushed and bowed-down spirits out of the dust, by the promises of God's blessed Word. In such circumstances as yours, there is no other help but that which comes from Him. No other remedy but to cry out of the depths, Lord have pity upon us! Read the 32d Psalm, and find peace. One thing we are certain of, that in all His dispensations, the will of God concerning us is our true conversion to Himself. To mourn and lament will not profit us; but to be led to fly to Christ, and cast ourselves into the sea of His mercy, the bosom of His love, and there find succor and safety, this will bring us peace and rest. We are all poor, miserable, wretched. When we look within, we find nothing but sin and misery; but Jesus has promised to receive us, and show us mercy, and in union with Him we may have hope and confidence. Seek then, dear children, oh! seek earnestly, communion with Him in prayer; and while you study His Word with diligence, ask for the light of His Spirit, and strive to follow His exhortations. Give no room to the enemy, but pray that the unbelieving, carnal heart may be renewed, and a heavenly mind be given you. Then you will see the Sun of Mercy rising above, and dispelling the darkness of the cloud that hangs over you for a season. The grand aim of life is to spend it for eternity, and thus to be prepared for it. All other matters that concern us, we may safely leave with our Heavenly Father, who will surely care for us, if we obey His command, and seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. I pray that the spiritual blessing of our father's house may still remain with you; and that through the influence of grace, peaceable fruits of righteousness may spring out of this bitter affliction. My own dear wife and children are well. My little Mary is as the apple of my eye. I am well and hale. How long I may remain here is uncertain; at all events one year more. There is no lack of work, nor lack of blessing.—Your faithful brother and uncle, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

After this severe loss, the Lord was pleased to give a fresh proof of His loving-kindness and remembrance of His tried servant, which we will relate as we find it recorded in his journal:

"*October* 1.—As I was standing near the gate, at the entrance of our premises, two Hindu youths presented themselves before me, requesting me to receive them as preparandi for the Church of Christ. One was a Brahmun, the other a Kashto. After some conversation, during which I received a pleasing impression of their sincerity, I took them with me to Mr. Geidt, begging him to instruct and prepare them for baptism, as I was about to leave home. The more we saw of these lads, the better we were pleased with them. One of them came from a village near Chinsurah, and had received a Psalter, and afterwards a Gospel from a Baptist missionary, who was preaching at a heathen festival near Serampore, which he read at home. He had also met with our former catechist Kali, who is now stationed in the same neighborhood, and by these means he had gradually acquired some knowledge of Christianity, which led him to the conclusion that Hinduism was false. The young Brahmun was a native of Baraset, and had met with his companion on the occasion of a visit he made to his father-in-law, to see his betrothed wife. They conversed on Christianity together, and resolved to seek an opportunity for making an open profession of it. With this view they had come to Burdwan.

"19*th*.—Yesterday evening I had a conversation with the two lads, and was very much gratified with what fell from their lips. I therefore encouraged Mr. Geidt to baptize them at once, and the ceremony was performed by him this afternoon in our church, after I had given them a short address, and I have since had them an hour in my study, speaking and praying with them. This is a very gratifiying accession to our little church; for both lads, if they go on well, promise to become useful in the mission, being intelligent and well-educated. The following day the Brahmun's father met him on the high road, and when he heard of his baptism, he expressed great sorrow, and begged him to accompany him home; but when he told him of his desire to remain, he allowed it. His young friend, who was baptized Gershom, delivered a faithful testimony for his Saviour on this occasion. When he speaks of religion his countenance brightens, and he appears to have the true spirit of piety."

This incident exemplifies how remarkably the missionaries of different religious sects and societies help each other in their common work. A Baptist gives the young man a Gospel, a catechist of the Church of Scotland helps him to the explanation of it, and another brother of the Church of England introduces him into Christ's fold, by baptism! Thus it is in numerous, nay, in almost every instance of the conversion of a heathen. The Lord of the vineyard puts equal honor on all, who labor faithfully in that vineyard, by whatever name, distinctive or reproachful, they may be known among men; and it is a most gratifying fact, that, amid the controversial questions that disturb the harmony of the Church at home, its representatives in India exhibit a large amount of practical union. They cultivate each other's friendship, travel together to preach among the heathen, meet together for mutual conference and united prayer, and enjoy, in many cases, personal intimacy of the closest kind. Of the value of such union we can scarcely think too highly; for it hinders Satan, whose grand effort is to sow dissension among brethren, and exhibits just the picture one desires the heathen to behold, of the lovely influence of Christianity. No one rejoiced more than the subject of this Memoir, in what he sometimes called, the practical 'Evangelical Alliance' of Indian missionaries. "His Christianity," writes Mr. Lacroix, "was of that lofty and comprehensive kind which soars far above mere forms, names, and denominations; and led him to receive, not with empty professions, but to treat as a brother beloved, every one in whom he could trace the image of his Saviour, and in whom he perceived a cordial breathing after perfect conformity with the Divine Mind and Will. To such a one he gave the hand of Christian fellowship; and the mutual love of both to Christ, became the bond of union between each other."

A letter of this month, addressed to a young friend whom he had heard of as likely to become a missionary, and who desired his advice, may be given in this place.

"*October*, 1850.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: Although I do not recollect having seen you, yet I have a lively recollection of several very pleasant visits I made at your dear parents', when I met some of your dear sisters likewise. I was much gratified to learn, from a letter I lately received from your mother, that you have thoughts of devoting yourself to the missionary cause, should our Heavenly Father hereafter open a door of entrance for you. Most happy shall I be, if, by a few words of friendly encouragement and affectionate advice, I can be instrumental in leading you a few steps nearer to that gate.

"I have been a missionary twenty years, and I can assure you it is a blessed work to any man, whose whole heart is engaged in it. To spend one's life, and wear out one's strength in spiritually benefiting, and leading to the knowledge of the truth a heathen population, is a work which angels would delight to be engaged in.

"If you feel, my dear young friend, that you could be happy in such a noble work, and if the desire springs up from the right motive, namely, from love and gratitude to your Saviour, I would advise you to cherish these thoughts in every possible way; and pray that He who sent to His disciples the promise of the Father, may fit and prepare you by the same blessed agent, the *παρακλητος*, for the important office; for you are doubtless well aware that the spiritual preparation is the chief thing; a heart moved and sanctified by grace; a spiritual knowledge of Christ; living in Him, and nourished by His word; this is the groundwork of missionary preparation. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, than to see the son of my esteemed and beloved friends joining me in the mission-field, as a fellow-laborer. I believe such a wish may, without much difficulty, be realized. You might come out in two years, and I will promise to find a sphere of usefulness for you, upon which you might enter at once—I mean in the educational branch. We have an English school with one hundred Hindu pupils. In the first classes, mathematics, the use of the globes, geography, and history are taught, besides religion. This is a sphere of direct missionary labor of a very promising character, for our Hindu youths are not only desirous of attaining every kind of knowledge, but many of them are favorably disposed towards Christianity. In my opinion, it is not absolutely necessary that you should be ordained before leaving England; for after laboring here a year or two, you might be ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta, and during this time you may be attaining a sufficient knowledge of the native language, to enable you to preach the Bengali afterwards. If you were to come *here* you might reside in our house, and thus enjoy the advantage of experienced friends.

"Meanwhile I would advise you to store your mind with knowledge of every description within your reach. You can turn it to good advantage in the missionary field. Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, are very desirable for the preacher and translator. Astronomy, chemistry, mechanics, and botany, are very useful. A critical and exegetical knowledge of the books of the Old and New Testaments; a course of sound divinity; the evidences of Christianity; all these are excellent helps. If you can possibly hear a course of lectures on anatomy, materia medica, and practical medicine, do not lose the opportunity. This has been of very great advantage to me. We have an organ; if you can play an instrument it will be well. Perhaps you could come out by the end of next year with Mrs. Weitbrecht; it would be a very nice plan, and if one of your sisters should be disposed to accompany you, I think my wife can find a sphere of usefulness for her too, for we want female missionaries here as much as those of our own sex. . . . . .

"But remember, if another year of preparatory studies should appear desirable to you and your friends, do stay by all means; for when a man is once placed in a post of usefulness, not much can be done in this warm climate by private studies; though much, of course, depends on the habits and on the energy of the mind.

"I conclude these hasty lines with my best wishes and earnest prayers that the Lord may direct and influence you by His good Spirit, and that wherever it may please Him to appoint your lot and inheritance, you may become a good man and an honored instrument for the benefit of your fellow-beings, a joy to your dear parents, and an heir of glory hereafter.

"Give my kind and Christian love to them and your sisters, and accept the same yourself.

"Your sincere friend, J. J. Weitbrecht."

On the 30th, Mr. Weitbrecht proceeded to Calcutta with his family, a benevolent individual in the station having consented to receive the three little girls who resided in the house, during Mrs. Weitbrecht's absence, should she remain at Burdwan. We extract from his journal a few deeply interesting lines descriptive of a meeting he attended on the following day:

"*November* 1.—I heard Mr. Anderson, missionary of the Scotch Kirk, deliver a very stirring address to six hundred young Hindus, assembled in the Free Church Institution. This was a beautiful sight, a proof of the progress of mission work and education in Calcutta. Before the lecture commenced, I was at a loss to imagine how this large number of youths, who were all chattering away together, could be silenced; but no sooner did Mr. A. lift his arm, and call out silence, than all noise was hushed in an instant, and during the delivery of the lecture you might have heard a pin drop in the room, so fixed was the attention given. Mr. A.'s subject was, 'How, or in what disposition, should young Hindus proceed, in their inquiries after the true religion?' He treated it in a masterly manner, and the style of his address was precisely suited for the mental capacity of his auditors. I was perfectly delighted, and returned home glorifying and praising God, for all the things I had heard and seen."

After many affectionate farewells from dear friends, and missionary brethren and their wives, the travellers embarked on the 8th. Mr. Weitbrecht proceeded with them as far as possible, and preached on board the first Sunday of the voyage. In the evening of the same day he had to leave with the pilot. He spent the intervening hours in earnest and affectionate counsels to his dear children, and in prayer with them and his beloved wife, to whom the Lord imparted all needful support to sustain her in the trying separation.

"As the boat came round the stern of the Hindustan," he writes, "I saw them at the window, both the dear children still in tears. May a gracious God watch over them and protect them, when they 'are afar off upon the sea!'"

A few extracts from the first letters he dispatched to his wife will show the tone of his mind, after this hard and painful trial was over. Some paragraphs from his journal are incorporated with them:

"*Nov.* 18.—I felt very sad on reaching the pilot-brig as I beheld the steamer ploughing onward, and disappearing at last in the horizon. In the night we had a gale, which I hope you escaped. At twelve o'clock it was reported that the cable had parted; this, however, was not the case, but the anchor drove considerably. I was very sea-sick, and lay twenty-four hours in my cot, eating nothing. Our poor friend, Mrs. Young, appeared to be dying in the gale, but revived again, and reached Calcutta alive. I preached for dear Boswell, but had no beloved wife and children to hear me, as the Sunday before you left. I met with a Captain J. in the steamer that took me up after the gale was over. He was very ill, and appeared to me to be dying, so I went and sat beside him. His first question was, 'Are you a minister? I hope you are a faithful servant of the Lord.' The afflicted man seemed a true Christian, and said to me, 'O sir! I like so much to hear some one speak of Jesus. I know what the world is, and have proved its hollowness. True heart-religion is what we want. I would not accept the office of Governor-General of India, in place of the peace of

God.' I prayed with him in his cabin, and promised, at his earnest request, to visit him on shore if possible, but he died a few days after landing. I saw the dear bishop passing out, on his way to Borneo, in the Tavoy as we came up, and I am now about to proceed to Chinsurah with Merk, who is going to Burdwan once more to remove his things, and then proceeds to his station. My daily prayers ascend to the throne of mercy for you and the dear children, that the hand of our gracious Father may guide you in safety. Miss Hebron writes that she is 'very busy, happy, and comfortable.' I attended Bannerjea's lecture on Vedantism, last Friday; Mr. Bethune was present, and a crowded assembly of native youths. Kiss my dear children for their papa, and expect more soon."

In his journal we find the following entry: "Just before leaving for Bancoorah, I received another letter from M., announcing her safe arrival at Suez; and one from Mrs. Kruse, telling me that the party had reached Cairo in good health. Thus is my mind again relieved, and I thank God. Mrs. K. says the children were jumping about, as if no fatiguing journey through the desert had been taken. The great kindness shown by these dear friends to my loved ones, has touched me deeply. M. writes of it in the most grateful terms. Brother K. was actually sitting up for them, with tea and coffee ready on the table at twelve at night, and he had placed a servant to watch at the hotel, and bring them to his house, immediately on their arrival. Surely we do receive a very large share of brotherly love wherever we go!"

CHAPTER XX.

Tour with Mr. Lacroix—Many Incidents—Calcutta Bible Meeting—Colporteurs to the Hindus—Pfander—Second Tour—English Preaching—Desires to devote himself wholly to Itinerating—Baptism of his Tenth Child—Easter—Serious Illness—Anticipations of Death—Letter to a Missionary Student—The Church Struck by Lightning—To a Friend—Success of Missionaries in Calcutta—Notice of the Bhagulpore Mission—Baptism of a Hindu Lady—Rajah of Burdwan's Place of Worship.

1851.

Mr. Weitbrecht thus begins his journal of the last complete year he was to spend below:

"*Jan.* 1.—May the grace and love of Jesus be with me, and my beloved ones, now far away, this New Year! I have completed twenty years of missionary labor. How kindly has the Lord dealt with me! Oh! that I were bringing forth more fruit to His glory! Help me, Lord, during the remaining years, few as they may be, to live more holily, to live more for eternity, and spend my precious time faithfully; and may my poor labors be yet abundantly blessed for the conversion of many heathens, and the establishment of Christ's blessed kingdom around us! Preached in English and in Bengali."

On the following Sunday, the 5th, Mr. Lacroix preached twice in Bengali, and Mr. W. in English, from the words, "The Lord has made bare His holy arm in the sight of all the nations."

A letter to his absent wife will suitably commence the history of this year:

"My Beloved M.: May our gracious God, whose we are, and who has loved us with an everlasting love, give us a blessed New Year! It is a sweet comfort to me, at the commencement of this new period, to remember that we have a kind and gracious Father in Christ. His ways with us in times past, bear testimony to this. We are a privileged family indeed, and can with childlike confidence commit our future path through life to Him. I could imagine you on Christmas-day, assembled with the beloved children and dear mother and friends, around the cheerful fire-side, and many a time did the involuntary wish arise, to be one of the number; but this may not be, and the Lord is dealing very kindly with me in my solitude, which is often attended with rich spiritual enjoyment. I believe I have given you all the details of our conference. Mrs. Long has told her friends, that her happiest days in India were those spent at Burdwan, and Mrs. Lipp left with similar feelings. Our tour together convinced me afresh that preaching to the heathen requires a tact and power, which only habit and experience can give. Little Clara has come home with her nurse; Mrs. Brine having left Burdwan. It has grieved me to lose these good and valuable people, but the children will find a kind friend in Miss Hebron, who has undertaken to care for them, in the same way that you did; and in our house, as well as in the mission, every thing is going on satisfactorily. Mr. Geidt has gone for a tour to the north. I had a happy Christmas at Bancoorah. Mrs. —— is growing in grace. The celebration of our Saviour's love in the sacrament was a blessed season."

On the 6th, Mr. Weitbrecht, after setting his house in order, proceeded on a long-projected tour with his brother Lacroix. Most of the incidents are detailed in letters, so that we shall follow the former plan, and incorporate extracts from his journal with them. On the 7th he writes: "After a nice evening's preaching, we had a long conversation in our tent on the shortness of life, and that we have the greater portion of it behind us; and we discussed the delightful subject of what awaits us the moment after death, when consciousness returns! Newton says,

'In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;'

but one may profitably meditate upon it." He much delighted in doing this, and Mr. Lacroix observed after his death: "It was doubtless this familiarity with the eternal world, and his constantly keeping it in view, which contributed to render his own passage thither so calm and easy."

Part of another letter contains a beautiful picture of brotherly unity:

"*Jan.* 14.—I write this from a traveller's serai,* forty miles south of Burdwan. We have been out just eight days, and last evening were obliged to take refuge here on account of a violent storm, which made it necessary to strike our tent. Happily we did so in time to avoid a thorough soaking, for it poured down four hours incessantly. I can not be thankful enough to our gracious God for the measure of health I enjoy. My chest is quite strong, and I can preach mornings and evenings without inconvenience, and every night I feel comfortable, and rest well. The route on which we have been marching is quite a new one, and the further we proceed to the south the more populous do we find the villages. The one in which we now are contains two thousand cottages; the one in which we were on Sunday, still more; and the people hear the word of truth with a simplicity and attention, which are truly gratifying. We brought ten thousand tracts and four hundred Gospels with us, and we may well say, 'What are they among so many?' The places we have before us are, in fact, large Hindu towns, with myriads of inhabitants. We have therefore sent to Calcutta for a new supply of Scriptures. The eagerness for Gospels and single books of the Bible, exceeds any thing we have ever witnessed before. I never recollect a mission-tour which I have so thoroughly enjoyed; the society of Lacroix is a real treat. We so fully understand each other, and can enter so warmly into each other's feelings. We talk pleasantly over the past in the evening, and our conversation on spiritual subjects is most refreshing. We often read and speak of the coming of the Lord, and of the signs of the times. At our morning and evening devotions, we read the Acts, and discuss together the way in which the apostles proceeded in their missionary work, and many a blessed thought do we gather from these holy records. Thus our time passes very pleasantly, yet I miss you daily, and this leads to much prayer for you and our dear ones. Your last from Suez made me rejoice and praise God more than I can describe.

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* A caravansery, or native inn.

"*February* 2.—Our tour terminated yesterday, and a happy termination it has been. With thankful hearts and uninterrupted health, we went on from day to day, preaching the blessed Gospel. My last was written from a place where we were confined for a day by heavy rain; but the weather since has been delightful; some mornings very cold, and a piercing wind all day long, which tempered the heat of the sun. A beautiful banian, with branches which stretched out from sixty to seventy feet wide from the parent stem, attracted my notice, and made me long to en-camp under it: truly it was a monarch among its kind. One day a Brahmun, thinking his craft in danger, after I had been preaching, said: 'If our religion be not true, why does Company Bahadur (emperor) patronise it? If they do not believe in Juggernath, why do they take the pilgrim tax? And why do the Sahib logue (people) bow down, and make salaam to our idol?' I could not defend this, so I turned the conversation by reading and addressing the bystanders. This had a good effect. The text, 'There is joy in heaven, among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth,' seemed to delight them. We pitched our tent once under a fine pepul-tree; beside us was a little mound with a tulsee plant at the top, which consecrated the place, and we were no sooner settled, than a Brahmun came to protest against our presence. He was, however, satisfied when we promised not to touch the plant, or kill a fowl for dinner near it. We had already eschewed one shady spot, because we observed a number of fresh graves near it, and Lacroix told me, that on one occasion, when Colonel Sleeman pitched his tent in a pleasant grove, he was shocked to be informed in the morning, that a number of persons, who had been strangled by Thugs, lay buried just beneath him. On a search being made, fifteen fresh corpses were dug out. It brought to my mind my attack of cholera at Durhatta.

"The sight of the river from our position, with the rich scenery of the opposite bank, was exquisite, and we quite enjoyed it. We received numbers of visitors in our tent, and among others a young man who had often heard Lacroix preach in Calcatta. He gave us some description of the large places near. When we crossed the river afterwards, a man followed us over, (it was six hundred feet wide,) entreating for a book. We gave him three nice tracts, which he well deserved. Our tent was in one place in danger of being forced down by the pressure of the crowd, and no wonder, for I never beheld such a densely-peopled country as we visited. On a line of one hundred miles we met with thirteen towns, each of which contained more than ten thousand inhabitants, and some more than forty thousand; to say nothing of all the villages and hamlets. At seven of these towns, no missionary had ever been seen before. One town had fifty-three streets and lanes, and fifty bazaars; it was an hour's walk through it. We were surrounded by a thousand people in a few minutes, and preached incessantly for three days, to congregations of from five to eight hundred. On one occasion I stood up before a Kali temple; diabolical figures were painted on the wall around the horrid goddess. I first asked questions, and then described her character from the Shasters; and afterwards the character of Christ, according to the Gospel, and His mission of love and mercy. I had about six hundred hearers, and felt as if the power of the Spirit were moving the mass; they were all as silent as a church congregation, and I heard sighs. It was a delightful occasion. I had entreated the Lord most earnestly, at the beginning of my address, to feed them, and give me a word to them that might come home with power to their hearts, and He heard me; blessed be His name! The interest of the people never flagged though I preached above an hour. I went from thence, conducted by some of my congregation, to another place, and sat down immediately before an idol of Shiva. Here Nodiachand preached most feelingly, on the love of God in sending his Son, and I followed up with a parable. 'Suppose,' said I, 'a flood were overwhelming Bengal, and a benevolent being, dwelling on a mountain, sent a fleet of boats to rescue the drowning people—suppose he, in his unwearied efforts, even sacrificed his own life, and yet the people refused to escape, and sat upon heaps of rubbish till the rising waters overwhelmed them, would they not deserve to be drowned?' I then applied my subject to my audience, who were as numerous as before; and it delighted me to observe among them, some thirty women peeping round the corners of adjacent cottages, and listening with intense attention. It is sometimes very encouraging to see elderly women listening and nodding assent. Surely the tenderness and susceptibility of the sex will, one day or other, manifest itself in Bengal as it does in Europe.

"Wherever we came, they seemed to know at once who we were, and exclaimed, 'Jesus Christ's people are come!' In their eagerness for books, after hearing Lacroix, they nearly wrenched off the lock from his palanquin. I told them that if I had not myself experienced the healing power of Christ, I should never have come to their distant village to tell them about Him.

"I never saw such a multitude of people as at Chundercoah, except at the shradha of the Ranee of Burdwan. It was impossible to be heard by all who stood around, and we invited them to come to our tent, which they did in parties. We were in a mango grove near the old fort, and the scenery was extremely pretty; from the top of the bastions, the view of the jungles was lovely in the extreme. We were working hard from morning till evening, distributing and addressing the crowds who came to us. The following morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, an old Guroo came to visit us, and brought some of his disciples. He related to us the particulars of a conversation he had had, some years before, with a missionary in Calcutta, and Lacroix repeated to him one of his replies. 'Oh!' said the old man, 'it was yourself, Sahib.' He told us that Rammohun Roy was one of his friends, and also Dr. Carey, and that he considered the Sermon on the Mount, as the most sublime piece of morality in the world.

"On preaching again near a Kali temple, I observed an old man with an honest, pleasing countenance. After my address he said: 'You, sir, have pointed to the right place,' (alluding to my lifting up my hands to heaven;) 'there is the true God, but we know Him not, and there is no body who can show us the right way.' I felt deeply for this poor old man, and said a short prayer, directing him to repeat it after me, which he did twice, and promised to offer it daily, 'Lord, have mercy on me as a poor sinner, and show me the way of salvation by the help of thy good Spirit.' 'Give me a book, please, sir,' he added; 'my sons can read it to me. I want to know more of this incarnation of divine mercy.' He followed me to the tent, and I gave him the Gospels of Matthew and John.

"I saw, as I was going along, a poor man who appeared dying of cholera under a tree, and administered medicine to him, but no pulse could be felt. Thus perish the wretched pilgrims to Gunga Sagor, on the roadside, without any to show them mercy! I saw the tree under which I had myself been attacked four years before. It was a sad yet grateful remembrance. Yet here I am still, the living among the dead; a monument of mercy! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

During Mr. Weitbrecht's short stay in Calcutta he spoke at the anniversary meeting of the Bible Society; and his heart being warmed by his encouraging tour, his speech communicated a genial glow to his hearers, several of whom greeted him after the meeting with much affection. He proposed in his speech, the employment of colporteurs, to go out somewhat on the plan of those in Europe, to distribute parts of Scriptures to people who could read, and to speak a few words to the natives whom they met on their way. He had long been of opinion, that such a plan, carefully and judiciously carried out, would be productive of much good in India, and pave the way for, and aid the preaching missionary. The chief obstacle to its accomplishment is the lack of suitable individuals. Pious, devoted East-Indians would do, but these are *raræ aves.* When once native helpers become more numerous, and a body of such can be set apart for the purpose, much benefit may be anticipated. It would, perhaps, scarcely be possible to employ Europeans to any extent, in a work of the kind, in a tropical climate, though many a one is found superintending the erection of the railway embankments and keeping abroad till ten or eleven o'clock daily, even in the hot weather, and in most instances without injury to the health. One reason for this may be, that they are deeply interested in their employment, and kept up by the prospect of the temporal benefit they derive from it; and another, that their mental powers are not too heavily taxed, at the same time as their physical. There can be no question, that free exercise in the open air, and a due measure of bodily exertion, is, if any thing, conducive to health, even in a very hot climate, if proper precautions are used, and sufficient rest and nourishment enjoyed to reïnvigorate the frame. It is an interesting question, which the present employment of so many Europeans in railway erections may help to solve—How far the European constitution, under such circumstances, may be inured to bear the sun of a tropical climate?

With respect to missionaries, the question bears a somewhat different aspect. They must be men of study and mental energy, to be efficient; and their intellectual powers must be as much in exercise as their physical, when out on tours, which produces a far more exhausting effect on the frame than the employment of the mere animal. They must also be exerting the voice to a high degree, which helps to tire the whole system more than other exercise.

Still, it was the opinion of Mr. Weitbrecht, and one which strengthened with his years, that missionaries would not suffer more in health, but perhaps less, if they accustomed themselves to much more travelling and itinerant preaching than they do, when engaged in quiet or sedentary occupations. He always made it a practice to walk much on his tours; and both Mr. Lacroix and himself ascribed to this cause, a good deal of the health they usually enjoyed on these occasions.*

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* The following remarks of Mr. Weitbrecht are so valuable, that no apology is necessary for introducing them; and this appears to be the place to which they most appropriately belong:

"HINTS TO MISSIONARIES IN ITINERATING.

"Health and its preservation being a paramount duty, I would suggest some hints as the result of long experience.

"*a.* If on horseback, or in palanquin, or *per pedes*, do not make your trip a long one on the days you wish to preach. When you and your people are tired and weary at the journey's end, no mental effort like preaching can be carried on with effect and satisfaction. In Bengal, a large village is met with wherever you go, at distances of five or six miles at the utmost: I have found it desirable not to exceed this extent of travelling.

"*b.* If you break ground and proceed early, which is in every way desirable, walk a few miles: nothing can be more bracing and conducive to health than this early exercise. It frequently happens that, after walking a few miles, I pass through a village, and stop for half an hour at some convenient spot, under a tree. People come and put questions. I ask them about their circumstances, or take notice of their children. Meanwhile I get out my tracts from my palanquin. The people, learning that I am a padre, are prepared to hear something about Jesus Christ. To make the best of these opportunities, I always take one native preacher with me, who follows me in addressing them.

"*c.* In the earlier years of my missionary peregrinations, I thought little of making myself comfortable and at home while under canvas. I was fully prepared to come home weary and almost worn out. But this is a mistake. And as it is cheap to be comfortable, and more conducive to health, than when you allow yourself to suffer want and

To a friend who had written to cheer him in his solitude, and to entreat him to care for his health, he returned a most lively reply. We only extract the following paragraphs:

"By daybreak we make a cup of coffee, take down the little tent, and walk off, stick in hand, five, six, or ten miles, to the next village or town. Sitting under a tree, we wait till the bullock-carts, with tent, books, and stores arrive. Meanwhile, we are generally surrounded with people, who inquire who we are, what is our business: this leads to a conversation, which, after some preliminaries, is directed into a religious channel. When the tent is up the dinner is prepared, which consists of any thing of the animal world we can get, with potatoes, or rice and curry. Not every missionary is fit for this arduous branch of labor; it is a rough and self-denying kind of life, and requires active habits, a cheerful mind, and a ready utterance, with a perfect knowledge of Bengali and the habits of the people. The Lord has given me a little share of these gifts, and I desire to occupy till He come."

The impression left on Mr. Weitbrecht's mind from his January tour deepened more and more, and the result was a letter to the Society, which will be found in the Appendix. In writing to his wife about it, he remarks, with his charac-

self-denial, I now do better in this respect, and find the beneficial effects. Thus, after arriving in camp, I have my little breakfast of bread and tea at once; for while the tent is put up, my servant makes hot water, and generally both are ready about the same time. After this little repast, I shut my tent, and have a bath. Then I take my New Testament, and refresh my soul in communing with my Saviour.

"*d.* Do not allow the natives to crowd around your tent all day. After speaking with them, while you have your meals, etc., they are easily persuaded to withdraw, when promised that they may come again at an appointed hour."

teristic earnestness, "I am sure you will see with me the desirableness of this plan, and will agree in the details. All is easily practicable if one have nothing else to do ; and that the Gospel should and must be more extensively preached than it has been, who does not feel that knows the real state of things? You know how often we have spoken together about the feasibility of a fuller preaching of the Gospel, and you once urged me to try and form a plan for visiting every town and village in the Burdwan district, which our old friend Haberlin, with his keen eye, thought quite possible.* The only grave consideration in the plan is, I shall be from home the greater part of the year, and this will imply the trial of frequent separation from you, but how continually has this been the case in time past! For the Lord's sake it can be done still more. When duty is clear, you will be as ready as I, to sacrifice your own will to God's. Besides, such an arrangement does not contemplate my being always out. Rest and refreshment are needed; breathing-time must be enjoyed, and then sometimes you can accompany me. It would not interfere with your care of your schools. I would establish small Bible dépôts at different places, and engage friends to help in distributing them."

The above extract will manifest to the reader, that all the excellent gifts bestowed upon this favored servant of his Lord seemed, to the eye of man, ripening for more extended influence and usefulness on earth, but they were ripening for glory. His views had now attained an extraordinary degree of elevation and brightness; and his faith prevailed in so wonderful a manner, that he saw no difficulties; and while others were wondering at his rapidly-increasing spirit of devotedness, he seemed unconscious of it. He spoke most rapturously, at times, of the blessed period which was hastening on when India's myriads would bow down before the Lord, and her people be made willing in the day of His power. Like one of old, he longed to see that day, and by faith he saw it and was glad. " It was the conversion of the Hindus," writes Mr. Lacroix, " that chiefly occupied his thoughts, and constituted the most intense desire of his heart. He was never wearied in devising and carrying out plans, which had that object in view. The conversion of the heathen was ever the principal subject of his conversation, on his visits to me."

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* The first allusion to this subject is contained in a paragraph that will be found at page 170.

After the perusal of the stirring letter in the Appendix, which was printed and widely circulated, at the time it was received, by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, one may well venture to inquire, in the words of the friend who first put the query, " Who will follow in the Saviour's train, to fill the blank that has been made? Who will be baptized for the departed missionary, and enter into conflict hand in hand, as he did with the giant enemy, the strong man armed, whose throne is amidst the hateful idolatries of Bengal?"

When men fall in a position of interest, as those officers who perish in war, (many touching instances will occur to the reader,) such events affect the finest sensibilities of our nature, and arouse the warmest feelings of sympathy of which the human heart is susceptible. If it be so, in that which relates to the glories of this world only, and to merely earthly honors, how much closer the application, when the glory of God, the extension of His kingdom, victories for His name and honor are concerned! There is never any lack of aspirants after earthly aggrandisements; hundreds may be cut off, as has been the case of late years in the battles of the Sutlej, but there were plenty stepping in to fill up the broken ranks, and to be baptized for the dead. Is it to our credit, as soldiers of the cross, that it should be otherwise when a standard-bearer fainteth among us? Suppose every pious family, consisting of several sons and daughters, could be led to see it a duty to devote one of their number to the service of Christ among the heathen, what a glorious missionary phalanx would soon be provided for India, and how thoroughly would the locality referred to in the letter, be permeated by the feet of those who bring glad tidings of good! It is true, that it is men of experience who are wanted: but that, experiment and practice alone can give. How many families there are in happy England, pious families, who would not hesitate to make the sacrifice for a much inferior motive, yet who shrink at once when missionary service is named! Let the reader take pains to obtain accurate information, and he will find, that even in regard to the present life, there is nothing so frightful in the contemplation of the employment. By care and watchfulness, by airy houses and light dress, and avoiding unnecessary exposure, missionary life may, under many disadvantages, be long preserved. The climate tries them greatly, as it does all Europeans. The scorching days and sleepless nights encourage peculiar and deadly diseases; the mental anxiety, the round of pressing labor which allows no Sabbath rest, tell most on missionary strength; but so it is with the devoted minister at home also. Yet even with these disadvantages, their general health has decidedly improved. The number of missionaries who die or remove annually from India, is not so large in proportion as it used to be. The average duration of missionary life and labor now amounts to nearly seventeen years, and is decidedly on the increase. Several living missionaries have been in India more than thirty years.* And then it is an honorable service, for in India the highest scholarship and the deepest piety will find ample scope for all that they can accomplish. To mould the mind of a mighty nation, and stamp it with a high order of excellence, is surely a grand enterprise, not to be lightly rejected either by fathers or sons, even by those who have good prospects in their own country.

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* *Results of Missionary Labor in India*, by Rev. J. Mullens, London Missionary Society, a pamphlet well worthy of attentive perusal.

During April, the weather being intensely hot, Mr. Weitbrecht was chiefly at home, employed in translations, bazaar preaching, and attendance at the English school, to which, when at Burdwan, he gave three hours daily. His journal records some circumstances through which he passed at this time, which caused him much suffering, for though he was so beloved and esteemed, he did not escape the reproach which all Christ's faithful servants must be content to suffer from time to time. It was Himself who said, "It must be that offenses come," and all His followers prove the truth of the remark. It was no doubt most wisely ordered with respect to an individual, who enjoyed so much favor with his fellow-men, that cutting trials should sometimes visit him; and he learned from them the blessed lessons they are sent to teach—humility of spirit before God, and the verification of His own faithfulness and unchangeableness; for while the kindest human friend may be for a season estranged, none ever experienced any change in Him:

> "They who once His kindness prove,
> Find it everlasting love."

At the same time, he was rejoiced by good news from home, "which," he writes, in a letter to his wife, "has been a sweet solace to me. The birth of my dear babe and his baptism, was as balm to my spirit. To God-fearing parents the baptism of a child is a heavenly feast, because He hears prayer and gives the blessing we ask for. May our dear little Herbert grow into the likeness of Jesus, and be baptized by His Spirit!

"The horrible swinging festival has just come to an end; it makes me sad to see these wretched people so maddened in their diabolical feasts; but I feel a greater desire than ever to preach the Gospel of Jesus' love to them. I have had such a congregation this morning, and such deep attention, when I spoke of the ten lepers and the leprosy of the heart, and of the healing power of Jesus. I have been reading your favorite Cecil, and Adams' Private Thoughts, and want you to bring me Owen on the Spirit. It is a book I long to read. The house is very lonely, but it will not always be so. I heard a little voice singing in a side-room last evening, which reminded me of dear Mary, and brought tears into my eyes. This kind of epistolary correspondence is very delightful, and serves as some indemnity for our separation. . . . . . I write this on my birth-day; and well may I lift up my heart in gratitude to the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who has so graciously directed me on my path, forgiven all my iniquities, and is still crowning me with loving-kindness. The Lord gives me a sweet sense of His presence. Passion-week and Easter-day were a truly blessed season to my soul. I received an enlarged view of the glory of the cross of Christ, and of His resurrection power; and the Spirit assisted me to glorify Him before the congregation, who were very devout and attentive. I felt a heavenly joy while preparing my sermon on 1st Corinthians 15:20, and my heart was raised up into heavenly places. I have indeed profited much spiritually in my solitude."

The sermon to which reference has been made in the above extract was a very striking one, and its concluding paragraph reminds one in a lively manner, of the way in which Mr. Weitbrecht himself, a few months later, and before another Easter-day came round, bid adieu to terrestrial things.

We annex it: "Truly, brethren, standing as we do in spirit this morning, at the open sepulchre of the living Redeemer, we can view death in a very different aspect from the heathen and the world around us. It is but a little while, and we shall see, with our own eyes, what we now believe and hope for.

"Let us make our calculations and our preparations accordingly; even as the apostle did, when he said: 'I RECKON, that the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory, which will be revealed in us.'

"Here we suffer, we fear, we groan, we weep; and often we creep along as on a thorny path; but what are all these trials when Jesus is near! What are they when He imparts sanctifying grace! What are they in the most painful instances, but so many blessings in disguise! When we attend the dying bed of a true believer, what is death in such a case! Have you never witnessed it! Why, it is spoiled of all its terrors—a truly delightful, heavenly scene, because the bright rays of Jesus' resurrection-life illumine the chamber of death; because ministering spirits, who whisper peace and hope to the departing soul, are present. Such a one, who worshipped with us last year in this place, and who has lately been called to his reward, experienced this; and another dear friend of mine, a few minutes before he breathed his last, said, 'Now, glory is breaking in upon my soul.'

"Is not such a death-bed a speaking proof of the power, the life, the truth of Christ? when we hear the departing believing friend, in the solemn moment, when his heart and strength do fail, giving expression to his firm, unshaken hope in Christ. This hope is indeed a sure and steadfast path and plank, to convey him across the dread vale of death.

'O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

> 'My flesh shall slumber in the ground
> Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
> Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
> And in my Saviour's image rise.' "

Among other mercies that Mr. Weitbrecht rejoiced in during this year, was that of the presence of a truly pious and excellent family at Burdwan, whom he highly esteemed. "It is a great joy," writes he, "to see such people coming to a station; there is a sweet Christian spirit about them, and I always profit by an evening spent with them." The feeling was mutual, and the following affectionate record of their esteem for him will be a suitable comment on the few pages preceding:

"Our intercourse," writes the Honorable Mr. D., "was frequent, though often interrupted by his missionary tours, and the effect of the dreadful heat of that season on one whose active mind gave but little rest to his body. Beyond the good report of all, I had enjoyed no previous acquaintance with him; but was early struck with the refinement of his mind, and the remarkable Christian simplicity of his character. He was possessed of that rare quality, of which the counterfeit is called tact, but which, in him, was the spirit of love shed abroad in his heart, tinging all he said and did; and which, combined with his sound mind, gave him a vast influence amongst all classes of society. His increasing humility was observed by many; and I had several opportunities of seeing him under circumstances of trial, in which his meekness and patience were sorely put to the test, but as strongly exemplified by the course he pursued. I have seldom witnessed a brighter example of Christian character; or one more eminently fitted, by his wisdom, patience, and love, for those missionary labors, from which we should feel tempted to think he was too early removed, did we not know that He, by whose reflected light he shone, is able to raise up many such instruments for His own service. His sermons were the reflex of his character, and his ministry was regarded as our chief privilege at Burdwan; his affectionate exhortations came home to the heart powerfully, because they proceeded from the heart; and not only myself but several others, were particularly struck with the beautiful and gradually increasing radiation of his countenance as he addressed us, which strongly impressed me with the idea, that the time of his departure was at hand."

The journal of this month (May) refers to an attack of illness, which came on after great exertions in preaching. It resembled one of those serious monitors, of which he had previously had so many, and it can hardly be doubted that it arose from the effect of the intense heat, which was far more than usally severe this season. On his birth-day he was much indisposed, but wrote to his absent wife and performed other duties, "though," as he says, "I was exceedingly low and faint when I had done." He seemed quite overcome, at the same time, with a sense of his privileges as a Christian, and exclaims: "This has been my forty-ninth birth-day; God's name be praised! How much have I been blessed, how highly favored, by my dear Saviour! I know Him! I also love Him, though too feebly; but I desire none but Him, and in this choice I am as sure as I am of my own existence. Therefore I know I shall be safe, notwithstanding my sinfulness and unfaithfulness to Him. I was in tears all this morning; tears of shame and gratitude shed before Him! He knows them! 'Thou gatherest my tears into thy bottle.'" "On the 30th," he adds, "I felt as if I had cholera, and sent for the native doctor. I then made all my accounts and papers ready as well as I could, and wrote memoranda for guidance, and a letter to Lacroix. Prayed very much that the Lord would spare my life this year, if it pleased Him, till my dear wife and child returned. At first the thought of being about to be called away, during her absence, distressed me exeeedingly, especially when thinking of my children; but I could at last cast myself, with all my distress and sinfulness, upon Jesus, and found peace in the assurance—'I am with Thee, Thou art mine.'"

"*May* 1.—The native doctor has treated me skillfully, and I feel quite relieved and easy; thank God! I would be truly grateful for this new deliverance, and would say, with David, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death.'"

"4*th.*—I have been keeping quiet to-day for recovering my strength. The enemy whispered to me last night, 'Lost a whole week.' But I feel pretty sure, that time is not lost, which the Lord employs to lay His servants low at His footstool. Time lost! Why He does not want such a poor fellow as I am at all. Oh! may I learn to be nothing, and cheerfully to submit to His will, when He calls me to sit quiet and wait His bidding!"

Every deeply-experienced and humble-minded Christian can enter, more or less feelingly, into the sentiment thus expressed by Mr. Weitbrecht, that the Lord does not want their poor services, and can carry on His own work irrespective of their aid. It is a lesson which He Himself is constantly teaching us, by the dispensations of His providence, but it is one, of which it is sometimes very difficult to realize the truth; when, as in the present case, He raises up an instrument, tunes it to play very skillfully, and just when it seems most pleasant in its sound, and best fitted to delight us and do Him glorious service, removes it, saying, "Father, I will that he also whom thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that he may behold My glory." Yet such is often His own divine arrangement; and He knows what He is about, and makes no mistakes. It was often on Mr. Weitbrecht's lips, "I trust I shall be spared to labor a few years longer in this heathen land." But there can be no doubt he had, at the same time, a growing feeling of the nearness of his heavenly home, and was ever on the watch for the Master's summons. He would gladly have remained and continued to take his share in the arduous conflict, and his activity and energy were not only undiminished but increasing; but he saw more clearly, as he approached the horizon of his mortal life, that God could and would work by others, and with childlike confidence he could commit even his loved labor into His hands. There can be no question that his faith will be honored, and that those who now occupy his sphere will be blessed, in entering into his labors.

As a Christian of deep and long experience, Mr. Weitbrecht well knew the dangers attending certain relations in life. After warmly congratulating a friend on his union with a Christian lady, he adds: "Beware, my dear brother, that you do not fall into idolatry. The Lord is very jealous with His *own* people. He WILL have the first place; and if we forget that point, He will make us feel it. Poor S.," who had just lost his wife, "must be desolate and sad indeed. How often have I seen the most excellent of our missionaries' wives removed by death! It is an ominous fact, that the very superior and heavenly-minded ones are unexpectedly cut off by some sudden stroke."

A little later we find him giving a word of advice and caution, on another important point: "I sincerely hope," he writes to Mr. Merk, "you will eventually go to the Punjab, and not remain stuck up in your nest on the mountain top. And when you are once down in the plains, let *nothing* prevent you from going about, at once, among the people. You will be able to say a word in Hindee, when the Punjabi is not ready at hand. I am sure it is a mistake that so many missionaries sit down in a station. I would also say to you, 'Do not become an English preacher.' The most ready-spoken is in a measure hindered by this, especially in the beginning; and a portion of his time is thus abstracted from his direct calling. Few men can do more than one thing thoroughly."

Another extract from a letter to his wife continues the narrative to the close of May: "A few months and we shall be united again, if it be the will of our gracious God. Ours is a peculiar trial, but I hope for the good of your and my own eternal interests. I feel happy and peaceful; the Lord in mercy keeps me, in a great measure, free from that anxious feeling which so closely borders on unhappiness and discontent. He helps me to realize that all is right, and all will be well in days to come, because we are in His hands. You certainly have escaped one of the most trying hot seasons, I have ever experienced in India. It is intense, burning, blistering heat; every body is talking of it whose lips are not too much parched.

"In the English school, first and second classes, there is a pleasing movement. If it do not end in conversion, it certainly shows that the Spirit of truth is at work. Last week the second-class boys said, after reading: 'We are all Christians; we believe in the Saviour! The trial is leaving home and all things for Christ!' And they added, 'Can we not be believers, without going away from our friends?' Poor fellows! this is indeed a hard ordeal, but the Lord will change the face of the earth. His promised time is certainly drawing nigh. Government is actually going to give up the last link of connection with horrid old Juggernath; another sign of the times. In preaching a few days ago at Sarbo Mongola, the famous idol-temple you have often seen, some old fakirs were much affected by my discourse, and sighed again and again while I was showing that the spiritual condition of the Hindus bore an exact resemblance to the bodily state of the blind man. I felt very much encouraged by the intense attention of the crowd around me, when I recommended Jesus as the great and good Physician, able and willing to take away their blindness and to restore the light of divine knowledge, grace, and salvation to their souls. Any stranger witnessing such a scene would say, 'Surely these poor people must be convinced of the truth;' but we are laboring on a hard soil, and idolatry has fearfully wasted and ruined man's soul in this unhappy land. One thing, however, is clear. We must go on, and hammer away; the hardest granite can be broken by strong and continued effort. God, in His own time, will make good His promises! I have good news for you. The new Hymn-book is at last ordered to the press; but we have hardly a copy of the old edition remaining for use. Bannerjea's opinion was asked upon the hymns. He said he was no judge of poetry, but he pointed out six trivial faults, all of which were in the old hymns, which we had retained out of respect to the old missionaries who composed them. Not one fault was remarked in the two hundred new ones, seventy-eight of which are from my pen! I feel humbly grateful to God, for the help He has afforded me in this employment. I have also completed the Infant-School Manual. It is as large as the English one; and all the little hymns you so desired to have, are in it. The Young Cottager is also ready for the press, and makes a nice little book in Bengali. I shall begin another as soon as the rains have set in; but at present my strength is taxed to the utmost, and I feel the truth of the Bengali hymn,

> 'The earth is but a wilderness—
> A land of drought and sore distress.'

May grace divine keep and support us both! My heart yearns after the sweet babe.

"Professor Street died on the 29th of April, just when I was seriously ill. He no doubt fell a martyr to his zealous and unwearying labors. I grieve to say that the Brahmun youth, Geidt baptized last October, has been decoyed away by his friends. I always feared he was not so much in earnest as the other.

"The conversions at Bowanipore have caused a great excitement in Calcutta. 'The heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, but He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.'"

We find a letter in his journal of this date, indorsed, "Very encouraging." It was from the missionary student, to whom he had written a few months before, and concluded with the following sentence: "You, dear sir, first led my mind to contemplate the work, when you were in England, and the Bishop of Calcutta's sermon at St. Bride's stirred me up, and led to a resolve to devote myself to my Saviour's work abroad." *

His mother adds: "Had you looked into our hearts, dear Christian friend, you could not have written more satisfactorily and helpfully, or met our wishes more entirely; we do indeed feel indebted to you."

The reply which follows, was sent by the returning mail:

"*May*, 1851.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: Your letter has been most gratifying to me. I am delighted that you have opened the door wide, and communicated to me your views and feelings. Let us continue this plan, and our correspondence may be a mutual blessing. As you have given me an outline of your present studies, I am now better prepared to enter into your position. With regard to Hebrew I would say, that if you are able to read a chapter in the historical books or prophets, and translate it with ease, it will be quite sufficient for your purpose; so that, in case you engage in translation, you may be able to refer to the original without difficulty. If you wish to begin any of our vernacular languages, take by all means the Hindustani, but do not trouble yourself too much about it. If you master the grammar and construct some sentences, it will be quite enough. The fact is, you can acquire the knowledge of it with far more ease *here*, from natives who speak it fluently. As to Persian, let me advise you to leave it alone, as you have more important tasks before you. If you can get through a Sanscrit grammar, and learn the roots and to translate a little, you will be able to get on in Bengali with comparative ease. As mathematics are not much to your taste, I would say, leave them, and give your undivided attention, for some time, to theology in its different branches. A course of lectures on the treatment of diseases, as I said in my last, will be of much *practical* use to you hereafter. By the way, have you a taste for drawing? I mention it because on my tours, when surrounded by picturesque scenery, I have again and again regretted my inability to make a sketch, which renders a journal additionally interesting. The fact is, there is hardly a branch of science or literature, which may not be turned to some good account by the missionary in a heathen land, at one time or another.

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* This promising young man, Mr. Suter, has since proceeded to India in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and is stationed at Madras.

"But after all, my dear friend, the great point for the student in divinity is, to live near the Fountain, and to draw water thence freely, for his spiritual support, growth, and refreshment. You have doubtless heard a saying of Luther, '*Oratio*, *meditatio*, *et tentatio*, faciunt theologum;' and I do believe, there never was one who pronounced a sentence, from so full a treasure of personal experience as that great man possessed.

"I read the other day another equally beautiful sentence by Melancthon, who says: 'Ego mihi ita conscius sum, nunquam aliam ob causam tractavisse theologiam, nisi ut me ipsum emendarem;' and below this, there is the following effusion of his tender and sweetly pious spirit:

'Fac ut possim demonstrare,
Quam sit dulce te amare,
Tecum pati, tecum flere,
Tecum semper congaudere.'

This is what we call in Germany *Herzens Theologie*—'theologia cordis.' Oh! what a blessed savor it spreads over the whole being of a man! It sanctifies and consecrates for the glory of Christ, all other knowledge. May you, my dear friend, be taught by grace to resemble Melancthon! This consecration of the heart is what made Henry Martyn and Fox such eminent laborers. A young man who lays a good foundation, on a spiritual and experimental knowledge of Christ, is sure to become a good, faithful, and persevering missionary. Alas! I have seen many coming and going in this heathen land; the temptations are numerous, and equally so the causes which may and will produce spiritual relaxation, weariness, and deadness; but if the heart be sound, and the affections set on things above, a man will stand his ground, and weather every storm. . . . . . If my scheme be sanctioned, I shall be out during the greater part of the year. An old missionary who has the Bengali language fully, can not employ his time in a better way; and *my* time may be short. . . . . Your affectionate friend,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

A letter to Mr. Suter's mother, which accompanied the preceding, is well worthy of insertion after it:

"*May* 30.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Your son's letter gave me much joy and encouragement. I admire the calm, sober, reflective, and pious spirit which breathes in it. I shall gladly correspond with him, for I know the value of indirect influence upon the minds of young people. A word in season—a caution—a word of encouragement, especially when coming from a far country, is not easily forgotten; it makes an impression. The temptations of a college life are doubtless many; and amidst the variety of studies and eagerness to get on, the tender plant of spiritual life in a youth is easily nipped. Then there is a world, a disputing, philosophizing, captious world, around the pious student, and unfavorable influences of every kind press in upon him. Yet there is no cause to fear. The Lord Jesus dwells in colleges too; and when a youth is under the teaching of His good Spirit, I believe *He* will fulfill His promise, 'No man shall pluck them out of My hand.' After earnest prayer, we may safely leave the management of the *great work* to His keeping.

"Ah! how little can I do for my dear children. Sometimes I can feel it very deeply, and then I say, 'Lord thou knowest it;' and He tells me, 'Yea, I know thy works, and thy tribulation and poverty;' and again, 'I know where thou dwellest.' I often earnestly pray, as one reward for having left my dear children, that the Lord may make them all truly pious. If He grant me this favor, I shall be rich and rewarded indeed. I feel that, on this point, we can not pray amiss.

"I am truly grateful to your dear husband, for so kindly undertaking the office of sponsor to our dear little boy. I am sure you will both remember the child in your prayers; and it is delightful to realize the fact, that this spiritual incense, so acceptable to God, will thus rise from the east and the west for the same blessed purpose. I often feel greatly encouraged by the thought, that many dear friends pray for us. And you too were one of the first to visit my dear wife and welcome her. In spirit I enjoyed the pleasure with her meeting a circle of beloved friends; but the Lord is very gracious, and does not allow me to suffer want. He is preparing for Himself a glorious work here, though its progress is slow; but India will at length resound with the praises of Jesus. Who would not joyfully work towards that end, though the consummation be distant still? You have sent me a precious treasure, dear friend, in that book of Cecil's. How I enjoy the splendid, often brilliant thoughts! It is a valuable companion to a missionary in his loneliness. I never read it without deriving good for my soul. It is a storehouse of intellectual provision. . . . .—Your sincere and affectionate J. J. WEITBRECHT."

The short letters which have been introduced in this Memoir, from Mr. Weitbrecht to his children, will show that, although he could not but mourn, as every parent must do, his being so cut off from personal intercourse with them, he made continual efforts to do all that in him lay to benefit them, by epistolary communications; though these, with children especially, form but a poor substitute for the speaking eye, and the tender tones of an affectionate parent. He sent about this time a beautiful letter of advice to his son, accompanied by the following prayer:

"O blessed Lord Jesus Christ, teach me to pray by Thy Holy Spirit. Thou hast promised in Thy Word that those who seek Thee early shall find Thee. I desire to become Thy sincere and humble disciple, and to consecrate my body and soul, which Thou hast created and redeemed with Thy precious blood, to Thy service. Though young, I feel I am a sinful being in Thy sight, and without a change of heart I can not be saved. Enable me truly to repent of sin, to believe in Thee as an all-sufficient Saviour. Make me a new creature, and may I find my joy in following Thee, the Good Shepherd. Preserve me, O Lord! amidst the many temptations by which I am surrounded. May the example of bad and careless youths not injure my soul. Give me a spirit of prayer, enable me to put down every sinful desire, and give me strength to overcome every temptation.

"Bless my studies; make me humble and obedient to my superiors, faithful and conscientious in the discharge of every duty, kind and affectionate to my companions, compassionate and forgiving towards those who offend me. May I never be ashamed to confess Christ before the world, May I remember, at all times, that the eye of the Lord is upon me, and may I dread nothing so much as to sin against my God, and grieve His Spirit. And if I am overcome by a fault, give me a humble, contrite heart to confess my sin; and do Thou heal my soul, and restore to me the light of Thy countenance.

"Bless my dear parents, brothers, and sisters. Give my father grace and strength faithfully to preach the Gospel among the heathen, and rejoice his heart by many a seal of his ministry in the conversion of the poor Hindus.

"And when we have finished our work on earth, may we all meet again in the Father's house above, a happy, blessed family, to dwell together for ever in the presence of Him who loved us, and to sing His praises throughout eternity."

To Major Straith he writes: "I would express my cordial acknowledgments, for all the kindness Mrs. Weitbrecht has received, from Mrs. Straith and yourself. Her letter, descriptive of her visit to you, was a sweet encouragement to me, and an assurance that we are remembered by our friends at home, with much Christian affection; and that prayer without ceasing, of the Church, is made for us."

On the 4th Mr. Weitbrecht again left home, to visit Krishnaghur, where the conference was to held, at one of the district stations. "May the Lord watch over our little Zion," he writes, "during our absence! I hope we shall have a nice meeting. We want more of a devout praying spirit on such occasions. I feel deeply that we missionaries, as a body, sadly lack spirituality of mind." He describes the most interesting features of this little journey, in a letter dated Solo. We will transcribe a few paragraphs: "Our conference was one of the very best, and I had some happy days among my brethren. How good it is, thus to dwell together in unity! It was held at Rottenpore; and after it was over, Lipp accompanied me to Bollopore, where I preached on Sunday in Lincke's pretty church. About three hundred and fifty were present, including children. It was a cheering sight to me; the people are so improved, and their attention was very satisfactory. There is the groundwork for a fine body of believing people. The children all sitting together, and so neatly attired, looked most interesting. On entering the reading-desk, I recognized an old friend, in which I had read prayers many a time before. The pulpit, font, railings, all reminded me of my old chapel at Burdwan.* The Christian village is rapidly increasing, and has now extended its borders to the adjoining heathen village. There are at least a hundred families dwelling in it, and Lincke takes much pains with them. This spot was a wild jungle two years ago. There is a large idol temple, in ruins, near the mission-compound. Lincke's people are clearing away the jungle around it, and with the bricks he is building the steps at the entrance to his church, and a separation-wall between it and the Christian village. This is making a good use of the stones of an idol temple, turning Satan's materials to a proper service. We may draw a pleasing inference from this conversion of brick and mortar. It is an auspicious omen. On the 15th I came here, and as soon as my palanquin was espied in the fields, the boys and girls came running out to meet me. Dear Bomwetch is very energetic and very spiritual, but I fear he will work himself to death. There are seventy girls and nearly as many boys. They read the Old Testament, and get a remarkably correct and clear knowledge of Bible history; to this is added profane history, so that the youths in pointing out Babylon, Nineveh, Tarsus, Smyrna, can at once give you an account of the empire which flourished, or of the individuals who lived, or of the churches which were established, in the respective places. I was agreeably surprised, in seeing girls of ten and twelve years old tracing the travels of the Apostle Paul, and pointing out the places in which he preached, suffered, and established churches, with the greatest ease. In geography they are much advanced, and are particulaly at home in the map of Canaan. A young married woman, and a first-class girl teach the first and second classes geography. Some of the girls and two of the female teachers are truly pious. Their singing in parts is beautiful. I was deeply affected, the first evening, when conducting evening service; they sang a hymn to one of our solemn German tunes. The moral and spiritual influence which Bomwetch exercises upon his young flock is very great. There is a cheerful, happy spirit prevailing among them; they enter with smiling faces, and like to hear a word of encouragement from a visitor. All seem much attached to him. We have had some delightful prayer-meetings together, and he says he has felt as in Paradise, for the last four days. The ground-work is laid for prosperous churches in this district. I was engaged in revising translations all my leisure hours during this trip."

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* Mr. Weitbrecht had presented his brother Lincke with these things.

In writing to his brother Charles at this time, he remarks:

(*Translation.*)—"India will at last, as you express it, become a distinguished gem in the crown of our Redeemer. The Hindus, especially those of the higher classes, feel that the downfall of Brahmunism is at hand. They are doing their best to support the tottering fabric; but their most stringent measures are all ineffectual. Ten young men of education have lately joined our ranks, and the last baptism, which has but just taken place, was that of the son of a wealthy banker. He is one of the most learned and best-informed men in Calcutta, about twenty-five years old, and his conversion must have a great influence. He was brought to take the step in consequence of the death of his young wife."

According to the most authentic or accurate statistics, above one hundred educated young men have become converts to Christianity in the city of Calcutta, within the last twenty years; several of them are of high rank.

The circumstance above alluded to, is a most striking instance of the power of the Word of God to convert the heart. The young Hindu lady, whose death was productive of such important consequences, was one of unusual intelligence and decision of character, and had read the Bible with her husband in private. Both were of one mind on the subject of religion, and had fully resolved to confess Christ before men; but just as the decision had been arrived at, she became ill and died. When her husband saw her about to depart, he inquired, "Do you die in a spirit of faith and hope?" "Do you doubt it?" replied she; "I die in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." She then desired the Scriptures to be read to her, and after listening for some time, asked him to give her a parting kiss, and then said, "Now let me sleep," and slept the sleep of death. "No missionary was instrumental here," remarks Mr. W.; "all was accomplished by private study, and the Spirit that leadeth into all truth." A few more such conversions, among the great and wealthy, will shake Hinduism to its very foundation.

It was customary with Mr. Weitbrecht, to hold preparatory meetings with the native Christians, before the celebration of the Lord's Supper. He records in his journal of this month, the openness of heart which he felt when speaking to them, the men and women separately, and the blessing they all seemed to experience. He had, in all these engagements, that unction from the Holy One, that made them seasons of refreshment from the presence of the Lord to his own soul, and to the souls of his people; yet we find him again complaining, as one who knows the plague of his own heart ever must. In writing to a dear fellow-laborer, he says, "It saddens me to see how lean and light we all are more or less. Oh! what want of earnestness and prayerfulness! We have all to cry out, My leanness! my leanness!—(Rom. 7 : 22, 23.)"

In the journal of the 14th, Mr. W. writes: "I preached near a Kali temple from 1st Peter 1 : 3, 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' etc. It was a text I never made use of among heathens before. The Brahmuns seemed to be quite affected by the beauty of the Gospel, and the bright prospect it opens into heaven! I feel I have done right in applying for leave to become a preaching missionary exclusively.

"I often entreat the Lord not to call me away from this mission, before a number of the villages around us embrace the Gospel. It appears as if He is about to have a controversy with the poor Hindus, which may give effect to our preaching. There will be a great failure in the rice crops from want of rain. May this humble and soften them, and make them willing to receive the Gospel!"

It did not please God to answer these prayers in the way he hoped; yet they are gone up as a memorial before Him, and will be fulfilled in their season. "I have heard thy prayers, I have seen thy tears," said Jehovah to his servant Hezekiah; and He is still the same faithful God. Not one of His servants' humble petitions are forgotten before Him, but are presented continually by the angel standing at the golden altar which is before the throne. By and by His treasures of grace will be poured out in all their fullness upon the poor Hindus.

"The Rajah of Burdwan has established a place of worship, fitted np somewhat in the form of a chapel, with railings and red velvet cushions. The service is held every Saturday evening, in the style of the Vedantist Dhurma Subhu in Calcutta. The Rajah told a friend, that he wanted to find out truth. Oh! that he were earnest and sincere regarding this vital point! He sent me an invitation, and I purpose to go, in hope of doing something for my Lord. I hear the Rajah has addressed the congregation himself."

An interesting paper in reference to this will be found in No. IV. of the Appendix.

CHAPTER XXI.

Continuation of Incidents — Visit of Mr. Woodrow — Arrival of New Missionaries — Their Opinion of Him — Last Visit to Bancoorah — Last Extensive Tour — Incidents — Arrival of his Wife — Letter to a Young Missionary — Several Interesting Letters.

1851.

The following extracts from letters will continue the narrative:

"This is a time when the Lord's people should particularly remember the Bengal mission, in their earnest prayers. The movement in the Krishnaghur district took place in a season of similar distress. Our orphan schools were filled seventeen years ago, by the calamity of floods. May a similar blessing descend upon the Lord's inheritance now! The Hindus in the bazaar of Burdwan, and in the villages acknowledge, that the hand of the Lord is stretched out over them for their sins. Perhaps this calamity may really become instrumental in humbling their stubborn hearts, and opening their eyes to see that the day of salvation is come for them. It makes me more desirous than ever, to give my whole time and strength to preaching, during the remaining years of my pilgrimage; and last week I was out again declaring the love of Christ to sinners every day. This morning I sent two catechists, Nodiachand and Thomas, across the Damudah, to the southern parts of the district. I am like the watchman looking for the break of day. Oh! could I, for once, witness an interest excited, and a desire after God and His salvation, how would my heart rejoice, how amply should I consider myself repaid for all my cares and toils on behalf of this nation! I was comforted with the thought, last week, that the love and compassion of Christ towards these perishing creatures is infinitely greater than ours can be. Ours is a tiny spark; His, the sun—an ocean of mercy. I quite agree with dear sainted Wybrow, in what he said in his *last* letter, that 'One of the principal qualifications both for missionaries abroad, and those who labor in the work at home, is *patient endurance* amidst all trials and hopes deferred,' This cuts at the root of selfishness, and humbles the instrument into the dust. May the Lord grant us a yet greater measure of this grace; for sometimes I feel as if my strength and patience and love were all melting away together in this sultry clime. Our joy, and probably our pride, would be to show a fine list of new converts; and, behold! we have but few. Of course our friends at home look with eagerness to this palpable proof of missionary success, when the Annual Report arrives. Last Sunday I preached from Heb. 11 : 16, 'But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly one.' What a sweet rest, what a happiness will it be to us when we are landed there! A residence in such a land as this teaches us, in a more lively manner than we could perhaps otherwise realize it, that our home is *there*. I have been beseeching the Lord, to strengthen you for the trial of separation from our dear children, which I feel with you. When I saw the vessel carrying them away, I remembered the words of an American missionary's wife, who said, on giving her children her last kiss, after accompanying them to the sea-shore, 'Blessed Jesus! I do this for Thee.' That

Saviour will make His strength perfect in your weakness. He knows that we do it for His name's sake. And after all, what are our little sacrifices when compared with what He did, to bring us out of a gulf of dark despair, and make us heirs of glory!"

On the 30th of October Mr. Weitbrecht welcomed to the mission field, with great delight, the son of a highly-esteemed friend, Professor Stern of Carlsruhe, a most godly and devoted man, who had given up three of his children to the Lord's work in India, and one as Jewish missionary in his native land. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who were going to commence the mission in the Punjab. He had entertained a fervent hope, that the Calcutta Committee would, at his earnest request, have allowed Mr. Stern to continue with him for a year, till a brother was sent out from England; but in this, it pleased God again to disappoint his sanguine expectations, and to teach him to go on, waiting on Him to the end. That end was rapidly approaching, and he now sees the wisdom and the love, which arranged and appointed all these trials of his faith and patience. One of these brethren afterwards gave expression to some of the feelings which filled his mind, in the recollection of his short sojourn with "this dear elder brother," at the time while they enjoyed, as he says, "his very generous but unaffected hospitality." "Though our intercourse," he adds, "lasted but three days, yet the intercourse of thought has brought him near me repeatedly since; for his frank and kindly disposition placed us at once on terms of brotherly intimacy. As a missionary, he was evidently fitted for a foremost place. Long-continued faithfulness and devotedness had gained him the promotion, which the Lord gives to his servants. His earnestness in endeavoring to combine the utmost wisdom and prudence, in the ministration of the Gospel, with the most unsuspecting and fearless fidelity, struck me exceedingly, in union with his love, and the tenderness of expression peculiar to him. His naturally simple, candid disposition perhaps helped towards this; but it may be ascribed chiefly to his childlike faith, which led him to try and do just what his Father in heaven would have him do. I confess I was also much captivated by his love of country, blended with his love of all men. This was not passive affection, but intensely active, and it gave an inexpressible charm to his character. A thorough German, he was yet an Englishman. In love for his native land none surpassed him; but in that just appreciation of the virtues of other lands, which a discerning candid mind delights in, few equalled him; indeed in this, as in all other respects, he seemed to me utterly to abjure all narrowness and selfishness. He was also quite familiar with the passing events of the day, and as correctly acquainted with all political matters, as any man of the world, though he took a very different view regarding them to those of ordinary observers."

This fervent and heart-felt expression of one who saw him for the first time, is singularly confirmed by a similar one from his brother Boswell, who remarks: "One said of a friend that he was the most invulnerable man he knew, and that if he had a quarrel with him, he did not know where he could assail him. It was very much so with this dear servant of the Lord. I have known him for nearly twenty years, and sometimes seen him very near; and whatever he might say of himself, I could not select his failing. I never saw him, without feeling the better for his presence, and having every purpose of good strengthened in my soul." The apostle directs believers to walk as "living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men," and this was the mark at which Mr. Weitbrecht aimed, and towards the attainment of which he strove, as he himself declared in his moments of most confidential intercourse. The Saviour whose Spirit he sought to enable him thus to magnify His own grace in him, aided him in a wonderful manner towards the fulfillment of his desires, and to Him be all the glory.

We find in his journal, at this time, continual allusion to great weariness of body. On one occasion he says: "After becoming tired to exhaustion with speaking, I went to call on a native gentleman to converse with him." And there are several similar entries. His physical powers were evidently failing him considerably; but as the outward man was decaying, the inward man was so renewed day by day, that he did not appear to realize it, or to perceive himself, how the great heat and his unwearied labors had exhausted his frame, and prepared him to fall at once under the final attack. Yet, had his gracious God so willed it, He could again have strengthened him; but he was ripe for His presence, and a few more weeks only were to intervene before he was to "enter in through the gates into the city," and to "inherit the kingdom prepared for him." He had been careful not only to serve his Master much, but to please Him perfectly; and he had again and again been permitted to experience, as Watts so beautifully expresses it, that

"Most wondrous joys He lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of His love—
But keeps His noblest feasts above!

"In Paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more."

Truly a glorious harvest is laid up for him in that heavenly garner! and "there he is now" as Bunyan says, "receiving the comfort of all his toil, and joy for all his sorrow; there he now reaps what he has sown, even the fruit of all his prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way ; there he can serve Him continually whom he desired to serve below, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of the flesh ; there his eye is delighted with seeing, and his ear with hearing the pleasant voice of that mighty One who redeemed him to God with his blood."

The Lord had known him in the wilderness, in the land of great drought. He had watched the progress he was making through it, and knew that he was now drawing near the borders of it, coming up from it, leaning upon Him. Precious was he in His sight, at this advanced stage of his pilgrimage, now that his desert-journey was almost finished, his labors, his conflicts almost over.

On the 4th of December he reached home once more, and on the 11th left for Calcutta to meet his wife. He was of course much occupied with business, "which," he says, "crowds in upon me ; but I rise at five, and have a delightful hour for prayer and reading." He also found time to write to his young brother Stern, who had informed him of his safe arrival at Benares. His letter follows, and a few lines are also added out of a long and grateful reply to it. "His kindness to young Christians in general, and young missionaries in particular, was," says a Baptist missionary, Dr. Wenger, "ever the kindness of an elder brother, spontaneous, warm-hearted, wise, free from all patronizing airs or selfish calculations ; and it was of such an expansive character as to disregard official and national limits. Some such, who preceded him to heaven, have gratefully welcomed him to the everlasting habitations."

"*Dec.* 16.

"MY DEAR BROTHER STERN : Your welcome letter reached me in a village fifty miles distant from home. I was very glad to hear of your safe arrival at Benares, and that the Committee direct your party to remain there for a season. Nothing can be better for young missionaries, not even excepting young gentlemen from college with an A.M. or A.B. to their names, than learning mission work from those, who have spent the best part of their life in the field; for though the old ones may not be Masters of Arts, their experience renders them as valuable as the pleasant-sounding title of a graduate; for a faithful laborer has purchased to himself a good degree; this is one from ὁ Παράκλητος Himself.

"May the Lord give you grace to live near Him, *much in a spirit of prayer.* Let me affectionately advise you, as an elder brother, to adopt a resolution, with a view to advance your growth in grace, and spirituality, and scriptural knowledge, which I have found most useful. I spend at least half-an-hour, and if possible one hour *very* early, and again before bed-time, in reading, meditation, and prayer. This has a remarkable effect in keeping one in that calm, proper, peaceful, cheerful frame of mind (and this precious jewel one is always in danger of losing, especially in India) we so much require, to fit us for the great work we have to do, and it imparts grace and feeling, helping us to act and speak as we should do at all hours. I have often regretted my own remissness in this respect in earlier years, for it is only private intercourse with God that can feed the soul; and when we neglect it, we are empty and starving, as the body is when deprived of its proper meal. And what is worse, sin, selfishness, and other passions, gain the upper hand, and we lose the very life of true religion. He is likely to do best as a missionary who feeds his own soul *well* with the bread and water of life, and as *regularly* as the poor, mortal body is fed. I shall be glad to hear from you again. Give me some of your impressions with regard to mission work, etc. It is very useful to open the heart to a friend on these important topics.—Your affectionate brother,

"J. J. Weitbrecht."

In the reply which Mr. Weitbrecht received from Mr. Stern, there is the following paragraph :

"My Dear Brother Weitbrecht: Thank you most heartily for your very kind and brotherly letter. * * * * * I have already discovered that a missionary can not set forth Christ continually to an idolatrous people, in a lively and winning way, so as to make them feel, unless he feels himself. One morning, when I was at Calcutta, the bishop, when praying for us, said, 'Lord, preserve us from becoming dry sticks.' May that prayer be answered, according to His faithfulness!"

"At six p.m. on the 17th," Mr. W. writes, "the gun announced the steamer, and a large party of us, who had been waiting six hours on the river-side, in anxious expectation, (the vessel having been detained at Diamond harbor by a fog,) had to make our way on board in little dinghys, by the uncertain light of lanterns, for it was quite dark. The scene was really amusing, even to me, though I was one of the actors in it. Husbands were looking for their wives, parents for their children, and lovers for their brides, with intense eagerness. The confusion was indescribable. It was a perfect scramble, and I regarded it as a peculiar mercy, that no accident happened." His deep and thankful joy on his reunion with the objects of his earthly attachment, may not and can not be described. It seemed to him like a foretaste of the reünion of the spirits of the blessed in glory, and who shall say that it was not? Frequently did he exclaim in the fullness of his heart," "Oh! how happy I am! I hope all my friends are as happy as myself, in the enjoyment of their treasures." "You may imagine," said he, in writing to a friend, "the joy and gratitude I felt when I welcomed my beloved wife once more on Indian soil, with the sweet little boy, who by his happy and winning manner is daily cheering the heart of his papa."

During Mr. Weitbrecht's stay at Calcutta, he spoke with his usual animation, at the annual meeting of the Calcutta Tract Society. This was his last appearance at a public meeting. He records having heard the dear bishop preach on Christmas-day, and his visit afterwards to Tallygunge to see the residence chosen for his young friends, the Misses Suter, who had come to India, in company with Mrs. Weitbrecht, to commence a normal school, and in whom he was deeply interested. He afterwards spent a few days with them at the house of a mutual friend, and aided them by his counsel and his prayers. On the last Sabbath of the year he preached for Mr. Hutton at Dum Dum, from Heb. 11 : 24–26, "The choice of Moses." The last paragraph of the sermon is strikingly suitable in reference to his own approaching dissolution :

"Ah! brethren, when we shall reach the point which Moses did at last—when we shall look back from Pisgah's top on the scenes of life—on the journey we have finished, how shall we then view what many of us now prize so highly? How trifling will then appear to us those treasures of Egypt, which now engage all the care and all the affections of many! Then it will be seen and felt, that to have Moses' portion was the wisest choice; and that to have the certain prospect of a reward in heaven is the most desirable and satisfactory possession. God grant that this may then be our portion and our inheritance."

As we have now completed the history of the last year of Mr. Weitbrecht's life and labors, we will here introduce a sketch of his style of preaching, from the pen of one well able to depict it, the Rev. J. Bloomfield, chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta:

"Solid and devotional, chaste in style, yet full of pointed thrusts at the conscience, and glowing exhortations, sweetened throughout by the savor of Christ, and enriched by the unction of His Spirit, Mr. Weitbrecht's sermons are well adapted for impressive and edifying reading, either in the chamber or the church. He was one of those preachers, the natural quite as much as the cultivated refinement of whose minds gives a peculiar charm to their simplest expositions and appeals. Alike removed from display of scholarship and affectation of simplicity, his sermons are so beautifully natural, so full at times even of unconscious genius, so gentle, so elegant, that they secure on their side the scholar's taste, while they speak to all with such plainness of Gospel truth as to win universal conviction, even when the truthfulness of the preacher's message remains unacknowledged. They do not condescend, yet are unmistakably easy; they attempt no flights, yet the impression they leave is solemn and elevating. Such is eminently the bearing of his discourses. Such was indeed his own bearing. Had he been a low-conditioned Christian, instead of an eminent saint, walking closely and consistently with God in the light of His countenance, we can not believe he would have been otherwise than a lovely character, and a very pleasant friend. But it was the grace of Christ, sought and carefully guarded, in communion with God, which was the moving spring of his life, as well as its sanctifying influence; and herein, unquestionably, lies *the* charm of his sermons, they breathe the spirit of a holy, humble, devoted man of God. His tact in detecting, picturing out, and applying without any unnatural twist, the proper scope of his texts; the practical character of his preaching; his habit of applying his subject as he goes on, are all worthy of notice; but his discrimination between characters forms one of the most striking excellencies of his discourses. He discerns between the precious and the vile, and so is as God's mouth. The peculiarly missionary character of his preaching also deserves special notice."

"*January* 1, 1852.—May this be a year of grace and mercy to us, our dear absent children, and our mission," writes Mr. Weitbrecht on New Year's day, 1852. "Oh! that the Spirit may be poured out on us abundantly!"

The journal goes on to record various engagements, and the arrival and departure of numerous visitors. It was remarkable, that several of his oldest friends passed Burdwan, during this and the following month, and thus had one more opportunity of seeing him. Some of these were finally leaving India, and he remarks: "One dear friend after another passes away, either by death or retirement. Our time will come too at length."

As soon as he had arranged matters at home, he again set forth on his tours. His journal is full of interesting incidents, and devout prayers for the blessing from on high. In one place he says: "I saw several little monuments, in shape like Shiva temples, but much smaller. On inquiry, I was told that Sutis had been performed on these spots; horrible memorials of what the Hindus call faithful wives having been burned on the dead bodies of their husbands. Thank God," he adds, "this diabolical rite is now abolished; and here, as in most other places I have lately visited, the evil, uselessness, and wickedness of idol-worship, is admitted by most people. An old shopkeeper, with a readiness most uncommon, called his neighbors together saying, 'Come, hear a word about Jesus Christ;' and then he told me, 'I heard you some years ago, and I like your preaching.'"

Mr. Weitbrecht often wished that it might be possible to adopt the plan of the Church of the United Brethren, which being Episcopal in its government, and singularly missionary in its character, affords a valuable model for Episcopal missions in general.

The reader may be aware that in the Moravian missions, a bishop accompanies and presides over every compact body of missionaries. He is an elder brother, of a wise, discriminating spirit, and lives with and for the missionaries and their converts, being merely raised above them by his piety and the weight of his character. If such missionary bishops were set apart for the missions of our church, the difficulty now felt with regard to the ordination of catechists would no longer exist. Perhaps a few years more may see such a desirable arrangement consummated. The duties of the devoted Metropolitan of India, and the vastness of his diocese, render it impossible that he should be able to perform all the minute duties, which would devolve on an exclusively missionary bishop.

Here is an anecdote of a blind idolater: "An old man of sixty-five passed us, who had been fifteen years blind. Thomas read the story of blind Bartimeus, and I showed the poor fellow how all idolaters are spiritually blind, and how Jesus alone can restore their sight. He was all ear, and was quite distressed when some rude boys prevented his catching every sentence. The spirit of the people in general was most pleasing, and they said, 'If you come often to tell us these things, it will do us good.' The Word of God seemed to find an open entrance. When I quoted the words, 'Beware of false prophets,' they were acknowledged to apply most faithfully to the Brahmuns; and the people helped me to illustrate their appearing in sheep's clothing, relating instances of their wolfish nature, their smooth speech yet boundless avarice. When I asked an old man who was preparing for Surswati's festival, why they worshipped her, and if he thought she could really impart wisdom to them?—he replied, 'Oh! no; how is that possible? The fact is, we invite our friends to a social dinner on this occasion.' A sensible answer from an old man. In another place my audience, though not large, was so remarkably attentive, and the people manifested such a kind disposition, that any new-comer would at once say, 'They can not be far from the kingdom of God.' When preaching under a fine tamarind tree at Maundpore, simply about Christ the Saviour of sinners, I had such a blessed meeting. My congregation consisted of respectable little farmers. 'We believe every word,' said one man; 'it is as if you had spoken from my heart. We want One to save us who is almighty and kind. Could you not tell us for six days the same truth?' A poor man, pale from recent fever, and another suffering from rheumatism, were particularly impressed. Oh! that a real opening were made of God, in these parts! I felt much cheered by the simplicity of these people, and I am more and more convinced, that among such the Gospel will gain a fuller entrance, than with the grand Babus, or the low rabble of the bazaar in towns.

"Many along this tract are well acquainted with our books and religion, which arises from our weekly preaching and distribution of tracts at Kunchinuger, (a large town near Burdwan.) After four P.M., I had a numerous and respectable congregation at Purangram, consisting of Hindus and Mussulman farmers. As to idol worship, all agreed it was a curse. O Lord! prepare a way for Thyself. The state of things among these people fills me with hope. It is so different to what it was in former years. As I left this place several Mussulman farmers entreated me to preach to them also, saying, 'We, too, are desirous to hear the Gospel.' I promised to do so on my return, for there was an earnestness about these simple people which convinced me, at once, of their sincerity. I afterwards preached before the moonsiff's court, and his amlahs listened. The Lord was with me, and when I had finished, the moonsiff came out and received me courteously, saying, 'He felt a deep interest in our labors, and was persuaded Christianity was the true religion.' He sent me a large dinner the following day, and listened to my discourse afterwards with deep attention."

A letter, written on his tour to a lady who took a great interest in the Burdwan Orphan School, contains some valuable information:

"GOLAPORE, BURDWAN DISTRICT, *Jan.* 31, 1852.

"* * * * I was particularly delighted to hear that you, my dear Christian friend, have engaged with others to patronize our orphan girls' school. May you receive a gracious reward now already, while thus coming to our help, in the rich enjoyment of the promises which Christ has made to those, who desire to give their substance and themselves to His service. The place from which I am sending these lines is an interesting spot, at the outskirts of a large Hindu village. My little tent is pitched under some shady trees, and my Christian cook having become sick, I am just now alternately engaged in writing and looking after my kitchen affairs. This is an exceedingly simple business. A little hole is dug at the root of a tree for the fire. Potatoes are boiling in one vessel, and my wife having sent me a beefsteak, a rare treat in these parts, I am trying my skill to dress it as well as I can. Then she has also provided me with a piece of plum-pudding, which I am going to fry in slices; so I am faring quite sumptuously! My little tent is just large enough to contain a table, a camp-bed, and my palanquin, which on these occasions serves as a cupboard. I have just had a visitor, the moonsiff, a native officer under government at this place. He admired my canteen exceedingly containing dishes, plates, cups, etc., every thing wanted for camp life. One part of his speech I must repeat, for it shows that many natives of the higher ranks are well inclined towards Christianity. He said: 'I like to sit and speak with you, sir; for you are a heavenly being, and I am a hellish being. I know that your religion is the only true religion in heaven and earth. I intend to become a Christian, as soon as Queen Victoria issues a manifesto, that native gentlemen shall have equal rights in society with English gentlemen.' I had a long conversation with this Babu, and I hope he has now somewhat clearer perceptions of the *spirit* of our holy religion. But it convinced me afresh, that the pride of the carnal mind is the main obstacle to the progress of divine truth here among the Hindus, as much as among the great and rich ones in Christendom. On the whole, I have been very much encouraged this week, while preaching in the villages, by the pleasing disposition of many Hindus. In several instances people regret when I leave them, and beg that I would soon visit them again. A few days ago, some Mussulman farmers stood on the road-side, asking me, 'Sir, will you not preach to us likewise? We desire to hear as well as the Hindus.' Yesterday a respectable man, in the presence of a large assemblage, put the question to me which has often engaged my own serious and prayerful consideration—'What is the reason so few people in this country have as yet embraced your religion? I know you have been preaching for many years, in many places, and yet it has not taken deep root; few people of respectability have been converted.' I said, 'You all know the reason why the farmers have had no harvest this year. It was from want of rain.' 'But,' continued he, 'it may reasonably be supposed, that when the Founder of Christianity commands His servants to preach the Gospel, He will give them success.' 'True,' said I, 'and so He has done;' upon which I alluded to some very remarkable missionary statistics prepared lately from authentic sources, which show the gratifying fact, that there are above one hundred thousand converts in connection with the Protestant Mission in India.* Still the man continued pressing me to tell my honest opinion, why our efforts have not met with greater success. I replied, 'As you are so anxious to know it, I will tell you, but you must not be offended. The soil on which we labor is very hard. You are aware there are three classes of society in this country. The first is the Brahmun of the old school, haughty, repulsive, and tyrannical in disposition. These men pretend to divine origin, but act the part of ministers of Satan, holding the people in a state of mental bondage, and by some religious pretense or other rob them of their little earnings. Under the garb of religion they destroy all that is good and noble in many, and are a curse to the country. The second class are the gentry and rich people, landholders, merchants, etc., whose selfishness, want of principle, and animal propensities are well known. Their motto is, 'Let us eat, drink,' etc. Their God is their belly ; and they seem to feel no higher wants. They *scorn* to hear of the religion of Jesus, which demands *repentance*, *humility*, and *self-denial*, as the very first requisite from those who desire to enter the kingdom of heaven. A very great man of this description told me lately, 'I would much rather cut off my head, than allow a sermon to be preached at my house concerning Jesus Christ.' The third class are the mass of the people—*low*, *debased*, *ignorant*, in the deepest degree superstitious, because the Brahmuns have made them so, and given them idols of wood and stone, instead of teaching them to worship an almighty gracious Father, in spirit and in truth. They are so deeply sunk in the mire of ignorance and vice, too, that years will be required yet to lift them out ; and yet there are hundreds of these would be ready, after hearing the Gospel, to become believers in Christ, were it not for the Brahmuns who frighten them, and threaten with loss of house and honor, friends and home, with curse and damnation, those who show a disposition to embrace the pure religion of Christ. Is it surprising, then, that hitherto we have met with comparatively little success?' Upon this my inquirer covered his face with both his hands. I believe it was from some honest feeling of shame, and he said, 'You have, indeed, spoken the truth, and you have given a correct statement of our people.' I continued, 'Consider the paucity of missionaries; we are two at Burdwan, and you are three millions in this and the district of Bancoorah. But I am persuaded, that God's eternal truth is progressing in this land of idolatry; and when it prevails at last, and Jesus shall take the government into His own hands, it will be a victory such as the world has seldom if ever witnessed; and then it will be seen, from the retrospect, that the efforts of societies engaged, and of the laborers who fell on the field of battle, are most amply and gloriously rewarded; for *India* is the grandest missionary field in the world, and will present a splendid scene, when her children are once bowing their knees before Jehovah Jesus Christ.'

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* Mullen's Pamphlet.

"Time fails me to give you, dear friend, a sketch of the present state of our orphan schools. I have no doubt my dear wife will do so ere long; but I believe you and other dear friends will rejoice to hear, that there is a probability that they will be replenished with little orphans this year, more than ever.

"The new-comers are very young indeed. I think since Mrs. W.'s return, we have had an accession of seven or eight. May these little boarders become real living members of Christ's church! Amen.

"With sincerest Christian regards, and begging for a continued interest in your prayers, I am, my dear madam, yours very truly in Christ, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

The two letters which follow were also written while Mr. W. was out on his last itinerancy:

To Rev. A. M. W. Christopher.

"NARANPORE, *Feb.* 2, 1852.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have received several kind and affectionate remembrances from you. Such assurances are very acceptable and refreshing, when sent by those whom we love and esteem, and I need hardly tell you such are my feelings towards you, from the first time I saw you in the library of La Martinière. How much have we both experienced, since that day, of the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord! Well may we speak of it to others, and devote the souls He has redeemed, and the gifts He has vouchsafed to us, to His service.

"You have been very kind to my dear boy in Christ's Hospital, and I feel truly grateful to you for it; it is a cup of cold water given in a prophet's name, and it will not go unrewarded. I am writing these lines twenty-five miles westward from Burdwan; how you would enjoy the scenery around the spot where my tent is pitched! The Damudah river in front; on the right a pasture-ground, well wooded with fine old trees; on the left the *tout ensemble* of a Hindu village, about six hundred and fifty cottages peeping out from between the foliage of mango, tamarind, bamboo, and other trees. A large Vishnu temple towers above the humble dwellings; and the talukdar's pucka house, and little indigo factory stand in the foreground. The gomasta, or factotum of the Babu, with some fifty natives and boys, are standing and chattering before my tent, and the officious man, on my arrival here this morning, at once began recommending me to set up an indigo factory, as likely to prove a very profitable speculation. I told him he mistook my calling altogether; that I was engaged in a far more valuable profession, that I was the ambassador of a great King, whose name was Jesus Christ, and that I had come to Naranpore, to beg the people to become His happy subjects. The gomasta, like Nicodemus of old, did not understand these things; and he said: 'While we are in this world, we must care for the things of it; it is a very pleasant thing to realize a good fortune, and quite time enough to make a proper preparation for heaven, when we arrive at the gates of it.' Such is the carnal judgment of money-making men in Bengal, and in this view they are not, perhaps, very unlike to some of their brethren in England. Human nature, in its real aspect, is the same everywhere; 'that which is born of the flesh is flesh.' So I try to do as the prophet Isaiah did, proclaim to them 'all flesh is as grass,' etc.

" The middling classes of farmers are in a very pleasing state. I believe they would come forward by thousands, if it were not for the Brahmuns; but the Lord is stronger than all these haughty, avaricious ministers of Satan, and the time will come, when their dark power and influence over the minds of these poor people will vanish like smoke. Last Friday morning a farmer came and said, he could not sleep all night; the words I had preached from the previous evening were ever in his thoughts, and he wished to become a believer in Christ. This man received a tract from me four months ago in the bazaar, when I preached near Burdwan, called the 'True Refuge,' (which has been blessed to the conversion of many,) and so attentively had he read it that he could repeat to me the substance of it quite correctly. I do feel more strongly every month that itinerating is the *great*, the chief work of the missionary.

We have not done enough in this principal branch: it is a rough and self-denying life, but I doubt not will produce eventually the most satisfactory results. Our Committee in London have sanctioned my giving my whole time to it, but they must send us more missionaries. Try, dear friend, to get us some. *You* are so many, *we* are so few. Two men here for two millions of heathens! nay, three, if I include West-Burdwan or Bancoorah, which is also in my charge.

"Good bye, my dear and esteemed friend and brother May the Lord give you much grace and *παῤῥησία* to preach His eternal truth fully, faithfully, and successfully. *Ora pro nobis*, say the Papists erroneously to the Virgin Mary; we can use the words to better purpose.

"Yours with affection, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

Oh! that the above simple words might sink into the hearts of many a young and zealous Christian student, and cause him to respond, "Here am I, send me!"

"NARANPORE, *February* 3, 1852.

"MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND: I am determined, though from home, to gladden your heart by a letter. Of one thing I can assure you, you are often remembered by me. When I open my beautiful little Polyglot, which is my companion on these preaching-tours, behold there is dear Miss C. before my mental vision; and lest I should lose sight of you on the best day out of seven, you have kindly added another valuable token of remembrance; in fact, you have set me up for my sacred office in as complete a manner as possible. With the Bible in my hand, and a gown on my back, I am ready to go forth to my Master's work; and if I do not look out diligently for the spiritual blessings, which you certainly desire and pray may accompany the visible testimony of the Word, it is my own fault.

O dear friend! it is my humble prayer daily, that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness, and that in my ministry, I may receive wisdom and grace to preach, in the full demonstration of the Spirit. I believe I feel the importance of these gifts and graces more every year; for it is by the blood of the Lamb, and the Word of His testimony alone, that we overcome, and are likely to conquer this heathen land for Him. You can, I know, feel with me in my happiness in having my dear wife again with me, to share in my labors and in making known the blessings of the Gospel. My lovely boy smiled as soon as he saw his papa the first time. I am trying to make the best of the season while it is cool. I wish you could see how I am situated just now in my little tent. It is pitched before a village which no missionary has ever trod before. I have sketched out this district into subdivisions, of twenty-five miles in length by ten in breadth, and thus I hope to carry divine truth into every village sixty miles round Burdwan. Our good friends at home seem disappointed, because our success is so limited. They do not take into account all the ditches and strongholds we have to surmount, and the population is so immense. Let us daily pray that we may be found faithful. What can be sweeter than our Master's approbation! What more cheering and delightful than the certain prospect of being with Christ, when our course is run, and our last enemy conquered! I give you for your encouragement 1 John 3 : 1, 2.—Your truly grateful and affectionate friend * J. J. WEITBRECHT."

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* It may be right to mention, that the foregoing letter is only a part of the original, and this remark applies to almost every letter in the volume. Only those portions of letters have been retained which carried on the narrative, or which brought out some point of importance, or some trait of character.

CHAPTER XXII.

Becomes Unwell, and returns Home from the Villages for the Last Time—Prepares for Conference—Goes to Calcutta—Engagements of the Last Week—Preaches his Last Sermon—Illness—Death—Funeral—Letters from Friends—Testimonials—Description of his Person.

1852.

In the beginning of February, Mr. Weitbrecht came in for a day or two; preached for a Sunday at Burdwan, and received some dear friends; but returned again immediately to the villages. His wife more than once told him, that she feared he was laboring far beyond his strength, and would never be equal to carrying out his plan, at least without first taking a change to recruit his powers. He complained much of weariness, and of not being refreshed by sleep; and with the approach of the hot season, these symptoms strengthened, so that he did not feel it prudent to remain out many days longer, especially when he was again reminded of the approach of cholera, in his tent. His last entry in his journal is: "I awoke in a profuse perspiration, with pain, and cold extremities. I addressed the people, for it was a large place, with some eight thousand inhabitants, but feeling quite poorly, I resolved to return home, and was very glad to find myself there."

From that time he was very busy with his head-catechist, Nodiachand, reading over the sermons and expositions of the catechists belonging to the various missions, of which he had a large number, about seventy, sent to him to examine, in order that he might be able to pass a faithful judgment upon them, at the approaching conference.

During these few happy days of reünion and intercourse with his beloved family, none could fail to remark his extreme heavenly-mindedness. He always gave an exposition at the family devotions, and both this and his prayers after it were full of heaven; and he continually referred to Christ's second coming, in his conversation with his friends. His mind was so absorbed in this deeply interesting subject, that it gave a tinge to all he said, and his heart was so intent upon his sacred engagements, that he was jealous of being prevented from speaking. Once or twice, when he appeared very tired, and his wife begged him to let her relieve him, by reading for him, as he had often asked her to do in times past, he always replied: "No, I am quite equal to it." He also prepared his sermon for the approaching conference, which he had begun in his tent, and he wrote a long letter to a Christian friend in England, containing a clear statement of his views on a very important point, that has frequently been agitated among different individuals. We here subjoin it:

To S. Martin Esq.

"*Feb.* 5.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your kind donation, with your letter of October, is in my hands. Accept my cordial thanks. I sometimes wish that kind donors like yourself, who so liberally assist us, were able to spend a Lord's day with us in this mission, and to witness our native Christian flock worshipping in the house of God. I am sure the sight would cheer you.

"Last week we took in several babes; our native Chris ian females nurse them, until they are fit for reception in our orphan school as boarders. These destitute children all receive the benefits of a solid Christian education, and thus a nucleus for Christian congregations is formed, with satisfactory prospects of beneficial results.

"I find from your letter, that you entertained some doubts as to the judicious appropriation of the funds of the Church Missionary Society. You are not the first who has expressed his feelings to me on this subject. Of one thing I can assure you, I believe there has never been a time, when the directors of our Society exercised so close and careful an oversight on this point, as is done at present; and, so far as I can see, they appear, as a body of Christian men, anxiously desirous to bring their means to bear in the most efficient manner towards the great object in view. Of course, opinions differ as to the manner of operation, the localities, agencies to be employed, etc. With the best intentions, human weakness intermingles with all missionary efforts; and the more public and extensive the operations, the more evidently do these frailties and defects manifest themselves.

"Of one part of the disbursements, I can, however, speak with confidence. I firmly believe that the money appropriated for the maintenance of our missions in Bengal, for example, for salaries of missionaries, catechists, support of schools, is husbanded with strict economy.

"I am not surprised at the information you have received, from those who were residents in India, as to the operations of the Society being productive of little or no good, though I do not exactly agree with them. Believe me, my dear sir, such accounts, coming even from Christian men, should always be received with caution. I will just state a few reasons for saying so. We have seven or eight stations in North-India between Calcutta and Meerut, a distance of more than eleven hundred miles. Few men who speak of missions have seen them, and generally derive the little they know from hearsay. But more than this: I have seen, during the twenty-one years I have occupied this station, good, Christian, pious men, who never attempted to make themselves acquainted with our congregations, preaching efforts, schools, etc. Perhaps attendance at an annual examination was all they saw of missions. Besides this, our English residents, being mostly government functionaries, or men in business, are surrounded by influential natives day after day, almost all of whom are naturally prejudiced, and entertain hostile feelings to mission work. It is wonderful what an effect this exercises upon most men; and, in some measure, even upon most good men, who have to move in such a heathenish atmosphere. Unfavorable reports are listened to; and, almost unconsciously, prejudices are conceived and strengthened by this means.

"The number of those decided men, who judge and examine for themselves, is very small indeed. In fact, it requires a spiritual state of mind, and a heart which is filled in some measure with the compassion of Jesus, to enable a man to form a correct and unbiased view of the state of missions; and how few possess this spirit of love and compassion to the heathen!

"I am an old missionary, and have seen a good deal of our missions in Bengal, and the north-west provinces. I have watched their progress for above twenty-one years, and with all the humbling features which are more or less prominent everywhere, I feel convinced that there is a gradual but steady progress in *every* mission, both in conversions, as well as in hopeful prospects of more extensive good being done.

"India, as a mission-field, has peculiarities entirely differing from other countries. We have to combat a tremendous system, which is thousands of years old. We encounter a powerful priesthood at every step of our progress, who have laid the mind and body of this nation completely prostrate. When the Hindu is driven out of his system of gross idolatry, as thousands are at the present day, he changes his deity, going from one profligate Kali or Krishna, to another somewhat less polluted; or if he be a man of thought, reading, and reflection, he changes his religious system altogether, and becomes a pantheist. Such a course in his case has more reason in it, than in that of our German philosophers.

"We move between two elements—a low, ignorant, deeply prostrate population; and a haughty, selfish, conceited, sneering priesthood. Still it is a fact, and a cheering one, that the whole fabric is gradually giving way; and I feel persuaded, that a glorious result will at length follow the labors of our brethren. The signs of the times are unmistakable on this point. I assure you I sometimes experience a sort of elevated joy when I look forward, thinking that perhaps I may yet live to see the beginning of the great ingathering.

"Pray, dear sir, do not believe those who say that nothing is done in India. I would ask those who say so, how would *you* do the work? Or what would be the case if missionaries departed from this grand field? Surely, the judgments of God would descend on England!

"My paper is full, and I must conclude; but I would add, that if you prefer to see your contributions appropriated *direct*, I shall be most happy to receive your gifts. I am going to devote myself exclusively to preaching among the two millions of Hindus in this district, and a young missionary will be sent to relieve me of school and station duties. A dear old friend of mine, Mr. Lacroix, told me that a few friends at Geneva defray his travelling expenses, during his preaching-tours. Perhaps you would like to aid us and our catechists in this way. I should be delighted, and it would open a communication of an interesting character, as I should occasionally be able to send you extracts of my proceedings. —With kind Christian remembrance, believe me, my dear sir, yours very truly, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

The concluding paragraph of this letter is a fair sample of the way in which Mr. Weitbrecht was wont to suggest plans of usefulness to his correspondents, and he was generally successful in drawing out the resources and sympathies of those to whom he so appealed.

Towards the close of his last week at Burdwan, he brought his sermon to his wife, saying, "Do read it through," and after she had done so, he inquired with much interest, if she liked it, and whether she thought he might preach it in the church on the following Sunday. He seemed desirous, that she should be fully aware of the peculiar train of thought that was passing through his mind, and she was much struck at the extreme spirituality of the discourse, and, as it seemed to her, its wonderful adaptation; but she had so long been accustomed to observe his remarkable ripeness for heaven, that she had often been led to wonder at his continuance here, and had persuaded herself into the hope, and almost the belief, that God would graciously spare him, as "a burning and shining light," for some years longer.

He delivered this affecting testimony of his divine Master's grace and faithfulness in his own little church, on the Sunday morning; and his mind was so absorbed in it, that he preached it again in the afternoon in Bengali to his native flock, telling them it was the address he was about to deliver to his missionary brethren. This was the *last* time he stood up in his own pulpit; and as he preached, his countenance beamed, as it was wont, with heavenly radiance. At the close of the service he left, to enter no more, the earthly temple he had been instrumental in raising, and which we can but hope and believe, is but an emblem of the beautiful and glorious spiritual temple which is to arise from his devoted labors. He had penned the letter which follows on the Saturday night, and had given that also into his wife's hands for perusal. In this letter, we can but observe the trait in his character which his year of loneliness greatly deepened and expanded, his delight in intercourse with his fellow-Christians:

To Rev. W. Bruce:

"*Feb.* 21, 1852.

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: It is a long time since I last wrote to you, and a longer time still since I paid you a visit in your pretty little parsonage; but the remembrance of you and dear Mrs. B., and your loved ones, has been freshened up, by hearing what a kind interest you all continue to take in us and ours, and in our mission too.

"When a voice said to the prophet, 'Cry,' he asked, 'What shall I cry?' and the Lord gave him a text, 'All flesh is grass; the grass withereth, but the Word of the Lord abideth for ever.' In like manner, I have been asking myself what shall I write? just because when it is late at night, and one has a cold in the head, the mental powers are not exactly in a fit state for lively exercise. But I recollect that a simple tale of what we are doing, and how the presence of Jesus is cheering our hearts, and His grace helping us on in our labors of love, is all that dear friends at home desire to hear from the laborers in a heathen land. This is an easy task, and a personal enjoyment rather than a task; so it has often proved to me. While I am thus communing with those I love and esteem, I feel myself in spirit transported to dear England, or my own fatherland again; and I can in a measure realize the happiness of the aged St. John, when he wrote to his brethren, 'Truly our fellowship is with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.'

"I hope my dear wife and myself will be permitted to labor some years more in the Lord's vineyard. It is a great honor to do so. I often pray that a sense of it may ever remain fresh and lively on my mind. Poor, sinful, frail creatures as we are, we have not always the same feelings and clear perceptions of it; particularly when the body is weak, or in a measure affected by a trying climate, to which every one is more or less subject. . . .

"One of our truly pious Christians, who has many a time been preaching the blessed Gospel to his heathen brethren, is very ill, and an esteemed friend, well known to many of God's dear people at Clifton, Dr. Madden, who spent a day with us yesterday, on his way from Lahore, saw the patient, and told us he was in a dangerous state. I spoke with him three days ago on his spiritual state, and I felt cheered to listen to his calm, deliberate expressions of a firm trust in Christ. He said, 'I feel I am very ill, and I may soon be called hence. I cast myself on Jesus, and feel confident that He is an all-sufficient Saviour.'* It is a sweet encouragement to me to see thus, here and there, a precious fruit ripening for the eternal garners. It reminds one of the lines in the beautiful missionary hymn:

'Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the wild barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once achieved on Calvary.'

"What we want above all things in our Indian climate, exposed as we are to so many depressing influences, is the grace of perseverance. We are going to have a conference shortly at Calcutta with our Bengal missionary brethren, and in thinking on a suitable subject for an address which I am to deliver, the text came to my mind, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' As I am advancing in years, I feel that this must be kept in view; the prospect cheers me up to labor on without weariness. Well, my dear brother, we go to the same fountain, we all drink the same spiritual drink, which flows from the Rock, and that Rock is Christ?"

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* This good man, who had been brought up in the mission-school and had married one of the pious girls, was the father of the children referred to in a previous chapter. He lingered through the whole year, and slept in Jesus in the following November. Mr. Geidt, who had been very kind to him during his long illness, and many brethren and pious friends, surrounded his dying bed, and heard his last testimony to the love and faithfulness of Jesus the Saviour.

Here this letter abruptly closes, and with it the correspondence of this dear man of God with his friends and brethren on earth; for, with the exception of a hasty note or two on business, this was the last letter he ever penned. He was now, indeed, "in the land of Beulah,"* where the sun shineth night and day, and where he proved that as "a bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, so did his God rejoice over him, and cause him to rest in His love." His experience, during the few remaining days of his sojourn below, reminded her who observed him most nearly, of that of one of Bunyan's pilgrims, who received tidings that "the Master called for her, and expected her to appear in His presence within ten days, in clothes of immortality. The token she received, with the message, was an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone." It will be perceived from many of his remarks that "his mind was being graciously led to a continued contemplation of the uncertainty of time, and the nearness of eternal things, so that the swift messenger which was appointed to carry him to a world of glory, could not at all be called 'sudden death,' in that sense of unprepared death, against which we have a guardian prayer in our Liturgy. He and those dear to him were to be saved all the distress of a lingering illness; and such a dispensation not being needed to prepare his mind for the great change, and the desire of his heart being to enjoy more of the presence of his Lord, and to know his voice more clearly, he was to be taken, with the least possible delay, from the pulpit, where he was last to plead his Master's cause on earth, to the joys which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."*

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* See *Pilgrim's Progress.*

On the Monday before leaving Burdwan, Mr. Weitbrecht was fully engaged in setting his house in order, and he recorded memoranda of every thing in the most exact and particular way. He had objected to his wife accompanying him to Calcutta when it was at first proposed, thinking it would fatigue her, as the heat was approaching, and that it would cause her anxiety to leave her infant behind; but on the Saturday he appeared to wish that she should go, and every arrangement was made accordingly. Thus tenderly and graciously did the Lord direct even this circumstance, that both he and his partner might spend their last few days together, and that he might have the comfort of her presence in his last hours, and she the privilege of accompanying him to the borders of the heavenly Canaan!

They left home on the Monday evening, and a friend who was present observed Mr. Weitbrecht looking round at the beautiful garden, and all the interesting objects about the house, as if bidding them a last adieu; but if a passing thought crossed his mind that he should return home no more, it could scarcely have been an abiding impression, for he had that very day directed Mrs. Weitbrecht to inform his friends at Bancoorah, that he hoped to be with them by the beginning of March. His little boy accompanied them a short distance, and he gave him his last kiss on the road-side, before handing him to his bearer. A few of the native Christians had a presentiment, it seems, that they should see his face no more, "for he had," said they, "become quite perfect;" yet they hoped and prayed for his safe return. He seemed unconscious of fatigue, though sitting in the conveyance all night, and ate a hearty breakfast, on arriving at the house of a kind friend at Chinsurah, at six in the morning; after which he proceeded with his wife to the river-side, and embarked in a little fragile boat, which wafted them swiftly down the majestic Hooghly, against a strong head-wind. It was no inapt emblem of the earthly course which was so soon to terminate. They stemmed the torrent, and landed in safety at the desired haven at two P.M. Six days later his last conflict with sin and sorrow ended, and he gained the port of peace. He was in high spirits, and as soon as he reached Calcutta went in immediately to join his brethren, who were already assembled to make the preliminary arrangements for the conference. The next morning he rose in the most cheerful frame of mind, reminding his friends of a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. He dined that day with several of his brethren, and invited them all very earnestly to come to the next conference, which was to be held at Burdwan, adding, "We will prepare rooms for both husbands and wives, and I hope you will *all* come to us." Before that conference, not only himself, but one of those he then so earnestly begged to come, were together in heaven. In the evening he preached to his brethren. He showed the importance of being faithful unto the end, and then dwelt with great emphasis on the promised reward; and as he concluded his address, his soul seemed as it were panting for heaven, and he broke out in the following rapturous sentences, partly extemporaneously: "Be thou faithful unto death! Soon we too shall have done with our labors and trials. Yes, dear brethren, I sometimes feel as if I should very soon have done with mine. I feel as on the very borders of the heavenly Canaan. The great thing is to end well. A faithful servant need not fear when his Lord calleth him. He is ready to obey the summons. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'

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* Funeral Sermon by Mr. Boswell

'Go, labor on, thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not—the prize is near,
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown.

'Toil on, toil on, thou soon shalt find
For labor, rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry—Behold, I come!'"

The verses with which he concluded, were from a beautiful hymn that had been given him by Miss Suter, which was found afterwards in his desk with these two stanzas strongly marked, evidencing how entirely they had expressed the feelings of his soul. No one can tell whether a premonition was really given him, causing him thus to express himself. We are not inclined to think so, but rather that the expression escaped him, from a passing consciousness of bliss in prospect. He mentioned to his wife that he had much enjoyed delivering his sermon, and he hoped she had enjoyed it as fully. She had quite purposed asking him what had led him to make the remark he did, which had thrilled at the time through the hearts of his hearers, but he seemed so well and so cheerful, and so full of hope for the future, that she refrained. A native Christian brother visited him the next morning to thank him, and telling him he had felt dead and dull before, but was quite roused to zeal, and warmed to exertion by what he had heard. He related this with the most unsophisticated joy, and appeared more gratified by the testimony of this humble brother, than if an individual of more outward consequence had signified the deep impression his sermon had made.

On Thursday evening the brethren met at Mr. Cuthbert's, and he being asked to lead the devotions, read the 19th of Luke, and spoke shortly on the parable of the talents, directing their particular attention to the words, "Occupy till I come." On Friday the conference closed. He had taken, as usual, a prominent part in all the deliberations, and alluded repeatedly to the spirit of love and harmony which pervaded the meetings, "which," said he, "was not interrupted by one jarring word."*

He spent the evening among his brethren, and conversed a great deal with Mr. Lacroix and others, with his wonted cheerfulness, but it was accompanied by a peculiarly subdued and chastened spirit and demeanor, which appeared in the remarks he made at the close of the evening, on 1st Peter, 5th chapter. He spoke with great earnestness on the 7th verse, "Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you." It was precious food for those who were about to experience the truth of it practically. He chose the hymn beginning, "There is a land of pure delight," and joined in singing it with holy ardor, and then poured out his soul in a prayer which deeply impressed all present.

On Saturday morning, he went to breakfast with an old and esteemed missionary, Mr. Mundy, of the London Missionary Society, who had been laboring for some thirty years in India. *He* has recorded his own impressions of this visit in a letter, which we will give hereafter. He then proceeded to busy himself in various secular matters abroad, and returned to tiffin with another dear brother, the Rev. D.

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* The resolution adopted by the brethren at their first conference after Mr. Weitbrecht's death, will be found in the Appendix, No. VI.

Ewart of the Free Church. The evening was spent with several of his brethren at the house of the Rev. H. Thomas, minister of the Old or Mission Church, between whom and himself an affectionate intimacy subsisted. On this occasion he was remarkably full of life, and joined in a Bengali hymn, and in several German hymns with peculiar zest and animation. When one was proposed which required some effort of voice, he remarked, "I have not sung that hymn for several years, and I don't know if my voice is equal to it. It is nearly worn out, but it will be renewed again by and by;" and then turning to Mr. Thomas, he said, "Don't you think we shall sing much in heaven?" The English hymn given out at prayer was particularly appropriate, in reference to what was about to happen, and he sung with much fervency:

"The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make."

And again:

"And we are to the margin come,
And soon shall launch as they."

On Sunday morning he arose in a most happy, loving spirit, full of holy joy in God, exemplifying some remarks he had himself made years before, which run thus: "He who has found life and peace with Jesus, has a festival day with every rising sun, because he knows and lives with Him. The nearer he draws to the termination of his earthly career, the purer are his enjoyments, the deeper and more solid his peace, the brighter his prospects towards that perfect and sinless state, into which he is, ere long, to be ushered." At breakfast he expressed his desire to preach, though in ordinary circumstances he would have longed for rest, after such a fatiguing week; but his whole soul seemed bent on proclaiming the love of that Saviour, whose own heart is a fountain of all love. A drop from that fountain had indeed fallen into his heart, and had made it so to swell and overflow with love, that it could not contain itself, but welled up, and flowed forth to all his fellow-creatures. In the morning he attended Mr. Boswell's church, and was observed to sing the Te Deum with great fervency, as if he had already a foretaste of the society of "the glorious company of the apostles," "the goodly fellowship of the prophets," and "the noble army of martyrs," whom he was about to join in praising God before the throne above. After service he went into the vestry, and replied to an invitation, rather doubtfully preferred by Mr. Boswell, as to whether he could preach for him in the evening, "Oh! yes, with the greatest pleasure." On his return home he saw a young man by appointment, in whom he was much interested, and had a long conversation with him, after which he spent the intervening hours with Mr. Lacroix, and they settled the details of an extensive missionary tour, which they were to take together, God willing, as soon as the season would permit. "He seemed," writes Mr. Lacroix, "quite elated at the prospect of usefulness, which this tour apparently held out," though, as it was afterwards ascertained, he was then already under the influence of the illness which terminated his life, a few hours later. He went to church apparently well, nor was he seemingly conscious of indisposition; indeed it was evidently the Lord's good pleasure to arrest the attack for a season, that he might have one more opportunity of engaging in his loved employment, before he quitted it for ever on earth, and that he might spend his last evening below, and his last hour of comparative health in proclaiming his Master's grace, and entreating his fellowmen once more to be ready for His return.

He entered into the devotional part of the service very warmly, and sung with a powerful voice, particularly the last verse of the hymn given out:

"And oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Then, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died."

He was so absorbed in this, that he forgot to enter the pulpit, and remained standing in his place, until reminded by Mr. Boswell that it was time to leave the pew.

He preached as a dying man, or rather as one about to ascend to heaven, from the words, "Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus," (Rev. 22 : 20;) and "though he did not tell his hearers that they should see his face no more, yet there was every thing in the subject of his discourse, and every thing in that spirit of earnestness and affectionate warmth, with which he dwelt upon it, to make it the suitable close of the ministry of a faithful servant."* Many who were present will not easily forget either his words or his appearance, as he repeatedly reïterated the cry, "Come, Lord Jesus!" from the depths of his loving heart. His countenance was radiant with joy as he dwelt upon the simile of the bridegroom and the bride. "It is," said he, "a subject I love to dwell on, for it seems to show the *heart* of Jesus. It is as if He said, 'I know where you are; I see what you are doing: but have patience; wait a little longer. Behold, I come quickly.' We feel this is not our home; we have not our city here. It is too old and worn and wearisome. We long for heaven. Come, come, Lord Jesus." He had preached from the same words after the death of his little boy, and again on his recovery from his long illness.

After service, he conversed cheerfully in the vestry with several friends, and did not appear exhausted, though he looked pale and worn. He detailed his plans, and spoke of the journey he meant to take immediately after his return home; and then referred to the tour he had been planning with Mr. Lacroix, with the most lively energy. Mr. Boswell remarked to a friend, "Dear Weitbrecht and Lacroix, with God's blessing, may carry all Bengal before them." He shook hands twice with the Misses Suter, and twice repeated, "The Lord be with you!" and took an equally cheerful farewell of others. He drove some friends and his wife home, and conversed with them as he went; but on entering the house he at once said, "I do not feel well;" and the symptoms of cholera developed themselves so decidedly, as to lead those around him to take the most prompt steps; and two doctors were quickly in attendance. "But it was the Master's summons, though he did not appear himself to recognize it as such, and spoke of it as a slight and passing illness; thus verifying the Saviour's words: 'In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' And it is remarkable that, with the subject of departure and being with the Saviour so upon his mind, and in his desires, and even in his full anticipation, when the swift messenger actually arrived to convey him to His home, it took him in a measure by surprise. It is thus the Lord sometimes accomplishes His promise: 'If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death;' he shall have none of that sense of it which is due to sin, but shall be so full of Christ and heaven, that the dread enemy is unnoticed, and His presence recognized and welcomed in its stead."*

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*Funeral sermon by Mr. Boswell.

Even after his seizure, he went up stairs to take tea with his brethren, several of whom approached to speak to him as he sat on an easy chair, but were deterred by his solemn and peculiar appearance, and a feeling of unwillingness to disturb him. He seemed quite absorbed in the singing of

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* Funeral sermon by Mr. Boswell.

Pope's Ode, "The Dying Christian to his Soul," which two or three of the missionaries and their wives were engaged in singing, in another part of the room. It appeared as if it was for him they were unconsciously uttering those beautiful words:

> "Vital spark of heavenly flame,
> Quit, oh! quit, this mortal frame!
> Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
> And let me languish into life.
> Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
> Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
> Hark! they whisper; angels say,
> Sister spirit, come away!
> The world recedes; it disappears;
> Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
> With sounds seraphic ring.
> Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
> O Grave! where is thy victory?
> O Death! where is thy sting?"

As soon as they had finished, he left the room, and withdrew for ever from the society he had so much delighted in on earth, to unite a few hours later with "the general assembly and church of the first-born, and the spirits of just men made perfect," above.

When the symptoms became more violent, and pain had much increased, his wife said to him, "Fear not, my beloved husband; the Lord is able to bring you safely through." "Yes," he rejoined, "I know He is." When he complained of severe cramp, she said, "Is the pain very great?" "Oh! very." "But not like that which Jesus suffered for us." "No," he added, "not like that." She then prayed, "O blessed Lord! sustain Thy beloved servant, and carry him safely through, and raise him up again, if it be Thy holy will." He repeated the words after her, with an "Amen." Several times during the night she asked him, if "Jesus were near." His reply always was, "Very near, very precious!" Dr. Webb had, from the first moment he saw him, pronounced the attack to be of the most dangerous kind, and expressed his wonder as to how he could have preached, for he had no perceptible pulse, even when he first arrived. About two A.M., the symptoms were much checked, and his medical friends (there were three in attendance) began to entertain strong hope that he might rally; but at the same time warned his wife that he was in the most imminent danger, and that if he had any important papers to sign, it might be desirable not to delay. He had not, however, to be disturbed by secular concerns, but was among those "blessed servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find ready." At three A.M., kind Dr. Madden took his hand in his, and said to him, "No doubt you are amply supported in this hour of your trial?" He replied, "Oh! yes, the Lord is with me." Dr. Madden then said, "Ever since you preached to my soldiers in 1849, and visited my sick in hospital, (referring to a period when he had been encamped at Burdwan for a few days, with his regiment,) I have felt a great love for you." The dying saint replied, "Oh! yes, that love is the beginning of the communion of saints on earth, to last for ever in glory." Mrs. Weitbrecht was kindly aided in the watches of this sorrowful night, by several of his missionary brethren, particularly Mr. Long, in whose house he was, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Lipp, and Mr. Bost. These relieved each other in ministering to his body and soul, in the most kind, affectionate manner possible; and one of the doctors always remained beside him. Prayer also was made without ceasing for him, but the Lord will not allow His dear servants to be always "bearing the burden and heat of the day;" and "He was calling him from his toil and his labor, and his out-door service here," to be "absent from the body and present with

Himself." That gracious Friend sustained the spirit of his partner in this hour of need, and though it could not but be a night of heaviness, and one long to be remembered, He not only strengthened her most wonderfully to attend to his every want, but enabled her, as she saw the disease advancing, willingly, yea, joyfully, to yield him up to Him. A little of that grace of which He is so full, can indeed help the soul of the feeblest to bear and suffer even to astonishment.

His patience was so great, that Dr. Madden observed it repeatedly, and inquired if it were habitual; and once or twice, in the warmth of his feelings, he exclaimed, "Oh! if this be dying of cholera, then I would say, 'Come then, blessed messenger, and take me to heaven!'"

As day broke, many who loved him assembled around his couch, and among them Mr. Boswell, Mr. Lacroix, Mrs. Haberlin, and Mr. Wylie. He was then under the influence of the powerful remedies he had taken, but gave signs of consciousness as soon as he heard Mr. Boswell's voice; and on his saying, "I hope, dear brother, you have hold of Jesus," he said emphatically, "Yes;" and on his adding, "Keep hold of the Saviour; you know He will keep hold of you; 'I will never leave thee; no, never forsake thee,'" he bowed his head on the pillow in assent. The symptoms just then seemed favorable, and hope entered the hearts of his brethren; and how deep were the yearnings of many for his life, if it were possible for the cup to pass over! Mr. Boswell proposed prayer, and the brethren and their wives, who had, in God's gracious providence, assembled for a prayer-meeting that had been previously arranged, without knowing of his illness, followed him to an upper room, where, after reading the fourteenth chapter of Hosea, he pleaded for him most touchingly; and then concluded by resigning him entirely into God's gracious hands, to do with him as seemed good in His sight. It seemed as if the messenger from the sanctuary had come down on the wings of that prayer, to carry hence the redeemed soul. He gave his beloved wife one more look of recognition, and then, while Mr. Boswell pronounced the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," his breath ceased. The morning without clouds broke at once upon his freed soul, as the clear shining of the sun after rain; and it seemed as if those standing around him could actually see the emancipated spirit, expanding her wings for the upward flight, and his countenance change, as his eye caught the brightness of the coming glory!

"Thus did one night's storm," wrote Mr. Leupolt, "fell the goodly cedar which had stood many a blast," and about nine A.M. on the 1st of March, the anniversary of his mother's death, he followed her to heaven. "Yes, the faithful sentinel was found at his post; and he fell, as the last enemy assailed him, with his loved Leader's name and praise upon his lips. Who could wish more honor or more safety for him? especially when this was the close of a life, which had been distinguished by every scriptural token, that to him to live was Christ, and that therefore to him to die was gain. Oh! that all who read this record, may be found as full of desire for the Lord's appearing, and as ready for His presence as he was!" *

Yet those who loved him could not but mourn, though it were with such bright hope. As a friend, as a missionary brother, as well as in the more tender relations in which he stood, his memory could not but cost many affectionate tears, while, "as a public loss to Bengal and its missionary field, did the Lord of the vineyard not live, all felt as if they should not know where to look for help over such a loss." *

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* Funeral Sermon by Mr. Boswell.

When God, in His all-wise providence, makes such a sudden and unexpected breach in the little band of His earnest and devoted laborers, in a land like India; when a zealous fellow-worker, with whom his brethren had enjoyed delightful intercourse, for whose activity and love they saw reason to be thankful, and in whose wisdom and well-directed influence they felt the utmost confidence, is thus cut down at a stroke, and removed from that place among them, which, according to man's short-sighted vision, no one else is so well qualified to fill, it is indeed a severe trial to their faith: and we do not wonder to hear them so express it. Still less do we wonder at hearing, that his bereaved flock at Burdwan united in one general lamentation, exclaiming, "Why were not two or three of us taken in his place?" But Jesus Christ, the Master, had not departed, though the beloved of his Lord had gone to dwell in safety by Him. The words of the aged Hindu convert at Gorruckpore, first written in reference to Mr. Wybrow's removal, are also applicable here, and they felt them so. "Our shepherd, with his staff in his hand and his sandals on his feet, has walked over the Jordan of death to the promised land of Canaan, leaving us poor sheep in the wilderness. But, blessed be God, the pasture is not yet quite withered. The rivulets, and streams, and running brooks of living water are not yet dried up; and we know that the fountain never fails: so that whilst we sorrow for our earthly head, our heavenly Head still lives, and we in Him. We are the garden of the Lord, and if His sun shine upon us, we shall remain fresh and flourishing."*

It will be even so, the reaping in joy must follow the sowing in tears, and this can but become apparent in the mission at Burdwan. "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors," said our gracious Lord, John 4 : 38. May the dear brethren who enter into his labors be as largely blessed as his most ardent longings could have desired!

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* See an interesting letter in the Appendix, from the native Christians to the C. M. S., No VIII.

The circumstances attending the removal of Mr. Weitbrecht were certainly most mercifully ordered. He came to Calcutta "to die," as it were, "in the presence of all his brethren," after endearing himself in the highest degree to their best affections, by the loving and spiritual intercourse he had held with them, during the few days preceding his dissolution. He was not cut off, as some faithful and devoted missionaries have been, and as he had often appeared likely to be himself, in the lonely jungle, apart from all who could tenderly minister to him; nor was he permitted to taste any of the bitterness of death. As far as could be perceived, he was not aware that he was in the dark valley, which was truly in his case but that of the *shadow* of death. He never inquired the nature of his disease, nor expressed one doubt or apprehension as to the result, and though he was so ardently attached, and so peculiarly faithful to the objects of his earthly love and care, he had evidently no anxious and harassing thoughts concerning them. When asked by his wife, about an hour before his death, how he felt, he replied: "Much better, and quite comfortable," and though he could not hear others, on account of the deafness produced by the opium which had been administered, he was quite alive to every softly-spoken word she said, so that his deepest susceptibilities were evidently awake to the last. Yet his gracious Lord dealt so considerately with him, that nothing seemed to interrupt the peace of his dying hours.

The tidings of his sudden removal spread quickly through Calcutta, and deeply affected a large circle to whom he was personally endeared, or who knew of his worth and the character he bore as a Christian and a missionary. "We have lost our best and dearest friend in India!" was the involuntary exclamation of some; and "his missionary brethren were for awhile almost stunned; though the mourning was not confined to them, for it was quite universal, and each felt as if they had lost a personal friend and brother." "Give us all grace," said several, "so to follow his good example, that with him we may be made partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom." Many of the missionaries of the various denominations in Calcutta came to Mr. Long's house at once, to express their deep sympathy personally, and to mingle their tears with the bereaved; and in the evening, when the remains were conveyed to their last resting-place, in the quiet garden of God, a large assembly congregated together to accompany them there.

We will give the description of the funeral in the words of three of his brethren, who write: "The remains of our lamented friend and brother were removed from the residence of Mr. Long, to the Mission Church in the Mirzapore compound by his own brethren, and placed by them just below that pulpit, from whence he had but four evenings before so solemnly counselled them to be 'faithful unto death.' A large concourse, consisting of chaplains, ministers, missionaries, and laymen, anxious to show their last testimony of the regard they felt for him, surrounded the coffin, as well as many native Christians. The service was then read in part by the beloved friend of the departed, the Rev. R. B. Boswell; and when it was time to remove the coffin into the hearse, the missionaries again came forward to place it there, unwilling that any hired attendants should aid in this service of love. The last journey was then taken, and the unusually long procession following, which was deeply and truly solemn, testified how highly and universally our deceased brother had been esteemed. At the gate of the cemetery, the body was once more removed from the hearse, and several ministers, missionaries, and other friends, spontaneously came forward to unite with the Church missionaries, in the mournful task of bearing the body of their beloved brother to that distant spot in the cemetery, which had been selected for its reception."

This was the more touching as it was not done from any preconcerted plan, but evidently from a sudden impulse of esteem and love, and it was a beautiful exemplification of his own spirit. "As I looked on the clergy of the Church of England," writes Mr. Lacroix, "including the missionaries of her communion belonging to three distinct societies, the ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, and those of the Free Church, with their missionaries, and the brethren of our own Society, and our dear Baptist friends, with laymen and Hindu believers, all weeping around me, I felt that I had never, during my long residence in India, witnessed the like on any previous occasion." Though Stephen's death was so glorious, yet we are told that "devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." So it was in this instance. The reading of the burial-service was resumed at the gate of the cemetery, and concluded at the grave, where the precious dust was deposited, "in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life." The mourning assembly then withdrew, all deeply impressed by the feeling, that a good man and a faithful missionary had that day fallen. Thus was dear Weitbrecht honored in death as he had been in life. The memory, too, of the just is blessed. *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.* God does not readily allow His servants to die, but watches over them as a rare thing which He values and protects. "Concerning them that are asleep, therefore, we will sorrow not, even as others who have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore let us comfort one another with these words." (1 Thess. 4 : 13, 14, 18.)

On the Friday in the same week the venerable Bishop of Calcutta, who had always been so beloved and esteemed by Mr. Weitbrecht, delivered one of his Lent lectures, in the course of which he alluded to his beloved brother, John James Weitbrecht, in the most warm and affectionate manner; and in a letter of sympathy which he addressed to his widow, he remarked, "His bright example, my dear friend, for twenty-one years in India, will ever be a refreshing thought to you, in moments of desolation."

On the following Sunday, a sermon was preached at the Old or Mission Church, Calcutta, in reference to the solemn event, by the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, from the same words that had been selected by Mr. Weitbrecht, as the text of his conference sermon, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. 2 : 10.)* *All* the Calcutta missionaries whose engagements permitted attended. Mr. Mundy, and others who preached to congregations of their own, made the circumstance the theme of solemn and impressive discourses, either in the morning or evening of the same day, at their various places of worship; striving to deepen and render profitable the striking occurrence, both to themselves and their own immediate circles, and suitable reference was made to it in every place of worship in the city. The brother most like to the deceased in spirituality of mind and warmth of Christian love, Mr. Boswell, preached at his own church, St James's, in the evening, to a very crowded congregation, from Matthew 24 : 44–46; and began his solemn and striking discourse by saying, "Dear friends, another voice addressed you from this place, last Sunday evening. That voice then delivered its last public testimony to a Saviour's worth—to a Saviour's truth—and has ceased to speak upon earth. Our dear friend and brother sleepeth. His dust reposes in its last resting-place—carried there, in affectionate honor, by many who loved him on earth; whilst ministering angels have carried his spirit to the presence of One who loved him better than all. Yes, the honored missionary of Burdwan here gave us his last parting word!"

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* Mr. C. preached this sermon on the succeeding Sunday at Burdwan to Mr. Weitbrecht's own congregation; and on that which followed, Mr. Geidt likewise delivered to them a truly brotherly and affectionate discourse on a similar subject.

The following letter, from the Rev G. Mundy, of the London Missionary Society, will be read with much interest. It was addressed by him to Mrs. Weitbrecht, a few weeks after the removal of her husband, and reminds one of a remark of the sainted Bickersteth, "When the restraints are removed from all the Josephs of the brotherhood throughout the Church, what gushes of endearment and affection will be realized!"

"Calcutta, *April 27th*, 1852.

"Though residing at a considerable distance from Mr. Weitbrecht's field of labor, and connected with another section of the Church of Christ, his removal from earth to heaven, so sudden, so unexpected, has deeply affected me; and has added another pang to that feeling of heart-desolation with which I have long been familiar. * * * * * I know that to live with a man, to see the manner in which he acts, and the spirit which he exhibits in his own domestic circle, is the best way to test the reality of Christian character; yet it is not necessarily the only one. The apostle remarks, 'that some men's sins are open beforehand,' and the same may be said of some men's excellencies. They are so open, so prominent, and stand out in such bold relief, as to stamp at once the character of him who wears them. You at once see through its transparency, and although you may never have been associated with the possessor in the domestic circle, yet the brightly-reflected image of the Lord of the Church, which you behold him exhibiting, removes every shadow of doubt, and ranks him in your judgment as a Christian of no common order. And need I say, my dear friend, that such a man was your departed husband? It is true, I never lived with him, never was privileged to cross the threshold of his dwelling, or to survey that portion of the great moral vineyard he so diligently, prayerfully, and successfully cultivated; yet I have seen and known him sufficiently to appreciate his high Christian excellencies.

"It is to me a matter of regret that I never visited Burdwan, as he so often invited me to do. My personal intercourse with him was restricted to a few occasional, and, generally speaking, very short visits, which he paid at my house at Chinsurah, when on his way to Calcutta. The Christian friendship, however, thus formed has been permanent and abiding; and, apart from his own relatives, I much doubt whether any man in India felt more deeply the keen edge of sorrow than I did, when I first heard of his removal. I have, during my long residence in this land of idols, frequently seen beloved friends suddenly cut down by the ruthless hand of the kind of terrors, but I can not recall any instance of the kind which so completely paralyzed my own mind, as did the first news of the death of this honored servant of Christ.

"The circumstances of my first and last interview with him are particularly impressed on my memory; the former occurred at Chinsurah in 1833. He was passing through the station, called on me and introduced himself, and spent the greater part of the day with me; and the impression which he then left was that of an angel's visit. During the years that have intervened, how many similar interchanges have we made of fraternal love and friendship, generally short, but always sweet, sweet in the enjoyment, and I had almost said, still more so in the review! And to you, my dear friend, I need not detail the circumstances of our last interview, which occurred only the morning but one before he was removed from earth to heaven. I think I never saw him in more robust health than he *appeared* to be on that morning. He was full of energy, and enjoying a full flow of spirits. Alas! how little could I then think his end was so near! Still, there was something about his parting prayer which deeply impressed me, and I had it in review nearly the whole of the day. It breathed so much of the atmosphere of heaven, it seemed to me as if the prison-bound spirit were, even then, trying her pinions preparatory to her final flight.

"There are certain men in the Church who exhibit, in a prominent manner, some rare attribute of Christian character. Other men may be distinguished by the possession of more than one of these attributes, whilst in other qualities they are conspicuously defective; there is not a regular, consistent symmetry about them. With our departed friend it was far otherwise. All those graces which are lovely and of good report appear to have been nicely balanced, harmoniously blended together in him; and this, I apprehend, accounts for the fact, that he was looked upon by Christians of all denominations as a '*brother beloved!*' In him we all beheld the brightly-reflected image of the Church's great Intercessor; and most cordially do I agree with the beautiful testimony borne to his character, in the Minute of the Calcutta United Missionary Conference,* whilst, as it regards my own personal feelings, I can truly say of him, in the touching language of David over his lamented Jonathan, 'I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.'

"The removal of such a man in the midst of his days and his usefulness deeply impresses one great truth upon the mind, namely, that God is entirely independent of all human agency, in carrying out His great designs of mercy, in relation to our ruined race. When any of the princes of this world have discovered an agent suited to their purpose, and well qualified to carry on any enterprise which they may have in view, they do not thus lay him aside, but cherish him, employ him, and tax his powers, both of body and mind, to the uttermost; but God sometimes raises up an instrument, qualifies him in a peculiar manner for some work in His great moral vineyard; and when high expectations are raised in reference to his future usefulness, when many eyes are drawn, and many hearts attracted towards him, then, by some sudden, unlooked-for, and, as we commonly call it, mysterious providence, He prostrates him by affliction, or removes him by death; and by so doing seems, as it were, to say to us—Though you may look upon him as the 'breath of your nostrils,' and be ready to say, Beneath his shadow we shall live, yet I can do without him; he is not essential to the carrying out of My purposes; My work can go on without him; and thus it is, as Cowper beautifully observes, that:

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* This will be found in the Appendix, No VII.

> 'He moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform,'

"It is recorded of Samson, that the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life; and it has been remarked, that something of a similar kind sometimes occurs, in connection with the death of Christ's honored servants; their removal is made the means of exciting a peculiar interest in the Church; attention is aroused by the event; the slumbers of the past are thrown off; and a greater amount of good is thereby effected than possibly would have been done, had they been spared to labor on silently, and comparatively unobserved, through a long course of years. This remark I think was strikingly illustrated in the deaths of Mrs. Newell and Henry Martyn; it would scarcely have been possible for either of them, by the labors of a protracted life, to have accomplished that amount of good, which resulted from the deep impression made upon the Church by their death. There are also some peculiarly touching incidents, my dear friend, connected with the removal of your beloved husband, which develop the spirit of the man, and will, I am persuaded, when fully brought out and illustrated, excite an amount of interest in the work of missions, and of prayer for their prosperity, which will tell, in no common measure, upon the future and the final triumph of the truth in our sin-stricken world."*

To the foregoing may be added a few other extracts from several of the very numerous letters, written by sympathizing friends to Mrs. Weitbrecht. The first is from the pen of the Bishop of Madras, and is in his usual fervent style: "I always looked up to his character with affectionate regard, and a feeling of my own inferiority; * * * * * * but still, my dear friend, you will say, *All is well.* Yes, Infinite Love and Goodness can not have done wrong; and when you think of the meekness and gentleness of your departed one, combined, as they were, with zeal and devotedness—the wisdom of the scholar, united with the humility and simplicity of childhood; all the union of rare and choice Christian virtues, and now all escaped from this uncongenial clime—how it must stir you up to become partaker of that faith from which they all arose, and to long to see him again in the glory of permanency, in which, with all his excellency and blessedness, he is now fixed!"

The other is from a friend he esteemed very highly, Dr.

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* Mr. Mundy has since joined his dear brother in a better world. He died in Calcutta of fever in August, 1853.

Allan Webb of Calcutta, medical adviser to the Bishop, who had often attended him in illness, and was called in immediately his last attack came on. It was written after the receipt of a volume of Mr. Weitbrecht's Sermons, which was published in India, at the request of many friends, as soon as possible after his death, with a brief memoir of his life prefixed, which had been originally prepared for the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer*, and appeared in it in April, 1852, and which was reprinted and circulated in England in the same year. Dr. Webb writes: "I hope never to part with this remembrance of my departed friend, except to my children, that they may learn from these records what good and holy men God raises up, even now, to manifest His glory.

"We are told that even as respects the children of light, 'one star differeth from another star in glory,' and surely he whose light shone so brightly in this world will have a resplendent glory in the world above.

"I have been deeply affected in reading the touchingly simple record of his life. I feel it to be *most strictly true*—a delightful portrait! The noble simplicity, combined with the dignity that wins the heart of opposers, I, as you well know, have witnessed, and I shall ever regard it as one of the great privileges of my life to have been regarded by him as a friend."

"I only wish," wrote his dear brother Bomwetch, the only one of his brethren who was not personally present on the affecting occasion, "that every missionary may die like him. How he will enjoy his rest!"

In the course of the ensuing week, the friends of Mr. Weitbrecht formed themselves into a committee, to devise a scheme for a public testimonial. The details of the plan they formed will be found in the Appendix, No. V.

A few weeks later his friends at Burdwan made a similar effort, and collected nearly £200, part of which was expended in erecting a tabular monument to his memory, in his own church, but the larger portion of the sum was invested in a government security. The interest of this is appropriated, in perpetuity, to the support of a native Protestant Christian, educated in the Burdwan district, who will study in the Medical College at Calcutta for two years, at the end of which time he is expected to be qualified to become a general practitioner among natives. The first youth sent, was one from the Burdwan Orphan School. This was a plan which had been much in Mr. Weitbrecht's mind during the few weeks preceding his death; and his friends in the station were anxious to carry out his wish. The Rajah gave £50, and other native gentlemen and ladies contributed liberally, as well as the native Christians, and all the European and East-Indian residents.

The following is a copy of the English portion of the inscription on the tablet:

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. JOHN JAMES WEITBRECHT,
A MISSIONARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
WHO, FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS, LABORED AT THIS STATION
IN THE CAUSE OF RELIGION AND HUMANITY.
HIS AMIABLE DISPOSITION, SOUND JUDGMENT, AND MANLY CHARACTER·
HIS CATHOLIC SPIRIT, DEEP PIETY, AND HOLY LIFE;
HIS FIDELITY AS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN;
AND HIS UNWEARIED EXERTIONS FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATIVE POPULATION OF BENGAL,
MADE HIM UNIVERSALLY RESPECTED WHILE HE LIVED, AND
RENDER HIS NAME FRAGRANT NOW THAT HE IS DEAD.
THE MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN,
AND OTHER NATIVE GENTLEMEN,
BY WHOM HE WAS HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM,
HAVE JOINED HIS CHRISTIAN COUNTRYMEN IN ERECTING THIS MONUMENT,
IN THE CHURCH WHICH HE HIMSELF FOUNDED,
AND IN ESTABLISHING A MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP, TO BE CALLED AFTER
HIS NAME, FOR PROTESTANT CHRISTIAN NATIVES.
HE WAS BORN APRIL 29TH, 1802; ARRIVED IN INDIA IN JANUARY, 1831
AND DIED AT CALCUTTA, MARCH 1ST, 1852,
AGED 49 YEARS AND 10 MONTHS.
"FOR HIM TO DIE WAS GAIN."

The substance of this was expressed in Bengali below the English inscription.

The resolution put on record by the Calcutta Corresponding Committee, on the occasion of Mr. Weitbrecht's decease, follows:

"That this Committee have learned, with the deepest sorrow, of the departure, on the 1st of March, in the midst of his years, and in the midst of his invaluable labors, of their friend and brother, the Rev. John James Weitbrecht. Whilst they acknowledge with gratitude to God His goodness in raising up such a laborer in this vineyard, and all the blessing which has attended his labors, and the alleviating circumstances of his happy preparedness for his great change, they can not but mourn over the desolation to Burdwan, and his family and his many friends, thus occasioned; and they desire more particularly to express their heart-felt sympathy with the widow and the family, thus deprived of one who was distinguished for all the graces that bless a family circle, as for those gifts which make his death one of the greatest public losses which the missionary field of India has ever sustained."

The likeness of Mr. Weitbrecht, which appears at the beginning of this volume, is considered good, though no portrait can convey an idea of the beautiful smile that constantly lighted up his countenance, or of its beaming expression. Nor do the winning yet earnest tones of his voice admit of description. He was of a good height, and in his earlier years slight in figure, but became stouter in later life.

When the afflictive tidings of Mr. Weitbrecht's sudden removal reached England, it produced there also a deep and solemn impression.

"Our hearts have been very much with you," wrote one of the members of the Home Committee to Mrs. Weitbrecht, "and we trust that, in the abundant grace given to our beloved missionary, and his devoted labors for so many years, as well as in his abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, you have been enabled to feel 'exceeding joyful in all your tribulation.' Such an end of such a life leaves one nothing to desire on his account. I trust you will see his children treading in his steps, and following him as he followed Christ. There has been but one feeling of deep respect and esteem felt, both in the Committee and at Exeter Hall. In the Committee, the solemn tone in which the event was announced and received by all exceeded any thing I have witnessed there. The mournful sighs that were heard on all sides at the reading of the letter, most truly told the feelings entertained by those present."

"Your sorrows," wrote the Rev. John Bateman,* "I can truly appreciate, for dear Mr. Weitbrecht was no common man, and his loss is no common loss.

"I have seen him in every position—sick and in search of health—vigorous and in full work—in England recruiting—in the pulpit pleading—in society cheerful and edifying. There was always something to love in him, and an integrity, simplicity, and uprightness of mind which inspired respect. He will assuredly form one of that noble army of missionaries whose names will render this age memorable. He was a man without a blot—a great thing in these days of feeble faith—and now he will know neither sin nor sorrow more. Happy man! 'He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.'"

Part of the letter written by the Rev. Henry Venn on the same mournful occasion can not be omitted:

"MY DEAR MRS. WEITBRECHT: Three months will have elapsed after your deep affliction, before you can receive my assurance of sympathy and condolence. But these will not be the less needed. Time will not have healed *your* wound. Nay, perhaps, you will begin to feel your loss more acutely, as you perceive that it fades away from the mind of others. This is a trial which I well know, to see how soon 'the place thereof knoweth him no more,' though to us every stone on the ground, and every leaf on the tree, has a tongue to remind us of our grief.

"It is well if this bitter experience drive us nearer to the God of all consolation, if it make us cultivate more carefully communion with Him, of 'whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,' and in whose presence we seem to meet again those who have been parted from us. The best advice I can give you is, to make full use of Christ. In the seasons of special desolation remember His word: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man will open unto Me I will come in unto him, and will sup with him.' Oh! infinite condescension! We feel our loneliness most acutely when we miss their presence at the social circle, the table, the desk, the room they once occupied. The Saviour offers to supply this place, and He can supply it. Not always, because of our unbelief; but sometimes the soul is so occupied with soothing thoughts of the infinite blessedness of union with Christ, that we can be content to let our beloved ones go to be with Him; and we can wait and, as it were, make up our lost time, so as to become more fit companions for those who, at the period of their separation, were far in advance of us in Christian graces.

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* Son-in-law and formerly chaplain to Bishop Wilson.

"Since I received your letter, the contemplation of the character of your departed husband has been continually before my mind. It was a noble character; true nobility was stamped upon its every feature; his clear yet comprehensive grasp of every subject, the force of his argument, the fire of his spirit, the sweetness of his temper, all combined to form a first-rate missionary. When we look for such another to fill his place, we can only say, 'The Lord liveth!'

"I feel assured that there must be abundant materials for presenting such a character to the Church of Christ, and you are well qualified for such a task. I presume you will, at once, begin to put such papers and letters into order as may serve for memoirs, to the glory of the grace of Christ. . . . .

"You will receive an official letter by this mail, entirely complying with your request to the Calcutta Committee to remain at Burdwan for some months, and to superintend such parts of the mission as you are able to do. As to the future, I find it impossible at present, to fix my thoughts upon any plan for supplying his place. I think that after a year or so, your family at home have the first claim upon you; and your own relatives, whom I have seen twice, take, I am happy to find, the same view. . . . . For your dear children you need not fear. He who is better able to watch over them than any earthly parent, will take them up. He is faithful who has so promised; and He can and will, if necessary, call forth a thousand friends to care for them. The extreme pressure of preparation for the meeting alone prevented me having them a few days at my house, when the news first arrived. I felt greatly obliged for your letter, and intend to put parts of it into the 'Record' of next month. I humbly trust that it may, as you desire, be made effective in calling others to come forward and man the breach; men of the stamp of Weitbrecht. The Lord Himself must form, and prepare, and endow such for His own service. . . . . With affectionate regards, in which my daughter unites, in cordial Christian sympathy, most sincerely yours,

"HENRY VENN."*

The grand aim, in presenting the memoirs of a deceased missionary to the Christian public, should be to edify souls, and to stir us up to more vigorous efforts in that holy enterprise, which is still carried on so sluggishly and inefficiently, in comparison with the wants of a fallen world. May this truthful record be owned of God, to produce such an effect to the honor of His name, and "the glory of the grace of Christ!"

Mr. Weitbrecht now speaks to us, with the solemnity of a voice which is for ever silenced on earth. Let us listen and learn in the spirit which he would desire from his place of rest. He yet pleads by this volume for the souls still lying in darkness, for India's benighted sons and daughters. Did HE ever repent of having become a missionary while on earth? We have his own repeated assurance that he never did. Does he repent now, that he can see things as they are in the light of eternity? We may rest confident he does not; nor will any repent who, in firm faith and in the fear of the Lord, are led to follow his example. Oh! may He stir up many to supply his place, with all his firmness of purpose and all his persevering devotedness of spirit! We will lift up our hearts with earnestness for this desired consummation, and we can not doubt that He has His hidden ones, whom He is Himself preparing for this holy service, those who, like Moses, are being trained in the wilderness, and who will, we hope, be by this Memoir strengthened and encouraged to come forward and offer themselves for missionary service. What God did for Mr. Weitbrecht, He can do for others, and we would remember that "the time is short." We resemble, so to speak, a set of dissolving views; while we behold them they vanish, and we pass away too. Let us then be up and doing, for "there is placed before us, in this noble employment, a vocation great beyond the power of language to express; for the privilege of engaging in which we may well deem all opposition and trifles too small to prevent us."

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* These last extracts from letters have been added by me.—ED.

MR. WEITBRECHT'S TOMB.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS IN THE KINGDOM OF WURTEMBERG.

THE little kingdom of Wurtemberg is that remarkable corner of Germany, where Evangelical sentiments and true piety found a refuge, long after neology and infidelity had supplanted them in the rest of Protestant Germany. This honor was perhaps conferred on it, on account of the liberality of its Government in matters of religion, as manifested towards the Waldenses and towards Dissenters from the State Church. At the period of which we write, a number of Moravians, or United Brethren, were found scattered among its towns and villages, and their travelling preachers had free access to all classes of society, and full liberty to hold meetings and carry on the work of evangelization. To the labors of these devoted men may probably be ascribed, in the first place, that deep spirit of compassion for the heathen world, which prevails so extensively among its Christian population, and which has caused it to furnish many more missionaries, during the present century, than any other country of equal extent and population. The meetings, which were at first held chiefly by the Moravians, were at a later period usually presided over by pious laymen, not formally connected with the United Brethren. They were sometimes, but seldom, conducted by ministers, though often attended by them without reference to their office. Meetings of this nature have been held in Germany for the last one hundred and fifty years, but flourished in no part of it so remarkably as in Wurtemberg. At the time they were commenced, the Church was in a very dead state, and P. Jacob Spener, who died at Berlin in 1705, and A. H. Francke of Halle, were the blessed instruments, in the hands of God, of awakening it to new life, by beginning these meetings, where all who were seeking spiritual edification might attend and find communion with those of kindred views, and at which a true missionary spirit was fostered and spread among the people. They are never held during church hours, and are commenced by singing and a short prayer; a portion of Scripture is then read and conversed upon with spirit and unction, and sometimes missionary information is communicated. This was still more usual at the period of which we are writing, when there were no regular missionary periodicals. Another hymn and prayer concludes the meeting, which lasts about an hour. Those who attend are not regarded as Dissenters, nor are they such, as they are accustomed regularly to attend the parish church, and to receive the sacraments at the hands of the established clergy. The epithet of Pietists was formerly contemptuously applied to those who frequented these assemblies, and they had to bear much persecution and ridicule, both from laymen and unenlightened ministers; yet there is, at the present day, scarcely a town or village in the Protestant part of Wurtemberg, which is about two thirds of the whole, where there are not one or more held, both for adults and children. The latter are presided over by some experienced Christian, gifted with the peculiar power of exciting the interests of young people in serious things; and the instances are numerous in which their tender and susceptible minds have thus been led to imbibe a love for divine truth. At such a one the subject of his memoir was accustomed to attend in his childhood.

As a striking proof of the liberality which still characterizes the Government of Wurtemberg, it may be mentioned, that there exist two settlements in this small kingdom, Kornthal and Wilhelmsdorf, established by royal permission, and inhabited by a number of pious people, who are allowed to select and nominate their own minister, and to enjoy and exercise the same liberty in matters of religion, as the Moravians do n their settlements. The influence of these communities is extensively felt, and they may well be regarded as nurseries of missionaries.

No. II.

DEATH OF MR. AND MRS. KNORPP.

Very afflictive news reached Burdwan at this period from Mr. Leupolt, which shall be related in his own words:

"On my return from my excursion, I found dear brother Knorpp in weak health, but my presence seemed to revive him. He went out in tents to preach, and to try to ward off a sickness, of the approach of which he had some presentiment. His wife went with him, and I remained with them till they left. I never before observed them so earnest in prayer; they were both preparing for heaven. A holy earnestness rested on dear Knorpp's brow, while his wife was more affectionate than ever. During their absence I had several letters from them, expressive of their desire for the coming of Christ's kingdom. In one of them, Mr. Knorpp, after complaining of his unprofitableness, says: 'Oh! that I had the love of a John, the zeal of a Paul, and the strength of a Goliath!' and his wife's desires were most ardently expressed for 'living more to the glory of God and more in communion with Him.' They returned home in a fortnight, little benefited; indeed Knorpp had evidently grown weaker.

"As he suffered more daily, I pressed him to consult a doctor, which he did; but he did not think it a serious case. I was, however, alarmed, and at the same time observed that Mrs. Knorpp's health became impaired; her cheek grew pale, her eyes languid, and her mind depressed, and they both lost their appetite. On the 10th of March, Knorpp was obliged to remain in bed, and his poor wife was much excited, under the idea that he would not live. During two days and nights she was incessantly engaged in nursing him, and I shall never forget the impression I received when I entered their house the following day; they were asleep beside each other, the one as pale as death, and the other flushed with fever. I begged much to stay during the night, but Mrs. Knorpp would not permit it. On the following Tuesday, when returning from the city, I found Mrs. Knorpp really too ill to conceal it; still she wished to continue attending on her husband; but here I interfered, and prepared a couch for her in his study, on which she reclined. From that hour they saw each other no more in this world. Mrs. Knorpp's fever continued to increase; but as it was supposed to be merely the effect of excitement and anxiety, we were not alarmed for her, and merely tried to keep her quiet, while I went from one room to the other, endeavoring to administer spiritual and temporal comfort to each of them.

"But on Thursday, the sickness took a more serious turn with both of them, and I found my strength unequal to my task; I therefore thankfully accepted the offer of dear Smith, and our dear missionary brethren and their wives of the London and Baptist Societies, to come and share with me in my labor of love. About eight at night I prepared to retire; but, as I was giving dear Knorpp some barley-water, I perceived, to my sorrow, his countenance changed, his teeth closed, his eyes become fixed, and death seemed to seize upon his whole frame. A blister was immediately applied to his head, and being greatly fatigued I lay down, though the impression of my dying brother was too vividly before me to allow me to sleep. At one I was sent for, as he was supposed to be dying. We prayed with him, and he prayed also. At the beginning of the night his prospects had been gloomy, but now they were bright. He exhorted the heathen servants, spoke to me in German, and then said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' Being asked how he felt, he said, 'Peace, peace, peace is in my soul; a bright light shines before me; I could tell you more, but I must not.' His countenance beamed with heavenly joy, and every one could see that the Lord was gracious to him. Some time afterward he said to me in German: 'Ah! it is a hard thing before the thread of life is cut through. I am dying; there is no more hope of life; a little while and I shall be with the Lord.' I could not reply from tears: he looked with longing joy to his approaching dissolution.

"He lingered on till the 25th, when he called for me, and wrote his dying wish on paper, being unable to speak. He longed to write to Anne, but perceiving his extreme weakness, I took the paper from him. On that day he became delirious, sometimes fancying he lay in hot sand, in fire, or between red-hot stones; his wife meanwhile got worse, and was evidently aware of her own approaching death, and requested me to destroy her papers after she was gone. 'I die, I die,' said she. 'May the Lord pardon my sins, and receive me to Himself!'

"My own sufferings as you may imagine, were intense; yet as my day, so was my strength. I could now and then speak to my God as it were face to face, and this was my consolation.

"About this time I was myself seized with the same malignant fever, and retired to bed, with the deep impression that I should never rise again. I therefore took leave of my dear brother, who was then perfectly sensible, with the assurance, on both sides, of never seeing each other again; nor did we do so, for I became dangerously ill, and during the height of my attack he departed. His end was peace; his prospects remained bright to the last; he breathed loud for two hours, and then fell asleep. I was deprived of the privilege of closing his eyes and attending his funeral, and my feelings were acute, but the Lord was my consolation. Never in my life was He so gracious to me as on that day; tears of sorrow and of joy mingled, and I could not help crying out,

'Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!'

"As soon as I could move, I went to see Mrs. Knorpp. She had heard of my illness, but nothing was told her of her husband's death nor did she ever hear that she was a widow. She asked but once after him, and the question was not answered. How she will have rejoiced at finding him in heaven, ready to welcome her there! I was with her for two hours; she was perfectly sensible, and said she was better, but I thought her dying. We parted in tears, and the next morning when I awoke I was told that her spirit too had left its earthly tabernacle, and taken its flight to the eternal mansions.

"She was laid beside him on his left hand the following day; and there they repose together till the archangel awake them with his trump.

"The sickness seemed to seize from the beginning on the very vitals. All the care and attention possible was rendered to our beloved friends. Two doctors were in constant attendance, one of whom always slept in the house. *All* our missionary brethren watched over them night and day, with unceasing solicitude; fervent prayers were offered for them both in public and in private, but the Lord was pleased not to answer them as we desired; and who shall ask why? They are gone home, and are safe; and I hope the cutting bereavement has created in me a greater desire than ever to live more to God's glory, and to cleave closer to Him from whom death can not separate me. Although my intense feelings of joy and sorrow will pass away, these desires I trust *never will.* Pray for me, beloved brother W. Your afflicted C. B. LEUPOLT."

No. III.

LETTER ON ITINERATING.

To the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square,
London.

BURDWAN, 28*th March*, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I beg to communicate to you my thoughts on a subject which has, for some time past, engaged my serious attention and earnest prayers; it has regard to the most prominent part of our labors, that of preaching the Gospel to the Hindus. I feel that as a body we are not doing as much as should be done in this important branch of labor. This conviction has been strengthened by my itinerancies last cold season. I have put the question again and again to myself, If it be practicable, why should not one or two of us be engaged in this blessed work exclusively all the year round, just as some of our brethren are engaged in English schools, or vernacular? And I think I am prepared successfully to show that such a thing is possible.

I have agitated the subject at our late conference meetings; I have spoken with some of our experienced brethren privately on the subject, and they are all agreed with me, that it is very desirable we should have more extensive preaching, and lament that it is not done. The fact is, by an unceasing routine of station duties, in schools, with congregations, etc., most of us are tied and chained down to the mission-station, and it requires a strong effort, and days of previous arrangement, before a missionary can get rid of his entanglements, when he is about to itinerate for a few weeks. These obstacles ought to be removed in the case of those who are willing to go forth on this errand of mercy. Some of our brethren ought to be left at liberty to engage in it unhindered. I believe the time is come when a beginning of this kind should be made, at least in one favorable locality.

I consider Burdwan and the country around the most favorable locality for such an undertaking: this is not merely a fancy of mine. Mr. Lacroix, unquestionably one of the most experienced and able preachers in Bengal, has expressed the same opinion, and it was the result of an extensive tour we made together in January last. The preacher with his tent and books on a couple of carts, can move about freely in every direction. This is not the case in many other parts of Bengal, where the traveller meets with obstructions from a network of rivers, channels, puddles, etc. Mr. Lacroix mentioned to me the striking fact, that when missionaries in Calcutta are going to itinerate, they almost invariably proceed by water from the reasons just mentioned. But then it frequently happens, that on inquiry the missionary is told of a large populous place, five, six, or even eight miles inland; he is of course anxious to go and preach there, but to walk thither and return is impracticable, or if attempted, will prove injurious; in the boat we can not go, and he must give up the place. Hence, in order to do the work effectually, the missionary in the south-east of Bengal should be equipped for land and water travelling; he should have a boat, a palanquin, with a set of bearers, or at least a horse, and a tent; but such an arrangement is both expensive and cumbersome; the missionaries are obliged, therefore, to confine themselves to visiting places near the banks of the river.

In the district of Burdwan we have no such obstructions; if a river is in our way, we cross it, and we move about freely in a radius of sixty miles in every direction, amidst a teeming population.

On our tour in January last, we struck through a line of country, moving along the southern borders of the Burdwan and Hooghly districts, which was comparatively new to me, and towns of 10,000, some even of 20,000 inhabitants, such as Kytee, Hajeepore, Ranchiborpore, Dewangunge, and Chunderconah, (the last-named with 30,000 souls,) had never in all probability seen a missionary before. There is dense, dark heathenism, in all its wild, horrid exuberance, lying untouched almost before our doors, at a distance of from forty to fifty miles. And we wonder that the Hindus are so slow in being converted! These are grave and simple facts, and it strikes me that such a state of things does imperatively call upon us to go, and let in at least some rays of the heavenly light upon this dreary, gloomy neighborhood of ours.

We confine ourselves too much to home labor; but Burdwan and Krishnaghur, and Rottenpore etc., are only little specks in a land teeming with millions. I desire to guard myself against being misunderstood. I do not depreciate the labors of the school, and the nursing of the tender plants we have gathered into the Lord's garden. I do still recollect the sainted Bishop Corrie's judicious remark, which he made in one of his affectionate letters to me: "A little ground well cultivated will bear more fruit than seed scattered over a large surface." But this was nineteen years ago, in the earlier stage of missions, when stations were very few and one ordained missionary was doing the work at each alone. If Corrie were among us now, I think he would be delighted to see *some* of our brethren exclusively devoted to the apostolic work of going abroad and preaching the Gospel to every creature.

I would, then, earnestly recommend that you *appoint a travelling missionary* for the district and neighborhood of Burdwan. Let preaching be his exclusive business; it requires a mind unencumbered, free of other cares and responsibilities. A missionary who has a variety of other duties to attend to, is not well fitted for preaching; and he who has been sitting for hours teaching in school, is ill fitted for it either, after a grilling day. But if the mind be divested of every other care, it can be done effectually, morning and evening, in the most unfavorable season.

I would arrange the labors of the travelling missionary into two distinct modes of proceeding; and,

1st. *As to his labors in the cold season.* Let him be furnished with a small double-roofed tent, a good set of bearers, a small covering of canvas for the catechists and servants; being set up in this manner, he can, with the exercise of common precaution, be out in camp from the 1st of November till the middle of March. In those months it is comparatively easy to be out. Past experience has shown me, that the harassing portion of labor is not in camp, though going about and preaching is fatiguing to the body, but it is when I return home, and a variety of duties and cares distract my mind. We generally have "too many irons in the fire," and there are very few people in this world, who can do more than one thing effectually at a time. Mental and physical exertions bearing upon the laborer, he is worn out and his health suffers. One species of fatigue may be borne, but both together are insufferable.

2d. *Proceedings during the hot and rainy seasons.* From the middle of March to the latter part of October it is not safe to be under canvas, and therefore the travelling preacher must have the shelter of a solid house or bungalow, and these can easily be procured in many places. During that time, he should extend his sphere of labor in a radius of sixty miles in every direction round Burdwan. This would include Bancoorah in the west, Beerbhoom in the north, Midnapore in the south, and Hooghly, with Krishnaghur, in the east. At each of those stations the missionary may stay for a fortnight or more. This will enable him to make excursions to the most populous places in the neighborhood.

Besides the towns just named, there are many indigo factories where a missionary may put up, such as Sunamooky, Elambazaar, Raneegunge, Ghatal, Keerpoy; and along the trunk-road there are travellers' bungalos, where a stay of some days will render preaching quite practicable at any season. By the time this circuit is accomplished, the cold season will be at hand to begin initerating in camp fashion.

By such an arrangement a regular and extensive spread of Gospel knowledge may be accomplished, upon a larger scale than we have ever been able to do. To render the effort successful, regard must be had to the preservation of health. Running about in breathless haste from one place to another is worse than useless; exposure to a blazing sun would soon terminate the career of the preacher; and over-working, by a constant exertion of the lungs, will have the same effect. The preacher need not be out always; breathing time and refreshment at home are indispensable for keeping up the tone of the mental and bodily faculties.

I trust our friends will be prepared to enter upon this proposition. I feel persuaded, if judiciously carried out, the result will be satisfactory. The plan is simple and practical. It requires no new arrangements; it would only be carrying out a branch of labor more perfectly than it has been done hitherto. It is acting up to the letter of our Lord's last command, and it is following the example of the apostles. I feel sure some of us can not do better than following the same path. *Every preaching tour leaves a satisfactory impression on my mind.* I feel that in preaching, I am doing my heavenly Master's work in the highest sense. All our brethren who are initerating have the same feeling on the subject; surely this is from the Lord. I received a letter lately from one who formerly was not much in the habit of going out; he remarks, "I was out twenty-one days, and felt so happy in preaching in the villages."

The question now arises, who is to undertake this service? My answer is, select a brother whose experience and mental habits render him peculiarly fit for the task. And if you can not find a better one I would say, "Here I am, send me;" I shall be ready to make the trial for a year or two, relying on the help and blessing of Jesus. I have been itinerating a good deal; I know the roughnesses and enjoyments of moving about in the villages; I feel that preaching to the natives is my work. If the Lord opens a way before me, I shall be ready to spend the remaining years of my missionary career in this service. I feel I can not be more useful in any other branch of work, if so much. My health is much improved from what it was some years ago.

The only thing that remains to be done, in order to realize the object in view, is to send a brother to Burdwan, who will take charge of the English school and Christian boys' school; he should also be qualified to preach in English. Being thus set free from other duties, I shall at once betake myself to the work of preaching. I remain, my dear friends, in the bonds of Christ's fellowship, yours very truly,

J. J. WEITBRECHT.

No. IV.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE OF THE RAJAH OF BURDWAN.

November 6, 1851.

THE Rajah of Burdwan has lately established a religious service, after the fashion of the Vedandists in Calcutta. Having been invited by him to attend the ceremony, which is performed every Saturday evening, under proviso that I should abstain from making any observations on the occasion, I went to the place, accompanied by a gentleman of the station. A bell was rung to invite the hearers, and on entering the place we found a large oblong room, fitted up and arranged much like a church. The seats were inclosed with neat railings. At the further end, there was a raised desk or platform gracefully decked with red cloth: on this were sitting two young pundits, and below in front of them four singers and musicians with instruments. The Rajah kindly invited us near him to the front seat. There were some sixty Babus present, I should think nearly all being persons employed in his various offices. On the punkah suspended over the pundits, the words were written in gilt letters, "Ong tatshat," signifying, "God the unchanging Self-existent." The pundits commenced the service by chanting some invocation or prayer in Sanscrit, in praise of the Creator; after which one of them read a text from one of the Veds, translating it into Bengali, and then expounded it in a simple and intelligent manner; in this way he went on for twenty minutes. Then the second pundit gave out a text from another Shaster, and delivered an address, composed for the occasion, in pure Bengali. I was agreeably surprised to find nothing really objectionable in their discourses, either in point of theological doctrine or morality. The preacher chiefly dwelt on the being and attributes of God, quite in harmony with the principles of what is called pure deism. Even pantheistic notions were controverted and disallowed for example, the preacher said God is a spiritual being, He is above all created substances; He is not the sun, He is not fire, not the sky; all these were made by Him, but He was before them. Now the very Veds, from which the pundit took his text, contain adorations and prayers addressed to the sun and fire, as divine beings. Hence I come to the conclusion that the preachers are choosing such passages, and framing their expositions in such a manner as to please his Highness the Rajah, who is now decidedly opposed to any kind of elementary or idolatrous worship. In another discourse, the preacher illustrated the wisdom and benignity of the Divine Being, from the wonderful structure of the human body and the powers of the mind; "the ear being made to convey sounds to the head, and through the medium of the brain to the mind; and the eye doing the same office with regard to the visible objects of the external world." "If there were no air to convey the sound, the ear would be of no use; and if there were no ear, the sweetest sound of music, and the lively prattling of the babe could never be perceived by man," etc. The whole ceremony lasted for about an hour and a quarter, and was concluded with singing and music, which lasted far too long for our ears, for Bengali music is generally not in accordance with our ideas of sweet sounds. I heard that one of the hymns sung in praise of the Creator was composed by the Rajah himself.

On leaving the assembly I expressed my satisfaction to the Rajah, adding that there was nothing objectionable in all I had heard; "but," said I, "it strikes me you can not stop where you are now, and I earnestly hope you will ere long go a step further." Turning to Dr. H. he said, in high glee, "Did I not tell you it is all like your Bible, only not Jesus Christ!" I observed, "By this preaching you are destroying idolatry more effectually than I do by my efforts; for all goes against the worship of Krishna and Kali." The Rajah rejoined, "I wish it were in my power, I would get Krishna out of this place soon enough." I said, "If you were to stop the support of temples attached to your estates, this would be the most effectual remedy; it is the cash that makes the Brahmuns so zealous; stop that channel, and they will soon bid farewell to Shiva, Kali, and Krishna." He replied, "I can not do it now, but I hope I may be able hereafter." The Rajah invited me to come soon again; "I have," said he, "a discourse preached on morality once a month; all my people are exhorted to lead a proper life, and especially that they should keep faithful to their wives. You know this defect is a prevailing vice here, and they want this kind of exhortation."

On another occasion the Rajah said, "I am going to build a large church for my Dhurma Sobha." I observed, "Will you not build it in the style of our mission church, with a spire?" His reply was, "I think I shall. I like your church; it is a fine structure. Whatever plan strikes me as suitable I shall adopt. I am quite free to choose in such things, without reference to Hindu customs and ideas." "Will you allow me to preach in your new church?" Answer: "Oh! yes; I have no objection, if you do not mention *one name*," (meaning the name of Jesus!) That this wealthy Rajah has a prejudice still against Christianity, and that this hostile feeling is fomented by some of his attendants, is well-known. But, as far as I can ascertain, it is nothing more nor less than the same feeling which any free-thinking worldly nobleman in Europe would entertain against Christ; thus confirming the old truth, "that the carnal mind is enmity against God."

I confess I see something encouraging in this religious movement of the Rajah of Burdwan; it is a forward movement for the better. He is winding his way out of the old rotten system. His moral character is very much improved, and far better than that of most of his equals. He is much attached to his wife, and honors her as much as a Christian would his partner; he is just and humane in the administration of his estates; no complaint is heard on this point from the zemindars or ryots. He lately said to a resident of Burdwan, "I am seeking truth, and I am resolved to worship the true God." The Brahmuns have spread the report all over this country, "the Rajah is become a Christian."

It has been said by many that a Hindu forsaking the creed of his fathers, and turning a pantheist or deist, is rather going from bad to worse, inasmuch as he is casting off the restraints which formerly kept him from many vices prevalent among Europeans, and as he continues to hate the Gospel as much or more heartily than he did before. This, however true, is but a partial consideration of the question. If the vedandist were unalterably fixed in his present mental position, he certainly would not be a whit improved, in a religious point of view, by the change he has made. But the fact is, he can not stop where he is now; he is obliged himself to confess that the holy book from which he derives his religious faith, is not of divine, but human composition. A keen-eyed, sensible vedandist must feel that his system is defective in one essential requisite—it wants a solid foundation. So long as pride and self-conceit predominate, it may suffice him; but when troubles, sickness, family cares, and other trials in daily life dispel the *maya* of his philosophical fancies, he will, he *must* feel that in order to get comfort, peace, hope, and happiness, he must turn to God and not to vain man;

he must love the solid basis of a divine revelation, and not an elaborate philosophical system to build his faith and hope upon. And where is he to go and to look for it? even to the same Gospel which hundreds of Hindus have already found to be "meat and drink indeed." I hope and pray the Rajah will be led to find it so. I would recommend his case to be remembered before God by all earnest Christians; it is a most interesting subject in regard to the evangelization of these parts. He has a considerable knowledge of Christianity; if the light of divine truth were to shine upon his heart, his prejudices against the name of Jesus would soon give place to deep, heart-felt veneration; and what would be the consequences of his conversion? Doubtless the day which witnessed him bending his knees before the Son of God would witness a shaking of the whole of Bengal, and thousands would follow his example. Our great trial then would be, not as it now is, the paucity of converts, but the difficulty to find out the sincere inquirers from among the crowds who come from secular motives. J. J. W

No. V.

THE LATE MR. WEITBRECHT.

(*From "The Friend of India," March* 18, 1852.)

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the following notice regarding the proposed memorial of the services of Mr. Weitbrecht:

"WEITBRECHT MEMORIAL.

"The friends of the late Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht, in testimony of affectionate regard for his memory, have decided on raising some permanent memorial of his long and faithful services in the cause of missions in Bengal, in connection with the Church Missionary Society.

"To carry out this object, it is proposed,

"1st. To raise and invest a fund, to provide one or more periodical prizes for religious compositions in Bengali, to be given to Church Missionary Society native Christian catechists and teachers, and called the

'Weitbrecht Prizes.' Great good, it is believed, may be effected through the increased attention, in consequence, given by this important class in our missions to the study of the Scriptures, and the acquirement of accurate views and expressions on religious subjects.

"2d. To endow a fund for supporting and educating one or more orphan or otherwise destitute children of European or East-Indian missionary laborers. It is calculated that a sum of Company's rupees, 5000 at the least, would be required to meet these two objects. Friends may contribute to either as they prefer; and should there not be sufficient raised for both, the former will have the preference, having been one which engaged Mr. Weitbrecht's last attention, and in which he took a deep interest. The funds will be placed in the hands of the missionaries of the Bengal Church Missionary District.

"The Rev. J. Bloomfield, Bishop's Palace, and the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, 8 Mission Row; also, all missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, will receive contributions to the memorial."

We had the pleasure of knowing this indefatigable laborer in the cause of missions, during the whole period of his residence in India, and had numerous opportunities of witnessing his zealous and successful exertions. Few men have ever laid themselves out to do good among the natives with more heart and soul. For twenty-one years, the work in which he was engaged was identified with his existence, and it became the centre around which every feeling of hope or despondency moved. His labors among his little native Christian community, in his schools and among the heathen, were unremitting, but the influence of his character extended far beyond his own circle.

The ardor of his own mind served to keep up the animation of others, and he was not only a most zealous laborer himself, but the cause of zeal and exertion in others. The beautiful little Gothic church, which greets the eye on approaching the station of Burdwan, was raised entirely by his own exertions, and will continue to serve as a local memorial of his labors. The Society with which he was connected will find it no easy matter to supply the place of one, who added a thorough knowledge of the native character, habits, and language, to his own personal qualifications for the work. The memorial of his long and faithful services, which it is now proposed to raise, is the most suitable which could be devised in reference to his own character, inasmuch as it will serve to extend the benefit of his labors after he has been removed from the field; and we trust the subscription will soon be filled up. We are happy to hear that it already amounts to 1300 rupees, and that it includes donations from all classes, High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Dissenters.

No. VI.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CHURCH MISSIONARY BRETHREN, AT THEIR FIRST HALF-YEARLY CONFERENCE AFTER MR. WEITBRECHT'S DEATH, held at Kapasdanga, Krishnaghur, October, 1852.

"With feelings of deep regret and most sincere sorrow, the members of this conference record the sudden and lamented death of the late Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht, one of their most active and efficient members, who was the chief instrument, while in England, in promoting the formation of this conference, and who regularly attended its meetings from the time of their establishment, and took a most prominent part in all the proceedings connected with them, endeavoring to promote a spirit of devotion and brotherly union, and to advance the practical usefulness of the conference by every means in his power. Their departed brother was most suddenly and unexpectedly removed from the midst of them at the close of the last meeting in Calcutta, 1st March, 1852. For many years, he had been a most zealous and devoted laborer in the missionary field, and was esteemed and loved by all who knew him, and his loss is very generally and extensively felt, but especially so by this conference. T. SANDYS, *Chairman.*"

No. VII.

MINUTE OF THE CALCUTTA GENERAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

"The Missionary Conference, having had their attention directed to the sudden death, on the morning of the 1st of March last, of the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht, of the Church Mission at Burdwan, unanimously resolved to put on record an expression of their high esteem and regard for their departed fellow-laborer, and to convey to his bereaved widow, their deep and heart-felt sympathy with her in the trying circumstances in which it has pleased the all-wise Ruler of the universe to place her. While urging her not to sorrow as others who have no hope, but to have recourse to those rich and precious promises which abound to all believers, they would commend her and her youthful family to the gracious keeping of Him who hath, in loving-kindness and mercy, revealed Himself to men as the father of the fatherless, and the judge of the widow.

"Our departed brother, though occupying a station at a considerable distance from Calcutta, was yet well known to almost all the members of this conference. Circumstances connected with his own missionary labors, or family affairs and arrangements, occasionally brought him to the metropolis. On such occasions it was his delight, when circumstances permitted, to meet with the members of this conference, and to take a part in their deliberations. He was conscientiously attached to the doctrine, discipline, and form of worship maintained by the Church of England; but he cherished a most catholic spirit of Christian affection and sympathy for all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and who sought to promote the cause of truth and the influence of true godliness in this land, and he was most ready to coöperate with them, in every attempt to spread abroad the glory of his Lord and Saviour, and to advance the spiritual interests of fallen mankind. He had personal and intimate friends among all sections of the Saviour's kingdom, and delighted to take sweet counsel with them in regard to the interests and advancement of the Saviour's cause and glory.

"He was a laborious and diligent missionary, and his labors have been blessed for the good of many, both Europeans and natives. With the exception of an absence of three years, during which he visited Europe, he was privileged to labor in this country since 1830. He delighted, from the earliest period of his missionary career, to proclaim by the living voice, the free and glorious overtures of mercy and peace to fallen men. He was a powerful preacher in the language of this country, and spent much of his time and strength in this department of labor. During the past year especially, he labored much, and it is to be hoped with good to many souls, in proclaiming throughout the towns and villages surrounding Burdwan the unsearchable riches of Gospel salvation. He had also offered his services to the Church Missionary Society, as one whose heart's desire it was to be, in future, more especially occupied in the work of itinerancy, proclaiming the Gospel and circulating the Word of Truth, and those who have lately enjoyed much of his conversation know with what feelings of pleasure he anticipated engaging more fully in this work.

"Our departed brother was distinguished for great personal piety and spiritual-mindedness. He delighted to talk of the things of the kingdom, and especially of the blessedness of the saints. His conversation has been useful to many. He was a man of prayer, and lived habitually in humble dependence upon heavenly direction and aid. In private life, he was often grave and thoughtful, but withal possessed great cheerfulness and amiability of disposition, and to those of a kindred spirit he was a most agreeable and profitable companion. There are not a few who mourn for him as a brother beloved, one who had deeply at heart the spiritual regeneration of this land.

"The brethren of the Missionary Conference beg leave to offer their sympathies and condolence to their brethren the missionaries of the Church of England. The loss sustained by the Church Missionary Society, in the sudden departure of such a laborer, is great indeed. He alone who, in His all-wise providence, hath made this breach can supply the vacant place, and replenish the vineyard with a laborer equally equipped and furnished for the great Master's high and holy work.

"May this sudden visitation stir up all to redouble their diligence, and redeem the time, and approve themselves laborers that need not be ashamed!

(Signed) "D. EWART,
"*Secretary Missionary Conference.*"

Extracted from the Records of the Calcutta Missionary Conference,
April 17, 1852.

No. VIII.

LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE FROM THE NATIVE CATECHISTS AND TEACHERS.

BURDWAN, *March*, 1852.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: With deep regret and unspeakable sorrow we now announce the death of our faithful, honorable, and beloved minister and friend, Mr. Weitbrecht, who left his sweet native country, dear relatives, and kind friends, and spent many years among us, in order to preach the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in this benighted heathen land of ours. He, in order to hold a Missionary Conference in Calcutta, left us in a strong, lively, and healthy frame of body, sincerely hoping to return within a few days; and we ourselves hoped so too, for we never expected or thought he would leave us for the next world so soon. But alas! to our great surprise and grief, we heard a few days after that he had slept in his dear Saviour Christ, whom he loved so much in this life. O dear friends! you can not, we think, conceive what deep sorrow and heart-rending anguish we felt when this melancholy and mournful intelligence reached us. There was a general weeping and a long lamentation in the whole Christian village, for this kind, generous, and sympathizing pastor and friend.

It has, indeed, been well for him that he has gone to his beloved Saviour, for he is now in perfect joy and happiness; but it is a great loss to us, who will scarcely, or perhaps never, get another such kind and feeling master and minister as Mr. Weitbrecht was; for having continued with him, some seventeen years, some twelve years, and others eight or nine years, we can all well testify to his Christian character. Though we repeatedly offended and grieved him by our misbehavior, he never reproved or punished us but with paternal affection and love. He behaved so properly towards every person, that we gave him, among ourselves, the name of "Physiognomist," or Knower of characters.

What shall we say about his love to his fellow-creatures! If any were taken ill at any time, he would kindly carry him medicine against all difficulties and inconvenience. Oh! how often did we see him go in the rain, under the burning sun, and at twelve in the night, to administer physic to the sick folk! When any one fell into any distress or misery, he assisted him in his usual kindness and benevolence. As to his manner of preaching, and his conduct as a Christian pastor, we can not describe them in words. The words he used in his discourses would strike and pierce into the hearts of his hearers like a winged arrow. This we all know from our personal experience, and shall never forget. Oh! who will in this way foster us with both spiritual and secular food? God grant, in His infinite mercy and ineffable bounty, that we may receive another such qualified and worthy pastor to take care of His tender flock.

His humility during the past two years filled every body with wonder. We frequently said one to another: "Our pastor has now humbled himself to the dust; nothing but meekness can now be seen in him. Oh! this is truly the character of a really converted and renewed soul!"

When we look at the poor orphan children we feel very sorry. Who will so kindly support them as he did? Many of them say with a hearty sob: "Why did not two or three of us die instead of our dear benefactor, who, if he remained alive, would tenderly beg and raise subscriptions for our maintenance? Still, God has mercifully left us a patroness and friend in Mrs. Weitbrecht, who is also very kind and affectionate, and she will surely do much good to the mission. Besides, the heathen that dwell around us are also shedding tears for our late pastor's kind treatment and love, because when they were unjustly oppressed by police people, Mr. Weitbrecht would, notwithstanding they are idolaters, deliver them from their distress by threatening the annoyers. Thus they were attached to him."

He preached this year to the heathens as diligently as ever. He went through jungles, towns, and villages, carrying the healing balm to the sick and dead in sin and trespasses. When discoursing with the Hindus or Mohammedans, he frequently took this passage for his subject, namely, Luke 4 : 18, and told them that if they were not sanctified and prepared before death, they should never enter into heaven.

On Sunday evening, the 29th February, he delivered a beautiful sermon to a vast congregation in Calcutta. His text was almost the last verse of the last chapter of the book of Revelation, namely, "Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

After returning home he was taken with cholera, and in spite of all cares, troubles, prayers, and tears, on the part of his beloved wife and other kind friends, he was summoned away, after an illness of ten hours, by his ever faithful and blessed Lord Jesus Christ, to live and reign with Him for eternity. Thus you see, dear friends, that till his death our valuable minister continued faithful to Him, who shed His precious blood for him on the cross. Now, let us conclude by warmly requesting you all to assist us, who are in every way helpless and miserable, with your incessant prayers to Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and who alone is really able to heal the wound He has made, to favor us with a kind, worthy, and bounteous pastor, such as we have just lost, according to His wise and holy will.

With our kindest regards and most sincere wishes for your welfare and happiness, both in this world and in the next, we remain yours most truly,

Nodiachand, *Catechist.*
Pran Kishto, *Catechist.*
Boistom, *Catechist.*
Thomas, *Reader.*
Bycanta, *Reader.*
Philip, *Teacher.*
Saul, *Teacher.*
William, *Teacher.*
Elijah, *Teacher.*
Abraham, *Teacher.*
Sibbu, *Teacher.*
Gumush, *Teacher.*
Gershom, *Teacher.*

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